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OLD KASKASKIA.

IN FOUR PARTS. PART SECOND.

A FIELD DAY.

THE gallery pillars of the Sauciers' house hung full of fragrant vines. The double doors stood hospitably wide, but no one was visible through the extent of hall, though the sound of harp music filled it, coming from a large darkened room. Angelique was playing for her great-grandaunt Angelique, the despot of the Saucier family.

This survivor of a past century had her treasures displayed and her throne set up in the state apartment of the house. The Sauciers contented themselves with a smaller drawing-room across the hall. Her throne was a vast valanced, canopied, gilded bed, decorated with down sacks in chintz covers to keep her warm, high pillows set up as a background for her, and a little pillow for every bone which might make a dint in the feather bed. Another such piece of furniture was not to be found in the Territory. It and her ebony chairs, her claw-footed tables, her harp and dower chest, had come with her from France. The harp alone she had already given to Angelique, who was to inherit all she owned.

From childhood the girl had been this aged woman's constant attendant. Some days, the black servants took their orders at the door, and nobody but Angelique was allowed to enter that room. Then the tyrant would unbend, and re-

ceive family and neighborhood visits. Though she had lived a spinster's life, she herself taught Angelique to call her "tante-gra'mère," and this absurd mixture of names had been taken up by the entire family. So tight a grip did she hold on the growing child that Angelique was educated by half-days at the convent; she never had an entire day free from tante-gra'mère. Madame Saucier often rose against such absorption, and craved the privilege of taking the girl's place.

"There is a fête of the children on the bluffs to-day," madame would plead; or, "There is a religious procession, and the mother superior has particularly sent for Angelique."

But tante-gra'mère lifted her thin shout against every plea, and, if pushed, would throw the little pillows at her grandnephew's wife. What were fêtes and processions to her claims?

"I am the godmother of this child," she declared; "it is for me to say what she shall do."

The patriarch of a French family was held in such veneration that it was little less than a crime to cross her. The thralldom did not ruin Angelique's health, though it grew heavier with her years; but it made her old in patient endurance and sympathetic insight while she was a child. She sat pitying and excusing her elder's whims when she should have been playing. The oldest

story in humanity is the story of the house tyrant,—that usurper often so physically weak that we can carry him in our arms, yet so strong that he can tumble down the pillars of family peace many times a day.

There was something monkey-like in the tempers of tante-gra'mère. To see her grasp her whip and beat her slaves with a good will, but poor execution, was to smile self-reproachfully as at the antics of a sick child. Though it is true, for a woman who had no use of her legs, she displayed astonishing reach in her arms. Her face was a mass of puckers burnt through by coal-black eyes. Her mouth was so tucked and folded inward that she appeared to have swallowed her lips. In the daytime she wore a black silk cap tied under the chin, and a dimity short gown over a quilted petticoat. Tante-gra'mère was rich in stored finery. She had inherited brocades, and dozen dozens of linen, including sheets and napkins. Her things were washed by themselves and bleached on their own green, where the family washing never dared intrude.

Fortunately for Angelique, tante-gra'mère's hours were early, and she slept as aged people seldom do. At sunset, summer or winter, she had herself promptly done up in linen, the whip placed near her hand, and her black woman's bed made within reach on the floor. She then went into a shell of sleep which dancing-parties in the house had not broken, and required no further attention until the birds stirred in the morning. Angelique rushed out to evening freedom with a zest which became rapture when she danced. Perhaps this fresh delight made her the best dancer in Kaskaskia.

The autocrat loved to compound her own dinners. She had a salver which Angelique placed before her on the bed; and the old child played in pastry or salads, or cut vegetable dice for her soup. The baking or boiling or roasting was

done with rigor at her own fireplace by her blacks, the whiplash in her hand hovering over their bare spots. Silence was the law of the presence-chamber when she labored with her recipes, of which she had many, looking like spider tracks on very yellow paper. These she kept locked up with many of the ingredients for creating them. She pored over them with unspectacled eyes whenever she mixed a cunning dish; and even Angelique dared not meddle with them, though they were to be part of the girl's inheritance.

Angelique now played on the harp to soothe tante-gra'mère's digestion after her midday dinner, while outdoors all Kaskaskia buzzed with excitement. It was a field day in territorial politics. All the girls were at Peggy Morrison's house, watching the processions march by, and making bouquets to send up to the speakers, of whom Rice Jones was chief. Tante-gra'mère had her heavy green shutters closed, to keep out disturbing sights and the noise of life and drum. Her eyes snapped in the gloom. It was a warm day, and the large apartment looked like a linen bazaar, so many garments had tante-gra'mère discarded on account of the heat, and hung about her. The display made Angelique's face burn when Colonel Menard was announced; but it was one of tante-gra'mère's unshakable beliefs that her linen was so superior to other people's, its exposure was a favor to the public. Any attempt to fold it away would put her into a fury.

The colonel had his hat and riding-whip in his hand. He stood smiling at both the aged woman and the girl, with his comprehensive grasp of all individualities. The slave woman placed a chair for him between the bed and the harp. Angelique loved the harp; but she was glad to let her hands fall in her lap, and leave Colonel Menard to work good nature in her tante-gra'mère. The autocrat tolerated him with as much liking as she could give to any suitor of An-

gelique's. The intentions of the others were discovered only through slaves used as spies; but he came into her state apartment and showed her consideration. She sat up on her broad throne, against the background of pillows, and received his salute upon her hand. Afterwards he bowed over Angelique's fingers.

"I hope the seven children of monsieur the colonel are well," said tante-gra'mère in her tiny scream.

"Four, madame," corrected the visitor. "Thanks, they are very well."

They spoke in French, for although she understood English she never condescended to use it. Their conference begun each time by her inquiry after his seven children.

"And madame, I hope she is comfortable to-day?"

"I neither sleep nor eat," declared tante-gra'mère. "And with the streets full of a shouting rabble, there is no comfort to be had in Kaskaskia."

"We are rather noisy to-day. But we are very earnest in this matter. We want to be separated from the Indiana Territory and be made an independent State."

Tante-gra'mère caught up her whip, and cracked it so suddenly on the back of her little page, who was prying into a wall closet, that he leaped like a frog, and fell on all fours at the opposite corner of the hearth. His grandmother, the black woman, put him behind her, and looked steadily at their tyrant. She sat on the floor like an Indian; and she was by no means a soft, full-blooded African. High cheek-bones and lank coarse hair betrayed the half-breed. Untamed and reticent, without the drollery of the black race, she had even a Pottawatomie name, Watch-e-kee, which French usage shortened to Wachique.

Tante-gra'mère put this sullen slave in motion and made her bring a glass of wine for Colonel Menard. The colonel was too polite to talk to Angelique before her elder, though she had not yet

answered his proposal. He had offered himself through her father, and granted her all the time she could require for making up her mind. The colonel knew of her sudden decisions against so many Kaskaskians that he particularly asked her to take time. Two dimpling grooves were cut in his cheeks by the smile which hovered there, as he rose to drink the godmother's health, and she said, —

"Angelique, you may leave the room."

Angelique left the room, and he drew his chair toward the autocrat for the conference she expected.

"It is very kind of you, madame," said Colonel Menard, "to give me this chance of speaking to you alone."

"I do so, monsieur the colonel, because I myself have something to say." The little elfin voice disregarded Wachique and the page. They were part of the furniture of the room, and did not count as listeners.

"You understand that I wish to propose for mademoiselle?"

Tante-gra'mère nodded. "I understand that you are a man who will make a contract and conduct his marriage properly; while these Welsh and English, they lean over a gallery rail and whisper, and I am told they even come fiddling under the windows after decent people are asleep."

"I am glad to have you on my side, madame."

"I am not on your side, monsieur. I am on nobody's side. And Angelique is on nobody's side. Angelique favors no suitor. She is like me: she would live a single life to the end of her days, as holy as a nun, with never a thought of courtship and weddings, but I have set my face against such a life for her. I have seen the folly of it. Here am I, a poor old helpless woman, living without respect or consideration, when I ought to be looked up to in the Territory."

"You are mistaken, madame. Your name is always mentioned with veneration."

"Ah, if I had sons crowding your peltry traffic and taking their share of these rich lands, then you would truly see me venerated. I have thought of these things many a day; and I am not going to let Angelique escape a husband, however such creatures may try a woman's religious nature."

"I will make myself as light a trial as possible," suggested Colonel Menard.

"You have had one wife."

"Yes, madame."

"But she died." The tiny high voice had the thrust of an insect's stinger.

"If she were alive, madame, I could not now have the honor of asking for Mademoiselle Angelique's hand."

The dimpling grooves in his cheeks did not escape tante-gra'mère's black eyes.

"I do not like widowers," she mused.

"Nor do I," responded the colonel.

"Poor Therese might have been alive to-day, if she had not married you."

"Possibly, madame."

"And you have seven children?"

"Four, madame."

"On the whole, I like young men."

"Then you reject my suit?" observed the unmoved wooer.

"I do not reject it, and I do not accept it, monsieur the colonel. I consider it."

This gracious promise of neutrality Colonel Menard carried away with him without again seeing Angelique; and he made his way through the streets of Kaskaskia, unconscious that his little son was following Rice Jones about with the invincible persistence of a Menard.

Young Pierre had been allowed to ride into the capital this thronging day under charge of his father's body-servant and Jean Lozier. The body-servant he sent out of his way with the ponies. Jean Lozier tramped at his young seignior's heels, glad of some duty which would excuse him to his conscience.

This was the peasant lad's first taste of Kaskaskia. He could hardly believe

he was there. The rapture of it at first shook him like a palsy. He had risen while the whole peninsula was yet a network of dew, and the Mississippi's sheet, reflecting the dawn, threw silver in his eyes. All thoughts of his grandfather he put resolutely out of his mind; and such thoughts troubled him little, indeed, while that sea of humanity dashed around him. The crash of martial music stirred the man in him. And when he saw the governor's carriage and the magnates of the Territory, heading the long procession; the festooned galleries, on which sat girls dressed in white, like angels, sending their slaves out with baskets of flowers to strew in the way; when he saw floating tableaux of men and scenes in the early history of the Territory, — heroes whose exploits he knew by heart; and when he heard the shouting which seemed to fill the rivers from bluff to bluff, he was willing to wade through purgatory to pay for such a day.

Traffic moved with unusual force. It was the custom for outdwelling men who had something to sell or to trade to reserve it until they came to a convention in Kasky, when they were certain to meet the best buyers. All the up-river towns sent lines of vehicles and fleets of boats to the capital. Kickapoo, Pottawatomie, and Kaskaskia Indians were there to see the white-man council, scattered immovably along the streets, their copper faces glistening in the sun, the buckskin fringes on their leggings scarcely stirring as the hours crept by. Squaws stood in the full heat, erect and silent, in yellow or dark red garments woven of silky buffalo wool, and seamed with roebuck sinews. Few of them had taken to civilized finery. Their barbaric and simple splendor was a rebuke to poor white women.

Many ease-loving old Frenchmen denied themselves the pleasure of following the day's pageant from point to point, and chose the best of the vacant

seats fronting the empty platform in the common meadow. There they waited for speech-making to begin, smoking New Orleans tobacco, and stretching their wooden-shod feet in front of them. No kind of covering intervened betwixt their gray heads and the sky's fierce light, which made the rivers seem to wrinkle with fire. An old Frenchman loved to feel heaven's hand laid on his hair. Sometimes they spoke to one another; but the most of each man's soul was given to basking. Their attitudes said: "This is as far as I have lived. I am not living to-morrow or next day. The past has reached this instant as high-water mark, and here I rest. Move me if you can. I have arrived."

Booths were set up along the route to the common meadow, where the thirsty and hungry might find food and drink; and as the crowd surged toward its destination, a babel of cries rose from the venders of these wares. Father Baby was as great a huckster as any flatboatman of them all. He outshouted and outswatted Spaniards from Ste. Genevieve; and a sorry spectacle was he to Father Olivier when a Protestant circuit-rider pointed him out. The itinerant had come to preach at early candle-lighting to the crowd of sinners which this occasion drew to Kaskaskia. There was a flourishing chapel where this good preacher was esteemed, and his infrequent messages were gladly accepted. He hated Romish practices, especially the Sunday dancing after mass, which Father Olivier allowed his humbler parishioners to indulge in. They were such children. When their week's work was over and their prayers were said, they could scarcely refrain from kicking up their heels to the sound of a fiddle.

But when the preacher saw a friar peddling spirits, he determined to denounce Kaskaskia as Sodom and Gomorrah around his whole circuit in the American bottom lands. While the fire burned in him he encountered Father

Olivier, who despised him as a heretic, and respected him as a man. Each revered the honest faith that was in the other, though they thought it their duty to quarrel.

"My friend," exclaimed the preacher, "do you believe you are going in and out before this people in a God-fearing manner, when your colleague is yonder selling liquor?"

"Oh, that's only poor half-crazy Father Baby. He has no right even to the capote he wears. Nobody minds him here."

"He ought to be brought to his knees and soundly converted," declared the evangelist.

"He is on his knees half the time now," said Father Olivier mischievously. "He's religious enough, but, like you heretics, he perverts the truth to suit himself."

The preacher laughed. He was an unlearned man, but he had the great heart of an apostle, and was open to jokes.

"Do you think I am riding the wilderness for the pleasure of perverting the truth?"

"My friend," returned Father Olivier, "you have been in our sacristy, and seen our parish records kept here by the hands of priests for a hundred years. You want to make what you call revivals; I am content with survivals, with keeping alive the faith. Yet you think I am the devil. As for me, I do not say all heretics ought to be burned."

The preacher laughed again with Father Olivier, but did not fail to add, —

"You say what I think better than I could say it myself."

The priest left his Protestant brother with a wave of the hand and a smiling shrug, and passed on his way along the array of booths. His presence was a check on many a rustic drinker. His glance, dropped here and there, saved more than one sheep from the shearer. But his own face fell, and he stopped in astonishment, when an awkward figure

was pushed against him, and he recognized his upland lamb.

"Jean Lozier, what are you doing here?" said Father Olivier.

Jean had dodged him many times. The lad stood still, cap in hand, looking down. Nothing could make him sorry he had come to Kaskaskia; but he expected to do penance for it.

"Where is your grandfather?"

"He is at home, father."

"Did you leave that blind old man alone, to wander out and fall over the bluff?"

"I left him, father, but I tied him to a joist in the ceiling with a long rope."

"To hang himself?"

"No, father; it is a very long rope."

"And what will the old man do when he grows hungry?"

"His food for the day is on the table."

"My son, my son!"

"Father," exclaimed the boy with passion, "I was never in Kaskaskia before. And Colonel Menard lent me a pony to ride after my young master. I have no pleasure but watching the lights of the town at night." The great fellow began to sob. "If my grandfather would but come here, I could keep him well. I have been watching how they do things in Kaskaskia. But no, he will stay on the hills. And when I could stand it no more I tied him and came."

Father Olivier had looked into the eyes of soldiers and seen the sick longing for some particular place which neither courage nor resolution seems able to control. He saw even more than this in Jean Lozier's eyes. He saw the anguish of a creature about to be driven back from its element to another in which it cannot develop. The priest had hitherto used Jean's fondness for the capital as means of moral discipline. But the sympathy which gave so many simple natures into his literal keeping enlightened him now.

"My son," said Father Olivier, "I

see how it is with you better than I ever did before. You shall come and live in Kaskaskia. I will myself forbid your grandfather to keep you longer on the hills."

"But, father, he says he will die in a great town."

"Then, my son, the crown of a little martyrdom is yours. Will you wear it until this old man ends his days, and then come to Kaskaskia as your reward? Or will you come trampling down your duty, and perhaps shortening the life of your father's father? I will not lay any penance on you for following this strong desire."

Jean's spirit moved through his rough features, and responded to the priest's touch.

"I will wait, father," he said.

"You do right, my son. Now enjoy the remainder of this day, but do not make it too long a trial to the old man dependent on you."

Jean Lozier knew very little about the fierce partisan war raging in the Territory over separation and non-separation, and all the consequences which lay beyond either. But he took his place in a sea of listeners, having a man's object in life to struggle for. He was going to live in Kaskaskia, and have a little house of his own, a cart and two oxen; and when he had made enough by hauling bales from the wharf, he could set up in trade. His breast lifted and fell freely as he looked into this large and possible future. The patience and frugality and self-confidence of the successful man of affairs were born in him.

Rice Jones was on the speaker's platform, moulding the politics of the Territory. His voice reached over the great outdoor audience, compelling and convincing; now sinking to penetrating undertones, and now rising in thrilling music. His irony was so cutting, his humor so irrepressible. Laughter ran in waves across the sea of heads as wind runs across the grass. On many a homeward

road and in many a cabin would these issues be fought over before election day, and Rice Jones's arguments quoted and propagated to the territorial limits. The serious long-jawed Virginia settler and the easy light-minded French boatman listened side by side. One had a homestead at stake, and the other had his possessions in the common fields where he labored as little as possible; but both were with Rice Jones in that political sympathy which bands unlike men together. He could say in bright words what they nebulously thought. He was the high development of themselves. They were proud of him, with that touching hero worship which is the tribute of unlettered men to those who represent their best.

Dr. Dunlap stopped an instant at the edge of the crowd, carrying his saddlebags on his arm. He was so well known to be Rice Jones's political and personal enemy that his momentary lingering there drew a joke or two from his observers. He was exhorted to notice how the speaker could wipe up Kasky with such as he, and he replied in kind. But his face was wearing thin in his deeper and silent struggle with Rice Jones.

He knew that that judicial mind was fathoming and understanding his past relations with Maria upon the evidence he had himself furnished. Every day since their encounter in the college the doctor had armed himself. If he saw Rice Jones appear suddenly on the street, his hand sought his pocket. Sometimes he thought of leaving the Territory; which would be giving up the world and branding himself a coward. The sick girl was forgotten in this nightmare of a personal encounter. As a physician, he knew the danger of mania, and prescribed hard labor to counteract it. Dismounting under the bluff and tying his horse, he had many times toiled and sweated up the ascent, and let himself down again, bruised and scratched by stones and briers.

Very trivial in Dr. Dunlap's eyes were the anxieties of some poor fellows whom he saw later in the day appealing to Colonel Menard. The doctor was returning to a patient. The speeches were over, and the common meadow had become a wide picnic ground under the slant of a low afternoon sun. Those outdwelling settlers, who had other business to transact besides storing political opinions, now began to stir themselves; and a dozen needy men drew together and encouraged one another to ask Colonel Menard for salt. They were obliged to have salt at once, and he was the only great trader who brought it in by the flatboat load and kept it stored. He had a covered box in his cellar as large as one of their cabins, and it was always kept filled with cured meats.

They stood with hands in their pockets and coonskin caps slouching over their brows, stating the case to Colonel Menard. But poverty has many grades. The quizzical Frenchman detected in some of his clients a moneyed ability which raised them above their fellows.

"I have salt," admitted the colonel, speaking English to men who did not understand French, "but I have not enough to make brine of de Okaw River. I bet you ten dollaire you have not money in your pockets to pay for it."

More than half the pockets owned this fact. One man promised to pay when he killed his hogs. Another was sure he could settle by election day. But the colonel cut these promises short.

"I will settle this matter. De goats that have no money will stand on this side, and de sheep that have money will stand on that."

The hopeless majority budged to his right hand, and the confident ones to his left. He knew well what comfort or misery hung on his answer, and said with decision which no one could turn:—

"Now, messieurs, I am going to lend all my salt to these poor men who cannot get it any other way. You fellows

who have money in your pockets, you may go to Sa' Loui', by gar, and buy yourselves some."

The peninsula of Kaskaskia was glorified by sunset, and even having its emerald stretches purpled by the evening shadows of the hills, before Rice Jones could go home to his sister. The hundreds thronging him all day and hurrahing at his merciless wit saw none of his trouble in his face.

He had sat by Maria day after day, wiping the cold dampness from her forehead and watching her self-restraining pride. They did not talk much, and when they spoke it was to make amusement for each other. This young sister growing up over the sea had been a precious image to his early manhood. But it was easier to see her die now that the cause of Dr. Dunlap's enmity was growing distinct to him.

"No wonder he wanted me shot," thought Rice. "No wonder he took all her family as his natural foes at sight."

Sometimes the lawyer dropped his papers and walked his office, determining to go out and shoot Dr. Dunlap. The most judicial mind has its revolts against concise statement. In these boiling moods Rice did not want evidence; he knew enough. But cooler counsel checked him. There were plenty of grounds and plenty of days yet to come for a political duel, in which no names and no family honor need be mixed.

Rice turned back from the gallery steps with a start at hearing a voice behind him. It was only young Pierre Menard at his father's gate. The veins on the child's temples were distended by their embarrassed throbbing, and his cheeks shone darkly red.

"I want, in fact, to speak to you, Monsieur Zhone," stammered Pierre, looking anxiously down the street lest the slave or Jean Lozier should appear before he had his say.

"What is it, colonel junior?" said Rice, returning to the gate.

"I want, in fact, to have some talk about our family."

"I hope you have n't any disagreement in your family that the law will have to settle?"

"Oh, no, monsieur, we do not quarrel much. And we never should quarrel at all if we had a mother to teach us better," said young Pierre adroitly.

Rice studied him with a sidelong glance of amusement, and let him struggle unhelped to his object.

"Monsieur Zhone, do you intend to get married?"

"Certainly," replied the prompt lawyer.

"But why should you want to get married? You have no children."

"I might have some, if I were married," argued Rice.

"But unless you get some you don't need any mother for them. On the contrary, we have great need of a mother in our family."

"I see. You came to take my advice about a stepmother. I have a stepmother myself, and I am the very man to advise you. But suppose you and I agree on the person for the place, and the colonel refuses her?"

The boy looked at him sharply, but there was no trace of raillery on Rice's face.

"You never can tell what the colonel intends to do until he does it, monsieur, but I think he will be glad to get her. The girls—all of us, in fact, think he ought to be satisfied with her."

"You are quite right. I don't know of a finer young woman in Kaskaskia than Miss Peggy Morrison."

"But she is n't the one, Monsieur Zhone. Oh, she would n't do at all."

"She would n't? I have made a mistake. It's Mademoiselle Vigo."

"Oh, no, she would n't do, either. There is only one that would do." The boy tried to swallow his tumult of palpitation. "It is Mademoiselle Angélique Saucier, monsieur."

Rice looked reproachfully at him over folded arms.

"That's why I came to you about it, monsieur. In the first place, Odile picked her out because she is handsome; Berenice and Alzira want her because she is good-natured; and I want her because I like to sit in the room where she is."

"Young man, this cannot be," said Rice Jones.

"Have you engaged her yourself, monsieur? If you haven't, please don't. Nobody else will suit us; and you can take Mademoiselle Peggy Morrison that you think is such a fine young woman."

Rice laughed.

"You and I are not the only men in Kaskaskia who admire Mademoiselle Saucier, my lad."

"But you are the worst one," said Pierre eagerly. "Odile thinks if you let her alone we may get her."

"But I can't let her alone. I see the force of your claims, but human nature is so perverse, Pierre, that I want her worse than ever."

Pierre dug with his heel in the grass. His determined countenance delighted the rival.

"Monsieur, if you do get her, you have our whole family to beat."

"Yes, I see what odds there are against me," owned Rice.

"We are going to marry her if we can — and my father is willing. He is nearly always willing to please us."

"This is fair and open," pronounced Rice, "and the way for gentlemen to treat each other. You have done the right thing in coming to talk this matter over with me."

"I'm not sure of that, m'sieur."

"I am, for there is nothing better than fair and open rivalry. And after all, nobody can settle this but Mademoiselle Saucier herself. She may not be willing to take any of us. But, whatever the result, shake hands, Pierre."

The boy transferred his riding-whip,

and met the lawyer's palm with a hearty grasp. They shook hands, laughing, and Pierre felt surprised to find how well he liked Rice Jones.

As the wide and capacious Kaskaskia houses were but a single story high, Maria's bedroom was almost in the garden. Sweetbrier stretched above the foundation and climbed her window; and there were rank flowers, such as marigolds and peppery bouncing-betties, which sent her pungent odors. Sometimes she could see her stepmother walking the graveled paths between the vegetable beds, or her father and Rice strolling back and forth together of an evening. Each one was certain to bring her something, — a long-stemmed pink, or phlox in a bunch, like a handful of honeycomb. The gardener pulled out dead vines and stalks and burned them behind a screen of bushes, the thin blue smoke trailing low.

Her father would leave his office to sit beside her, holding the hand which grew thinner every day. He had looked forward to his daughter's coming as a blossoming-time in his life. Maria had not left her bed since the night of her hemorrhage. A mere fortnight in the Territory seemed to have wasted half her little body.

When you have strained to bear your burden and keep up with the world's march, lightly commiserated by the strong, there is great peace in finally giving up and lying down by the roadside. The hour often fiercely wished for, and as often repelled with awe, is here. The visible is about to become invisible. It is your turn to pass into the unknown. You have seen other faces stiffen, and other people carried out and forgotten. Your face is now going to chill the touch. You are going to be carried out. But, most wonderful of all, you who have been so keenly alive are glad to creep close to Death and lay your head in his lap.

There are natures to whom suffering is degradation. Sympathy would burn

them like caustic. They are dumb on the side which seeks promiscuous fellowship. They love one person, and live or die by that love.

"I have borne it by myself so far," Maria would think; "I can bear it by myself the rest of the way."

Yet the sleepy nurse was often roused at dead of night by her sobbing: "Oh, James, that you should be in the same town with me, and never come near to see me die! And I love you, — I love you so in spite of everything."

Sometimes she resolved to tell her brother the whole story. He would perhaps think better of Dr. Dunlap than he now did. Yet, on the contrary, his implacable pride and sense of justice might drive him directly out to kill the man she loved. And again she would burn with rage and shame at Dr. Dunlap's condescension to a legal marriage. He was willing.

"You are not willing," she would whisper fiercely at the night candle. "You do not love me any more."

The old glamour again covering her, she would lie in a waking dream for hours, living over their stolen life together. And she puzzled herself trying to fit the jagged pieces of her experience, and to understand why all these things should happen. The mystery to come is not greater than the mystery which has been, when one lies on a dying bed and counts the many diverse individuals that have lived in his skin and been called by his name.

At other times, all she had lost of common good flashed through Maria in a spark: the deeds to other souls; the enjoyment of nature, which is a continual discovery of new worlds; the calm joy of daily life, that best prayer of thanks to Almighty God.

Maria always thought of these wholesome things when Angelique came in at twilight, a little exhilarated by her escape from the tyrant at home. The nurse would give place, and go out to

talk with the other negroes, while Angelique sat down and held Maria's hand. Perhaps invisible streams of health flowed from her, quieting the sick girl. She smiled with pure happiness, on account of general good and comfort; her oval face and dark hair and eyes having a certain freshness of creation. Maria looked at her and wondered what love and sorrow would do to her.

Angelique had one exquisite characteristic which Maria did not at first notice, but it grew upon her during these quiet half-hours when she was spared the effort of talking or listening. It was a fixed look of penetrating sweetness, projecting the girl herself into your nature, and making her one with you. No intrusive quality of a stare spoiled it. She merely became you for the time being; and this unconscious pretty trick had brought down many a long Kaskaskian, for it drove directly through the hearts of men.

The provincial girl sometimes puzzled herself about the method of education abroad which had produced such a repressed yet such an appealing creature as Maria Jones. When she talked to the triangular little face on the pillow, she talked about the outdoor world rather than its people; so that after Angelique went away Maria often fell asleep, fancying herself on the grass, or lying beside the rivers or under the cool shadows of rocks.

As Rice Jones entered the house, after his talk about Angelique with young Pierre Menard, he met her coming out. It was the first time that her twilight visits to his sister had brought them face to face, and Rice directly turned off through the garden with her, inquiring how Maria had borne the noise of the day.

"She is very quiet," said Angelique. "She was indeed falling asleep when I came out."

"I sent my man at noon and at three o'clock to bring me word of her."

There was still a great trampling of horses in the streets. Shouts of departing happy voters sounded from the Okaw bridge, mixing with the songs of river men. The primrose lights of many candles began to bloom all over Kaskaskia. Rice parted the double hedge of currant bushes which divided his father's garden from Saucier's, and followed Angelique upon her own gravel walk, holding her by his sauntering. They could smell the secluded mould in the shadow of the currant roots, which dew was just reaching. She went to a corner where a thicket of roses grew. She had taken a handful of them to Maria, and now gathered a fresh handful for herself, reaching in deftly with mittened arms, holding her gown between her knees to keep it back from the briars. Some of them were wild roses, with a thin layer of petals and effulgent yellow centres. There was a bouquet of garden-breaths from gray-green sage and rosemary leaves and the countless herbs and vegetables which every slaveholding Kaskaskian cultivated for his large household. Pink and red hollyhocks stood sentinel along the paths. The slave cabins, the loom-house, the kitchen, and a row of straw beehives were ranged at the back of the lawn, edging the garden.

Angelique came back to the main walk, picking her way with slipper toes, and offered part of her spoil to Rice. He took some roses, and held the hand which gave them. She had come in his way too soon after his mocking little talk with young Pierre Menard. He was occupied with other things, but that had made him feel a sudden need.

Angelique blushed in the dense twilight, her face taking childlike lines of apprehension. Her heart sank, and she suffered for him vicariously in advance. Her sensibility to other presences was so keen that she had once made it a subject of confession. "Father, I cannot feel any separateness from the people around me. Is this a sin?" "Believe that

you have the saints and holy angels also in your company, and it will be no sin," answered Father Olivier.

Though she was used to these queer demonstrations of men, her conscience always rebuked her for the number of offers she received. No sooner did she feel on terms of excellent friendliness with any man than he began to fondle her hand and announce himself her lover. It must be as her tante-gra'mère said, that girls had too much liberty in the Territory. Jules Vigo and Billy Edgar had both proposed in one day, and Angelique hid herself in the loom-house, feeling peculiarly humbled and ashamed to face the family, until her godmother had her almost forcibly brought back to the usual post.

"I love you," said Rice Jones.

"But please, no, Monsieur Zhone, no."

"I love you," he repeated, compressing his lips. "Why 'no, Monsieur Zhone, no'?"

"I do not know." Angelique drew her hand back and arranged her roses over and over, looking down at them in blind distress.

"Is it Pierre Menard?"

She glanced up at him reproachfully.

"Oh, monsieur, it is only that I do not want" — She put silence in the place of words. "Monsieur," she then appealed, "why do men ask girls who do not want them to? If one appeared anxious, then it would be reasonable."

"Not to men," said Rice, smiling. "We will have what is hard to be got. I shall have you, my Angelique. I will wait."

"Monsieur," said Angelique, thinking of an obstacle which might block his way, "I am a Catholic, and you are not."

"Priests don't frighten me. And Father Olivier is too sensible an old fellow to object to setting you in the car of my ambition."

They stood in silence.

"Good-night, Monsieur Zhone," said Angelique. "Don't wait."

"But I shall wait," said Rice.

He had bowed and turned away to the currant hedge, and Angelique was entering her father's lawn, when he came back impetuously. He framed her cheeks in his hands, and she could feel rather than see the power of possession in his eyes.

"Angelique!" he said, and the word rushed through her like flame. She recoiled, but Rice Jones was again in his father's garden, moving like a shadow toward the house, before she stirred. Whether it was the trick of the orator or the irrepressible outburst of passion, that appeal continued to ring in her ears and to thrill.

More disturbed than she had ever been before by the tactics of a lover, Angelique hurried up the back gallery steps, to find Peggy Morrison sitting in her chamber window, cross-legged, leaning over with one palm supporting a pointed chin. The swinging sashes were pushed outward, and Peggy's white gown hung down from the broad sill.

"Is that you, Peggy?" said Angelique. "I thought you were dancing at Vigo's this evening."

"I thought you were, too."

"Mama felt obliged to send our excuses, on account of going to sister's baby."

"How beautiful these large French families are!" observed Peggy; "some of them are always dying or teething, and the girls are slaves to their elders."

"We must be beautiful," said Angelique, "since two of the Morrisons have picked wives from us; and I assure you the Morrison babies give us the most trouble."

"You might expect that. I never saw any luck go with a red-headed Morrison."

Angelique sat down on the sill, also, leaning against the side of the window. The garden was becoming a void of dimness, through which a few fireflies sowed

themselves. Vapor blotted such stars as they might have seen from their perch, and the foliage of fruit trees stirred with a whisper of wind.

"I am so glad you came to stay with me, Peggy. But you are dressed; why did you not go?"

"I am hiding."

"What are you hiding from?"

"Jules Vigo, of course."

"Poor Jules."

"Yes, you are always saying poor this and that, after you set them on by rejecting them. They run about like blind, mad oxen till they bump their stupid heads against somebody that will have them. I should n't wonder if I got a second-hand husband one day, taking up with some cast-off of yours."

"Peggy, these things do not flatter me; they distress me," said Angelique genuinely.

"They would n't distress me. If I had your face, and your hands and arms, and the way you carry yourself, I'd love to kill men. They have no sense at all."

Angelique heard her grind her teeth, and exclaimed, —

"Why, Peggy, what has poor Jules done?"

"Oh, Jules! — he is nothing. I have just engaged myself to him to get rid of him, and now I have some right to be let alone. He's only the fourth one of your victims that I've accepted, and doctored up, and set on foot again. I take them in rotation, and let them easily down to marrying some girl of capacity suitable to them. And until you are married off, I have no prospect of ever being anything but second choice."

Angelique laughed.

"Your clever tongue so fascinates men that this is all mockery, your being second choice. But indeed I like men, Peggy; if they had not the foolishness of falling in love."

"Angelique Saucier, when do you intend to settle in life?"

"I do not know," said the French girl slowly. "It is pleasant to be as we are."

Peggy glanced at her through the dark.

"Do you intend to be a nun?"

"No, I have no vocation."

"Well, if you don't marry, the time will come when you'll be called an old maid."

"That is what mama says. It is a pity to make ugly names for good women."

"I'll be drawn and quartered before I'll be called an old maid," said Peggy fiercely. "What difference does it make, after all, which of these simpletons one takes for a husband? Were you ever in love with one of them, Angelique?"

Peggy had the kind of eyes which show a disk of light in the dark, and they revealed it as she asked this question.

"No, I think not," answered Angelique.

"You think not. You believe, to the best of your knowledge and recollection, that such a thing has never happened to you," mocked Peggy. And then she made a sudden pounce at Angelique's arm. "What was the matter with you when you ran up the gallery steps, a minute ago?"

The startled girl drew in her breath with surprise, but laughed.

"It was lighter then," hinted Peggy.

"Did you see him?"

"Yes, I saw him. And I saw you coaxing him along with a bunch of roses, for all the world like catching a pony with a bunch of grass. And I saw him careering back to neigh in your face."

"Oh, Peggy, I wish Monsieur Reece Zhone could but hear what you say. Do teach me some of your clever ridicule. It must be that I take suitors too seriously."

"Thank you," said Peggy dryly, "I

need it all for my second-hand lot. He is the worst fool of any of them."

"Take care, Peggy, you rouse me. Why is a man a fool for loving me?"

"He said he loved you, then?"

The Saucier negroes were gathering on doorsteps, excited by the day and the bustle of crowds which still hummed in the streets. Now a line of song was roared from the farthest cabin, and old and young voices all poured themselves into a chorus. A slender young moon showed itself under foliage, dipping almost as low as the horizon. Under all other sounds of life, but steadily and with sweet monotony, the world of little living things in grass and thicket made itself heard. The dewy darkness was a pleasure to Angelique, but Peggy moved restlessly, and finally clasped her hands behind her neck and leaned against the window side, watching as well as she could the queen of hearts opposite. She could herself feel Angelique's charm of beautiful health and outreaching sympathy. Peggy was a candid girl, and had no self-deceptions. But she did have that foreknowledge of herself which lives a germ in some unformed girls whose development surprises everybody. She knew she could become a woman of strength and influence, the best wife in the Territory for an ambitious man who had the wisdom to choose her. Her sharp fairness would round out, moreover, and her red head, melting the snows which fell in middle age on a Morrison, become a softly golden and glorious crown. At an age when Angelique would be faded, Peggy's richest bloom would appear. She was like the wild grapes under the bluffs; it required frost to ripen her. But women whom nature thus obliges to wait for beauty seldom do it graciously; transition is not repose.

"Well, which is it to be, Rice Jones or Pierre Menard? Be candid with me, Angelique, as I would be with you. You know you will have to decide some time."

"I do not think Monsieur Reece Zhone is for me," said Angelique, with intuitive avoidance of Colonel Menard's name; Peggy cared nothing for the fate of Colonel Menard. "Indeed, I believe his mind dwells more on his sister now than on any one else."

"I hate people's relations!" cried Peggy brutally; "especially their sick relations. I could n't run every evening to pet Maria Jones and feed her pap."

"I do not pet her nor feed her pap," declared Angelique, put on the defensive. "Don't be a little beast, Peggy," she added in French.

"I see how it is: you are going to take him. The man who needs a bug in his ear worse than any other man in the Territory will never be handed over to me to get it. But let me tell you, you will have your hands full with Rice Jones. This Welsh-English stock is not soft stuff to manage. When he makes that line with his lips that looks like a red-hot razor edge, his poor wife will wish to leave this earth and take to the bluffs."

"You appear to think a great deal about Monsieur Reece Zhone and his future wife," said Angelique mischievously.

"I know what you mean," said Peggy defiantly, "and we may as well have

it out now as any time. If you throw him at me, I shall quarrel with you. I detest Rice Jones. He makes me crosser than any other person in the world."

"How can you detest a man like that? I am almost afraid of him. He has a wonderful force. It is a great thing at his age to be elected to the National Assembly as the leader of his party in the Territory."

"I am not afraid of him," said Peggy, with a note of pride.

"No; for I have sometimes thought, Peggy, that Monsieur Reece Zhone and you were made for each other."

Peggy Morrison sneered. Her nervous laughter, however, had a sound of jubilation.

The talk stopped there. They could see fog rising like a smoke from the earth, gradually making distant indistinct objects an obliterated memory, and filling the place where the garden had been.

"We must go in and call for candles," said Angelique.

"No," said Peggy, turning on the broad sill and stretching herself along it, "let me lay my head in your lap and watch that lovely mist come up like a dream. It makes me feel happy. You are a good girl, Angelique."

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

BOOKS AND READING IN ICELAND.

ALMOST the first building that attracts the eye of a stranger in Reykjavik is the solidly built stone structure that overlooks the little green square in the centre of the town. This is the Althing-House, the only building in Iceland of any architectural pretensions, and one that would do no discredit to Berlin or Paris. The upper story contains the National Museum, the middle story is occupied by the two branches of the Althing, and on

the ground floor is the National Library, the largest collection of books in Iceland. Here are between twenty-five and thirty thousand printed books, and thirteen hundred manuscripts. The collection is miscellaneous, with unexpected riches in some directions, and equally unexpected poverty in others. The richest department is naturally that of Icelandic history and literature, though even this is not complete. The British Museum and the

National Library at Copenhagen have more than one Icelandic treasure not found at Reykjavik.

A few steps from the Althing-House, on a gentle grassy slope, is the ugly, barn-like building of the Latin College, where all Icelandic students are prepared for the University of Copenhagen. Near by is an unpretending stone building containing the college library, a general collection of about six or eight thousand volumes. Some smaller private libraries are scattered about Reykjavik, but of these more hereafter. The public libraries in other parts of Iceland are few. The one at Akureyri numbers several thousand volumes, and there are some other isolated collections. These moderate-sized libraries furnish the working capital of Icelandic scholars, except as individuals have gradually accumulated the materials for investigation in their own departments. The mere statement of these facts indicates that great original scholarship can scarcely exist in Iceland. The investigator is hampered at every turn by the lack of the scholarly apparatus necessary for his work. Some of the private libraries are surprisingly large; but as books are dear, and as the largest private incomes in Iceland do not much exceed fifteen hundred dollars, poverty puts a check upon original scholarship, except along certain narrow lines.

A glance at the booksellers and their shops may be suggestive. Nearly every visitor to Iceland begins his acquaintance with the country at the capital, Reykjavik, and I was no exception. A very few minutes after I had been rowed ashore from the little steamer, and had engaged rooms at the hotel, I went in search of a bookseller. I soon learned that the most successful way to find books was to look in unlikely places. Scarcely a dealer keeps a stock of any size, and he seems to hide it as much as possible. The photographer has a few volumes, and the postmaster a few more. One can buy text-books at the office of one of the little

newspapers published at Reykjavik; and by going upstairs in a stone schoolhouse and knocking at the proper door, one can find a very tolerable miscellaneous collection of text-books and other works for sale at the published prices — with a slight increase for strangers. One of the largest shops is beside the Althing-House, where I found a greater variety of books and more courtesy than anywhere else in Reykjavik. In fact, the cordiality of the proprietor, who is also a publisher, became slightly embarrassing, after I had made some considerable purchases of him; for toward the close of my stay in Reykjavik I was never sure that I should be able to finish my dinner without being told that the bookseller was waiting to see me. He usually brought a pamphlet or book which he had published, and which he insisted on presenting to me. Among his gifts was an Icelandic translation of Hamlet, — the first ever made, — a volume of travels in England, a book of modern Icelandic poems, and various pamphlets. I may add as an aside that he seemed to care nothing for the payment of my bill, and showed not the slightest hesitation in letting it run till I could send him a draft from America.

The thought that most impresses one, in looking through these little bookshops, is that readers are shut out almost entirely from the inspiration and suggestion of seeing large quantities of new books exposed for sale. Small opportunity is afforded for testing a book before buying it, and nobody except a scholar in constant touch with the outer world can realize what is doing in the various departments of literature and research. The books ordinarily on sale are school-books, isolated specimens of Danish, English, French, and German works, and a number of the better known Icelandic publications. Very popular is a recent reprint, in three volumes, of the shorter Icelandic sagas. Some modern Icelandic poems, a few modern Icelandic romances, and treatises of more or less scholarship

comprise the greater part of the stock. Whenever books are wanted from abroad, they are usually ordered from Copenhagen; but communication with the outside world is slow and expensive, and during certain months impossible.

The number of volumes printed in Iceland is limited; but a few appear every year with "Reykjavik" or "Akureyri" on the title-page. Several newspapers are published at Reykjavik, all ridiculously small in comparison with English or American papers, yet serving to keep up a slender connection with the far-away world, and to chronicle the events of a country where little or nothing happens. One weekly sheet, the *Ísafold*, has an extensive circulation in the remote country districts. Literary production in Iceland is not large, and until the industrial conditions are radically changed it must always be small.

A glance at these conditions will show how unfavorable they are to the diffusion of books and to literary fertility.

First and foremost, we must note that the country is little better than a desert. The peculiar configuration renders intercourse difficult, and along with the barrenness of the soil makes the conditions of existence strangely hard. People with so little to make life attractive might be pardoned if they were to sink into a stolid indifference to everything but the struggle to keep alive. The size of Iceland is greater than that of Ireland, and the population numbers seventy thousand souls; but the only inhabitable portion is a narrow strip of pasture land extending like a green girdle round the coast and up the deep, narrow fiords. The interior of the country is a howling waste of sand and ice, traversed by darting glacier rivers, and utterly incapable of supporting more than a few scattered inhabitants. Grass is the only considerable crop. The hills and valleys are treeless, and afford at best but scanty pasturage for horses, cows, and sheep. Roads and bridges scarcely exist. A Danish merchant at

Reykjavik has a wheeled carriage; but in the interior such a conveyance is unknown, and would be useless if known. The backs of horses are the only means of transportation across country. Small boats carry travelers over dangerous rivers, while the horses swim on ahead. Hardly anything that ministers to comfort, to say nothing of luxury, is produced in Iceland. Every nail in an Icelandic house, every pane of glass, every bit of wooden flooring, every insignificant bit of furniture, has to be transported laboriously from one of the seaports to its destination.

That the Icelanders are poor goes without saying. There is little or no home market; for almost every Icelfander has the same products to sell as his neighbor. The circulation of money is therefore very small. If a farmer has direct dealings with the agents for foreign markets, and is sufficiently prosperous to have a little surplus each year, he may handle actual money, but in general the trading at the seaports is literally trading. An Icelfander barter a certain number of horses or sheep or rolls of dried fish or balls¹ of hay for a supply of groceries and other necessities of life. If he buys books under such conditions, he must want them more than do the rural inhabitants of most countries.

All these hindrances would appear to be sufficient to check literary production; but there are still other obstacles. Take, for instance, the writing of novels. The first drawback is that the population is more scattered than almost anywhere else in the world. Even the largest towns are mere villages. The novelist must know his world, and paint it as he sees it. If he lays the scene in Iceland, and is faithful in depicting the people he knows and has studied, he runs the risk of portraying too closely the people whom he has been observing, and who

¹ These balls of hay are two or three feet in diameter, and are slung like panniers on the backs of horses.

have been in turn watching him. His characters, if at all true to life, cannot easily remain unrecognized; and they must be more than human if they enjoy their notoriety. The number of copies that the writer can hope to sell is small; and he may well question whether it is worth while to set the community by the ears for the sake of publishing a probably unsuccessful story. I do not mean that a great writer cannot produce a great novel even under such conditions; but the chances are against him. The few native Icelandic novels thus far written cannot be pronounced an eminent success. The most popular, and perhaps the best of all, is *Piltúr og Stúlka*, which has been recently translated into English; but even this cannot be called a great novel.

If the novelist deserts actual experience, and introduces abstract and purely ideal types, his work will almost certainly fail to win popularity. If he goes outside of Iceland for his subject, he ceases to be distinctively national and representative. Nor ought we to forget that the Icelandic temper is very sluggish, and that the people are law-abiding. Now of course the material for literature of the highest order is passion. The strongest passions are those that concern the relations of men and women. Passion, when at its strongest, leads to sin and jealousy and remorse. Iceland is by no means a country of Pamelas and Josephs; but Icelandic society as a whole is so simple and peaceable that the complicated plots of crime and adventure which many novelists delight in would appear absurd. The native Icelandic novel must therefore move, I think, along very narrow lines, and it has small chance of reaching the highest excellence.

The drama is still more hopeless. The Icelandic temper is too cold and stolid to enter with quick sympathy into another nature so as to catch its spirit. Genuine dramatists are rare enough in any country, but one may look for them almost

anywhere with more prospect of success than in Iceland. The Icelanders are too impassive — I might say, too honest — to be good actors. They are the poorest mimics in the world. An Icelanders makes fewer gestures in a month than an Italian in an hour. Moreover, there is no place and no demand for the drama. The largest town, Reykjavik, has only three or four thousand inhabitants, and cannot furnish the public to support a theatre. The actors, if found at all, must be amateurs. Theatricals cost money; and it must be emphasized at every turn that Iceland is poor. In so far, therefore, as the drama exists at all, it must be a book drama. A few plays have been translated into Icelandic, such as *King Lear* and *Hamlet*; but even in translation Icelandic dramatic literature makes a very inconsiderable showing.

The modern Icelandic literature takes refuge in poetry; and in this field the best work has appeared. The hymn, the love-song, the idyl, the lines that let us look into a man's own heart, the verses that kindle with patriotism and liberty, — all these have been found possible. Some of the modern work takes very high rank, though lacking the exquisite delicacy of the best Danish poetry, and the fire and abandon of the old songs of the Edda. The Icelandic epic is yet to be written; but the old Edda measures are peculiarly fitted for the loftiness of a great poem, as may be seen in the masterly translation of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, perhaps the finest version existing in any language.

From this rapid survey we see the natural limitations of literature in Iceland. Personal satire might flourish, were the Icelanders more quarrelsome and more malicious. But they seem to spend their malice in petty gossip, and do not try to elevate their tittle-tattle to the rank of literature. Yet there is considerable literary activity. The critical essay, travel sketches, religious works of various sorts, annotations of old Icelandic

texts, investigations of the history of Iceland and of the Icelandic language and literature, compilations in various departments of science, translations from the leading languages of Europe, in a word useful books of all sorts, seem to have taken the greater part of the literary energy of the country. Great works of creative imagination are, however, as good as non-existent. From their books the Icelanders seem to have absorbed the soothing and restful part of culture, the part that gives help and comfort; but their modern writers appear to have no burning message for the world. Reykjavik is not a Weimar; and the intellectual life there, though attractive and to a certain degree stimulating, does not stir one to the depths.

We have glanced at the general conditions of life in Iceland, and at the number of books collected for the purposes of the scholar. We have found the conditions on the whole unfavorable for great original scholarship or great literary productiveness. But, on the other hand, Iceland can boast an unusually high standard of intelligence, and can justly be called a nation of readers. The people in the remote country districts have caught the reading habit, and during a considerable part of the year they have every excuse for indulging it. In winter they cannot travel, for they are shut in by drifted snow. They may feed the sheep and cows and horses, and attend to the dairy products. They may spin and weave wool. But otherwise they have little to do except to read and talk and play chess. Fortunately, they have no manufacturing and no business; for mental exertion is almost the only activity that they do not dread. Culture is popular in Iceland, and cultivated men receive due recognition. One of the most respected men in the country is Jón Thorkelsson, the accomplished rector of the Latin College. He is emphatically a man of books, and has for long years set the standard of education for the entire country. The people

have got into the way of being educated, and they send every year a large contingent of students to the University of Copenhagen, where at least a part of their expenses are paid from the public purse. The tradition of culture is very old in Iceland. Scholars have at no time failed, even in the darkest days of political humiliation. With the historical development of Icelandic culture and education, however, I cannot here deal. More to our immediate purpose is it to consider the extent of the reading habit, and the kind of books that one may find in the little towns and in the more remote country.

Large private libraries are not very common, but several are surprisingly good. Jón Thorkelsson has four thousand volumes on philology, history, and literature. Páll Melsteth, the venerable historian, has perhaps a thousand volumes. During one of my calls on the governor he showed me his books, numbering several hundreds, some of them rare and interesting. The bishop has a number of handsome bookshelves, containing perhaps a thousand volumes. All these are in Reykjavik, which is in comparatively close touch with the outer world.

In the better houses of the towns, books, when once bought, are a possession for a lifetime; but in the country they have to share in the struggle for existence. The Lutheran priest at Stathr, on the coast of the southwestern peninsula, handed me a tattered and mildewed copy of an Icelandic translation of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, with the remark that it was one of sixty or seventy volumes which had been spoiled by the snow and rain. "Bad roofs," said he, "are the greatest enemies of books in Iceland. Worms and insects do little damage. Our climate freezes them to death. Wood is dear, and the turf roofs are spongy and damp. Even where the roofs do not actually leak, the long, wet spring usually turns the books mouldy, so that they rot before one's eyes. That is

one reason why people are discouraged at the thought of making a great collection of books."

Yet in spite of poverty and difficulty of transportation, and the certainty that in most cases the handsome book of to-day will be the mouldy volume of to-morrow, many Icelandic farmers have very creditable libraries. For security against dampness, they frequently keep their books in chests. The Lutheran priests are nearly all farmers, and in many cases their mode of living differs but slightly from that of their parishioners. Some of the priests are desperately poor, and can scarcely furnish bodies to go with their souls. New books are for them a luxury almost unknown. I recall one gaunt, haggard priest who was eking out a pitiful existence on the lava-bound southern coast, and who had only a Bible, a psalm-book, and a handful of other half-decayed volumes. At one corner of the parsonage, where we spent the night, a pile of whale's blubber made the air fragrant, and emphasized the poverty of the possessor. Yet this priest had been educated at the Latin College, and he even knew some English.

While at Reykjavik, I asked the bishop of Iceland what number of volumes the average clergyman would be likely to possess. He hardly ventured to guess, but thought that few priests would have less than fifty or sixty volumes, while many would have from one hundred to eight hundred, or even more. One clergyman in the northwest is said to have a library of several thousand volumes.

One Sunday I spent at Reynivellir, a day's ride from Reykjavik. After the service in the little weather-blackened wooden church, I went over to the priest's house. The hungry and thirsty parishioners were swarming in all the rooms except the parlor, and sipping fragrant coffee. As I was left alone for a moment, I glanced round the pleasant parlor, about twelve or fourteen feet square, the floor covered with oilcloth, and the furniture

comfortable. A small glass case containing about forty books stood in one corner. There, side by side, were poems and prose works in Icelandic and Danish, Ibsen's plays in Norwegian, Körner's poems in German, Channing's essays in English. After a little, the priest conducted me across the narrow entry and through a bedroom to his study. He pointed to about four hundred volumes on the shelves, and as many more in great wooden chests. He had a good selection of the Greek and Latin classics, a long list of the Icelandic sagas, several Icelandic histories, his professional theological treatises, some miscellaneous works, and a fair sprinkling of English books. Shakespeare, Milton, and some other standard poets he handed down one after another, expressing his admiration of each as he took them from the shelf. An octavo volume in black he held out with the remark, "Here is an author I greatly admire, your American Channing." He showed me also an English Unitarian journal which he read with great interest. This priest has some reputation as an author, and has written two or three books on Icelandic history.

At Thingvellir I inspected another clergyman's library. The room where I slept contained two beds, and at the foot of one of them were half a dozen well-filled bookshelves. Many of the books were bound magazines, religious and general, but there were also historical works on Iceland, a copy of the *Diplomatarium Islandicum* from the year 834 A. D. to 1264 A. D., lives of the Icelandic bishops, collections of the sagas, a book on political economy, an Icelandic translation of the *Vicar of Wakefield* which figured as *Presturinn á Vökuvöllum*, and so forth. This collection was evidently nothing but the overflow library, stored in the guest-chamber for the sake of saving space. One book that interested me contained the records of the little school that used to be kept at Thingvellir. Each of the pupils was carefully graded, and the ex-

act amount that each knew about reading, writing, arithmetic, and religion was neatly recorded in figures.

One naturally expects the clergy to be more or less educated, and to have books as a necessary accompaniment, but one hardly dares to expect much of the ordinary farmers of so poor a land as Iceland; yet in spite of all drawbacks the Icelandic farmer manages to have at least a few books, and sometimes a remarkable number. On my trip to Hecla and Krísvík, I omitted no opportunity of looking over the books in the farmhouses. Sometimes I found nothing but the Bible and the psalm-book, or an old treatise on farming, or some practical religious work, but a little inquiry usually brought out a few volumes of the old sagas. At a farmhouse almost under the shadow of Hecla, I found, on the chest of drawers in my bedroom, several schoolbooks, — one for learning Danish, — a volume of tales, and the usual psalm-book. Against the wall hung a portfolio partly filled with Icelandic newspapers. The members of the family appeared to be very intelligent, and by no means to have limited their reading to the few books in sight. A day or two later we were at Skúmstathir, on the southern coast. As we had just come from some of the places most famous in Icelandic story, I asked our host if he had a copy of the *Njálssaga*. He was a tall, shrewd-looking man of over sixty, with a strong face, a mighty, hawklike nose, a little fringe of beard under his chin, and sharp, penetrating eyes. He thought there was a copy in the house, and presently returned with a well-worn volume published in Copenhagen in 1772, having a part of the title-page printed in vermilion. Other books were lying about the room. A bunch of newspapers published at Reykjavík hung against the wall, and the first number of a new religious newspaper was handed about as a specimen copy.

Books turn up in unexpected corners. While we waited for the wind to subside,

so that our horses could safely swim the Olfusá, we stayed at the house of the ferryman. He opened a bottle of port wine for us; and when I asked for a book to while away the time, he brought a small armful for me to choose from. My guide told me that he was worth sixty thousand crowns, though I should never have suspected such wealth from the appearance of the house or the owner.

One day, as I was busily at work in Reykjavík, just after my Icelandic teacher had gone, I heard a knock at the door. A moment later a large man entered, dressed in farmer's costume, — untanned pointed shoes, homespun woolen coat and trousers, and a fringed brown woolen neckcloth. "Good-morning," said he, offering his hand. It was not so clean as I could have wished, but I looked at his enormous frame, his great head with its shaggy mane of tawny hair and beard, and I shook hands with him, at the same time offering him a seat. He tossed into a chair his black felt hat, which had strings for tying it under the chin, and sat down. "I understand," began he in a deep voice, "that you are learning Icelandic." I admitted the charge, and he continued. He talked slowly, but very well, on a variety of topics, and told me all about himself. He lived three or four days' ride from Reykjavík, and came up once or twice a year. In 1873 he was guide for William Morris, the poet. He told me that Morris spoke very good Icelandic, and had been twice in Iceland, each time for about two months. Suddenly my visitor turned the conversation, and began to ask about the pronunciation of a few English words he knew, such as "judge," "general," "George," which he struggled to pronounce. Then, without warning, he seized his great black hat and started for the door, saying as he rolled out, "I'll come back soon." A quarter of an hour later he reappeared with several books. One of them was Jules Leclercq's *La Terre de Glace*. The

old man had been the Frenchman's guide, also, and he pointed out with great pride the passage in which the author had described him as a possible descendant of Gunnar. Three other books by William Morris, — his translation of Virgil, the *Grettir Saga*, and *Three Northern Love Stories*, — all bearing the autograph of the poet, he held up for inspection, and offered for sale. I bought two of them. The old man shook my hand heartily, and at my request wrote his name on the fly-leaf of each. He had over a hundred volumes at home, he said, mostly Icelandic and Danish, but he now needed money more than books.

My story is growing long, but I must take space enough to tell of the books in the farmhouse where I spent more than a fortnight. Háls is a single farmhouse, distant a day's ride on horseback from Reykjavik. Behind the house rises a naked, precipitous ridge of basalt, a quarter of a mile high, sweeping in a magnificent unbroken curve from the bold headland that juts into the sea to the upper waters of the Laxá. Before the house stretches the long, narrow fiord, swarming with sea-birds that circle endlessly about the double cascade foaming down from the river into the sea. Before going to Háls I had only the vaguest notions of the kind of life to be expected on an Icelandic farm; and it was with some misgiving that I set out, three days after my arrival in Reykjavik, for this out-of-the-way corner of the country. Many of the details of the farm life are exceedingly interesting, but I can take space for nothing but the part that books played in the household.

My chief purpose in leaving Reykjavik was to secure a complete Icelandic environment, so as to acquire the language rapidly. Very shortly after my arrival, the farmer picked up a volume of old Icelandic tales, and began to look over the book with me. He did not know a word of any language but Icelandic. We got on very well, with the

help of some pantomime. After a half-hour I was left to myself, and to the bookshelves. Imagine my surprise on finding, as I began to count, more than a hundred and fifty volumes in Icelandic, Danish, and English. The list was so interesting that I took down the titles of the entire collection. Icelandic books were naturally in the majority, — textbooks on physics, chemistry, astronomy, Icelandic law books, modern Icelandic poems, two or three modern Icelandic romances, books of travel, English grammars, reading-books, and lexicons, and a number of volumes of old sagas. One ancient book proved to be the entire *Laxdælr Saga* copied in a hand almost like copperplate. Especially interesting were the translations from English into Icelandic. One little unpretending book was Shakespeare's *King Lear*; another was Herbert Spencer's tract on Education; and still another was John Stuart Mill's essay *On Liberty*. *Robinson Crusoe* appeared in condensed form, while Samuel Smiles's *Thrift* was translated and printed without abridgment.

The farmer's daughter had spent a year in Copenhagen, and had a considerable number of Danish books. Many of these were translations of novels from English, French, and Russian. There were Marryat's *Peter Simple* and Trollope's *Marion Fay*, George Sand's *Valentine* and Daudet's *L'Immortel*. Zola, Guy de Maupassant, Turgeneff, Tolstóy, were each represented by one or more volumes.

A list of books so varied as these cannot be duplicated in most American farmhouses that I am acquainted with, though I believe there are many farmhouses in Iceland with a collection at least as large. These books, as I soon learned, were not merely for show. After the language began to lose some of its terrors, I asked endless questions of the farmer and his family about the books that I saw and about the old Icelandic tales, and was constantly surprised at their familiarity

with history and literature and the world in general. And little wonder that they were well informed; for most of the spare minutes seemed to be given to reading. Time and again, a little before dinner, the farmer would come in from the hay-field, with spears of dried grass still tangled in his hair, and, without waiting to make a toilet, drop into a convenient seat and lose himself for a half-hour in a book. He knew most of the old Icelandic tales. The Saga of Eric the Red he had at his tongue's end, and he was ready to discuss the probability of the Icelandic discovery of America. His conversation was an engaging mixture of good nature, shrewdness, and simplicity such as the peculiar conditions of existence in a country like Iceland could alone produce. The great development of America was a constant wonder to him, but he never lost his balance at any marvels I ventured to recount.

The daughter was not brilliant, but respectably well read and sensible. With her I read the story of *Burnt Njál* and some of the other sagas. She made no preparation for instruction, and had had no experience in teaching, but she rarely failed to know the meaning of the words of the old literature, and to appreciate the better passages. Cultured in some degree she certainly was, though not exactly according to our standards.

The second son was in attendance at the Latin College at Reykjavik, and was making his way through Latin and one or two modern languages. He was reasonably slow in his motions and his thinking, but he had some taste for reading and music, and used to play chess with his sister by the hour. When he was dressed for Sunday, he appeared much like a New England country boy.

A visitor to Iceland naturally falls into the way of comparing these isolated folk with the rest of the world. He asks: Have they caught the modern spirit? Or do they measure the world by the standard of their own barren island, and are

they still living in the Middle Ages? These questions are capable of very different answers according to the matter to which they are applied, and if answered in full would compel a study of Icelandic culture as a whole.

In material things the Icelanders are far behind the rest of the world. One may question whether, in most parts of the island, counting out a few of the towns, the material civilization was not on as high a plane a thousand years ago. On any other assumption, one can scarcely understand the old sagas, with their tales of the long ships with dragon prows; of feasts in the great halls, through which marched warriors and queenly women to the carved high seats; and of the glitter of gold and precious stones on garments of red and purple and blue. Barbaric display is certainly not the crying sin of the Iclander of to-day. He is contented with a surprisingly short list of the necessities of life. Diogenes and Thoreau would have felt at home in Iceland, though Diogenes would have been cold in his tub, and Thoreau might have tired a little of dried codfish.

Politically and socially, the Icelanders are working out their own salvation. They are so far from the sweep of modern political and social questions that they are not perplexed with socialism and anarchism; but the liberal party is progressive, and is now urging the complete emancipation of women. Icelanders appear for the most part to have little appreciation of foreign politics. Those who have been abroad and have returned to Iceland rapidly lose their grasp of current facts; while those who have remained at home have never had the facts to lose. The great majority of the people have so few facts to deal with at any one time that they do not generalize well on the world at large. Nearly every one with whom I talked had singular ideas concerning England, Germany, France, Italy, to say nothing about America. The standard is lacking for measuring a country like

the United States. The income of our government for a single day would support the government of Iceland for ten years. Other comparisons would yield a similar result. A civilization so simple as the Icelandic does not furnish the rudimentary data for understanding an organism so wonderfully complex as a great modern city like Berlin or Paris or London. Books of the sort that Icelanders can afford to buy can give no adequate idea of the outside world. The false impressions are in few cases corrected by travel; and the natural result is a distorted view of the un-Icelandic world. Yet I hasten to add that the Icelanders have a more correct idea of America than most Americans have of Iceland; for the average Icelanders has at least a glimmer of the truth about America, while the average American takes for granted an imaginary Iceland, as unlike the real one as possible.

The great and almost necessary defect in the reading of most Icelanders is that it is too fragmentary. As already observed, books in most families are an accidental possession, and have not been accumulated according to any guiding principle. The chances are that most of the books are instructive, but somewhat out of date. If thoroughly mastered, they may give a sound basis for intelligent opinions on a variety of topics, so that one may pass for a man of tolerably correct information. But the desultory way in which books are gathered leads to desultory reading rather than to scholarship. In many cases, the educated priests have kept up their reading in the ancient classics and become excellent scholars of the second class; that is, of the class that absorbs and enjoys, but does not produce. Within the last five generations there have been scores of Icelandic priests able to converse with ease in Latin; but not one has contributed anything of marked value to Latin scholarship. The possession of a few good books naturally leads an eager student to study them in every

way possible with the helps at his disposal; but he has little stimulus to attempt, with his scanty apparatus, to do work imperfectly that has already been done well. One thing he can do, if he has received a critical training: he can master the old Icelandic literature, and make accessible to his less scholarly neighbors the wealth of the older poetry. This work is necessary enough; for except among the most carefully educated the old poetry is scarcely read. The songs of the Edda fall on dull ears, for the old poems are too difficult to be understood without long, patient study. The old prose sagas are universally read, but the *vísur*, or short poems, with which they are thickly sprinkled, are slurred over with only a half-understanding. A few Icelanders have made a life study of the old poetry, and have won a reputation far outside of their own country. But the vast majority of the Icelanders who read much are in no sense students. They have a respectable acquaintance with matters within the range of their reading and experience, and they are agreeable if not demonstrative companions; but they are not leaders of thought, unless it may be in their own little communities.

We may, as we take leave of them, divide the people of Iceland into classes, according to their attitude toward books. In the first group stand a few genuine scholars, who would be recognized as such in any country. A considerable proportion of these live at Reykjavik, or are in tolerably close connection with the capital. The younger generation of scholars has been educated in the University of Copenhagen, and under more favorable conditions could place Iceland well to the front among the competitors for recognition in Europe. A much larger body consists of those who have been well educated, but who have never been distinctively recognized as scholars. The majority of the clergy and the magistrates, the physicians and the members of the Althing, — many of whom

are clergymen, — would be included in this class. Still more numerous are those farmers who have received only a moderate education in the schools, but have grown up with an inherited liking for books. On some farms there can be very little reading. The fishermen - farmers of the southern coast are generally too wretchedly poor to be able to own any but chance volumes. I suspect that throughout Iceland a large proportion of the farm servants, both men and women, read very little. They have slight inducement to improve their minds, and they show no disposition to thwart nature by forcibly dispossessing the beneficent stupidity in which they have been reared. The towns contain a population that in winter, at least, can find leisure enough for reading. This they do according to their lights, but under the limitations that I have more than once pointed out.

When all deductions have been made, the surprise is, not that the Icelanders have little acquaintance with books, but that an intelligent appreciation of literature and of the value of learning is so

universally diffused. Scarcely any country can parallel the tenacity with which the Icelanders have struggled to become familiar with "the best that has been thought and said in the world." We may estimate a little more fairly how well they have solved the problem of culture by asking a single question: How many cities of seventy thousand inhabitants have we in America that surpass Iceland in literary production and acquaintance with recognized classics of the world's literature? To be perfectly just, we ought to compare the Icelanders with the inhabitants of our remotest and most inaccessible country districts. When we have made such a comparison, we cannot but wonder that, in spite of poverty and famine and pestilence and earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, the inheritance and tradition of culture should be what they are. That the Icelanders are not the leaders of European thought and culture is exactly what we might expect; but that they should constantly strive to make that thought and culture their own may excite more than a passing surprise.

William Edward Mead.

PENELOPE'S ENGLISH EXPERIENCES.

IN TWO PARTS. PART SECOND.

THE COUNTRY.

XIV.

WEST BELVERN, HOLLY HOUSE,
August, 189-.

I AM here alone. Salemina has taken her little cloth bag and her notebook and gone to inspect the educational and industrial methods of Germany. If she can discover anything that they are not already doing better in Boston, she will take it back with her, but her state of mind regarding the outcome of the trip might be described as one of incredulity

tinged with hope. Francesca has accompanied Salemina. Not that the inspection of systems is much in her line, but she prefers it to a solitude *à deux* with me when I am in a working mood, and she comforts herself with the anticipation that the German army is very attractive. Willie Beresford has gone with his mother to Aix-les-Bains, like the dutiful son that he is. They say that a good son makes a good — But that subject is dismissed to the background for the present, for we are in a state of armed neutrality. He has agreed to

wait until the autumn for a final answer, and I have promised to furnish one by that time. Meanwhile, we are to continue our acquaintance by post, which is a concession I should never have allowed if I had had my wits about me.

After paying my last week's bill in Dovermarle Street, including fees to several servants whom I knew by sight, and several others whose acquaintance I made for the first time at the moment of departure, I glanced at my ebbing letter of credit and felt a spell of economy setting in upon me with unusual severity; accordingly, I made an experiment of coming third class to Belvern. I handed the guard a shilling, and he gave me a seat riding backwards in a carriage with seven other women, all very frumpish, but highly respectable. As he could not possibly have done any worse for me, I take it he considered the shilling a graceful tribute to his personal charms, but as having no other bearing whatever. The seven women stared at me throughout the journey. When one is really of the same blood, and when one does not open one's lips or wave the stars and stripes in any possible manner, how do they detect the American? These women looked at me as if I were a highly interesting anthropoidal ape. It was not because of my attire, for I was carefully dressed down to a third-class level; yet when I removed my plain Knox hat and leaned my head back against my traveling-pillow, an electrical shudder of intense excitement ran through the entire compartment. When I stooped to tie my shoe another current was set in motion, and when I took Charles Reade's *White Lies* from my portmanteau they glanced at one another as if to say, "Would that we could see in what language the book is written!" As a traveling mystery I reached my highest point at Oxford, for there I purchased a small basket of plums from a boy who handed them in at the window of the carriage. After eating a few, I offered the rest to a dowdy elderly

woman on my left who was munching dry biscuits from a paper bag. "What next?" was the facial expression of the entire company. My neighbor accepted the plums, but hid them in her bag; plainly thinking them poisoned, and believing me to be a foreign conspirator, conspiring against England through the medium of her inoffensive person. In the course of the four hours' journey, I could account for the strange impression I was making only on the theory that it is unusual to comport one's self in a first-class manner in a third-class carriage. All my companions chanced to be third class by birth as well as by ticket, and the Englishwoman who is born third class is sometimes deficient in imagination.

Upon arriving at Great Belvern (which must be pronounced "Bevern") I took a trap, had my luggage put on in front, and started on my quest for lodgings in West Belvern, five miles distant. Several addresses had been given me by Hilda Mellifica, who has spent much time in this region, and who begged me to use her name. I told the driver that I wished to find a clean, comfortable lodging, with the view mentioned in the guidebook, and with a purple clematis over the door, if possible. The last point astounded him to such a degree that he had, I think, a serious idea of giving me into custody. (I should not be so eccentrically spontaneous with these people, if they did not feed my sense of humor by their amazement.) We visited Holly House, Osborne, St. James, Victoria, and Albert houses, Tank Villa, Poplar Villa, Rose, Brake, and Thorn villas, as well as Hawthorn, Gorse, Fern, Shrubby, and Providence cottages. All had apartments, but many were taken, and many more had rooms either dark and stuffy or without view. Holly House was my first stopping-place. Why will a woman voluntarily call her place by a name which she can never pronounce? It is my landlady's misfortune that she

is named 'Obbs, and mine that I am called 'Amilton, but Mrs. 'Obbs must have rushed with eyes wide open on 'Olly 'Ouse. I found sitting-room and bedroom at Holly House for two guineas a week; everything, except roof, extra. This was more than, in my new spirit of economy, I desired to pay, but after exhausting my list I was obliged to go back rather than sleep in the highroad. Mrs. Hobbs offered to deduct two shillings a week if I stayed until Christmas, and said she should not charge me a penny for the linen. Thanking her with tears in my eyes, I requested dinner. There was no meat in the house, so I supped frugally off two boiled eggs, a stodgy household loaf, and a mug of ale, after which I climbed the stairs, and retired to my feather bed in a rather depressed frame of mind.

XV.

Visions of Salemina and Francesca driving under the linden-trees in Berlin flitted across my troubled reveries, with glimpses of Willie Beresford and his mother at Aix-les-Bains. At this distance and in the dead of night, my sacrifice in coming here seemed fruitless. Why did I not allow myself to drift forever on that pleasant sea which has been lapping me in sweet and indolent content these many weeks? Of what use to labor, to struggle, to deny myself, for an art to which I can never be more than the humblest handmaiden? I felt like crying out, as did once a braver woman's soul than mine, "Let me be weak! I have been seeming to be strong so many years!" The woman and the artist in me have always struggled for the mastery. So far the artist has triumphed, and now all at once the woman is uppermost. I should think the two ought to be able to live peaceably in the same tenement; they do manage it in some cases; but it seems a law of my being that I shall either be all one or all the other.

The question for me to ask myself now is, "Am I in love with loving and with being loved, or am I in love with Willie Beresford?" How many women have confounded the two, I wonder?

In this mood I fell asleep, and on a sudden I found myself in a dear New England garden. The pillow slipped away, and my cheek pressed a fragrant mound of mignonette, the selfsame one on which I hid my tear-stained face and sobbed my heart out in childish grief and longing for the mother who would never hold me again. The moon came up over the Belvern Hills and shone on my half-closed lids; but to me it was a very different moon, the far-away moon of my childhood, with a river rippling beneath its silver rays. And the wind that rustled among the poplar branches outside my window was, in my dream, stirring the pink petals of a blossoming apple-tree that used to grow beside the bank of mignonette, wafting down sweet odors and drinking in sweeter ones. And presently there stole in upon this harmony of enchanting sounds and delicate fragrances, in which childhood and womanhood, pleasure and pain, memory and anticipation, seemed strangely intermingled, the faint music of a voice, growing clearer and clearer as my ear became familiar with its cadences. And what the dream voice said to me was something like this:—

"If thou wouldst have happiness, choose neither fame, which doth not long abide, nor power, which stings the hand that wields it, nor gold, which glitters but never glorifies; but choose thou Love, and hold it forever in thy heart of hearts; for Love is the purest and the mightiest force in the universe, and once it is thine all other gifts shall be added unto thee. Love that is passionate yet reverent, tender yet strong, selfish in desiring all yet generous in giving all; love of man for woman and woman for man, of parent for child and friend for friend,—when this is born in the soul,

the desert blossoms as the rose. Straightway new hopes and wishes, sweet longings and pure ambitions, spring into being, like green shoots that lift their tender heads in sunny places; and if the soil be kind, they grow stronger and more beautiful as each glad day laughs in the rosy skies. And by and by singing birds come and build their nests in the branches; and these are the pleasures of life. And the birds sing not often, because of a serpent that lurketh in the garden. And the name of the serpent is Satiety. And he maketh the heart to grow weary of what it once danced and leaped to think upon, and the ear to wax dull to the melody of sounds that once were sweet, and the eye blind to the beauty that once led enchantment captive. And sometimes,—we know not why, but we shall know hereafter, for life is not completely happy since it is not heaven, nor completely unhappy since it is the road thither,—sometimes the light of the sun is withdrawn for a moment, and that which is fairest vanishes from the place that was enriched by its presence. Yet the garden is never quite deserted. Modest flowers, whose charms we had not noted when youth was bright and the world seemed ours, now lift their heads in sheltered places and whisper peace. The morning song of the birds is hushed, for the dawn breaks less rosily in the eastern skies, but at twilight they still come and nestle in the branches that were sunned in the smile of love and watered with its happy tears. And over the grave of each buried hope or joy stands an angel with strong comforting hands and patient smile; and the name of the garden is Life, and the angel is Memory.”

XVI.

NORTH BELVERN.

At Mrs. Bobby's cottage.

I have changed my Belvern, and there are so many others left to choose from that I might live in a different Belvern

each week. North, South, East, and West Belvern, New Belvern, Old Belvern, Great Belvern, Little Belvern, Belvern Link, Belvern Common, and Belvern Wells. They are all nestled together in the velvet hollows or on the wooded crowns of the matchless Belvern Hills, from which they look down upon the fairest plains that ever blessed the eye. One can see from their heights a score of market towns and villages, three splendid cathedrals, each in a different county, the queenly Severn winding like a silver thread among the trees, soft-flowing Avon and gentle Teme watering the verdant meadows through which they pass. All these hills and dales were once the Royal Forest, and afterwards the Royal Chase, of Belvern, covering nearly seven thousand acres in three counties; and from the lonely height of the Beacon no less than

“Twelve fair counties saw the blaze”

of signals, when the country was threatened by a Spanish invasion. As for me, I mourn the decay of Romance with a great R; we have it still among us, but we spell it with a smaller letter. It must be so much more interesting to be threatened with an invasion, especially a Spanish invasion, than with a strike, for instance. The clashing of swords and the flashing of spears in the sunshine are so much more dazzling and inspiring than a line of policemen with clubs! Yes, I wish it were the age of chivalry again, and that I were looking down from these hills into the Royal Chase. Of course I know that there were wicked and selfish tyrants in those days, before the free press, the jury system, and the folding-bed had wrought their beneficent influences upon the common mind and heart. Of course they would have sneered at Browning Societies and improved tenements, and of course they did not care a penny whether woman had the ballot or not, so long as man had the bottle; but I

would that the other moderns were enjoying the modern improvements, and that I were gazing into the cool depths of those deep forests where there were once "good lairs for the wolf and wild boar." I should like to hear the baying of the hounds and the mellow horns of the huntsman. I should like to see the royal cavalcade emerging from one of those wooded glades: monarch and baron bold, proud prelate, abbot and prior, belted knight and ladye fair, sweeping in gorgeous array under the arcades of the overshadowing trees, silver spurs and jeweled trappings glittering in the sunlight, princely forms bending low over the saddles of the court beauties. Why, oh why, is it not possible to be picturesque and pious in the same epoch? Why may not chivalry and charity go hand in hand? It amuses me to imagine the amazement of the barons bold and belted knights, could they be resuscitated for a sufficient length of time to gaze upon the hydropathic establishments which dot their ancient hunting-grounds. It would have been very difficult to interest the age of chivalry in hydropathy.

Such is the fascination of historic association that I am sure, if I could drag my beloved but conscientious Salemina from some foreign soup kitchen which she is doubtless inspecting, I could make even her mourn the vanished past with me this morning, on the Beacon's towering head. For Salemina wearies of the age of charity sometimes, as every one does who is trying to make it a beautiful possibility.

XVII.

The manner of my changing from West to North Belvern was this. When I had been two days at Holly House, I reflected that my sitting-room faced the wrong way for the view, and that my bedroom was dark and not large enough to swing a cat in. Not that there was the remotest necessity of my swinging cats in it, but it is always a useful figure

of speech. Neither did I care to occupy myself with the perennial inspection and purchase of raw edibles, when I wished to live in an ideal world and paint a great picture. Mrs. Hobbs would come to my bedside in the morning and ask me if I would like to buy a fowl. When I looked upon the fowl, limp in death, with its headless neck hanging dejectedly over the edge of the plate, its giblets and kidneys lying in inmodest confusion on the outside of itself, and its liver "tucked under its wing, poor thing," I never wanted to buy it. But one morning, in taking my walk, I chanced upon an idyllic spot: the front of the whitewashed cottage embowered in flowers, bird-cages built into these bowers, a little notice saying "Canaries for Sale," and an English rose of a baby sitting in the path stringing hollyhock buds. There was no apartment sign, but I walked in, ostensibly to buy some flowers. I met Mrs. Bobby, loved her at first sight, the passion was reciprocal, and I wheedled her into giving me her own sitting-room and the bedroom above it. It only remained now for me to break my projected change of residence to my present landlady, and this I distinctly dreaded. Of course Mrs. Hobbs said, when I timidly mentioned the subject, that she wished she had known I was leaving an hour before, for she had just refused a lady and her husband, most desirable persons, who looked as if they would be permanent. Can it be that lodgers radiate the permanent or transitory quality, quite unknown to themselves?

I was very much embarrassed, as she threatened to become tearful; and as I would not give up Mrs. Bobby, I said desperately, "I must leave you, Mrs. Hobbs, I must indeed; but as you seem to feel so badly about it, I'll go out and find you another lodger in my place."

The fact is, I had seen, not long before, a lady going in and out of houses, as I had done on the night of my ar-

rival, and it occurred to me that I might pursue her, and persuade her to take my place in Holly House and buy the headless fowl. I walked for nearly an hour before I was rewarded with a glimpse of my victim's gray dress whisking round the corner of Pump Street. I approached, and, with a smile that was intended to be a justification in itself, I explained my somewhat unusual mission. She was rather unreceptive at first; she thought perhaps I was to have a percentage on her, if I succeeded in capturing her alive and delivering her to Mrs. Hobbs: but she was very weary and discouraged, and finally fell in with my plans. She accompanied me home, was introduced to Mrs. Hobbs, and engaged my rooms from the following day. As she had a sister, she promised to be a more lucrative incumbent than I; she enjoyed ordering food in a raw state, did not care for views, and thought purple clematis vines only a shelter for insects: so every one was satisfied, and I most of all when I wrestled with Mrs. Hobbs's itemized bill for two nights and one day. Her weekly account must be rolled on a cylinder, I should think, like the list of Don Juan's amours, for the bill of my brief residence beneath her roof was quite three feet in length, each of the following items being set down every twenty-four hours:—

Apartments.
Ale.
Bath.
Kidney beans.
Candles.
Vegetable marrow.
Tea.
Eggs.
Butter.
Bread.
Cut off joint.
Plums.
Potatoes.
Chops.
Kipper.
Rasher.
Salt.

Pepper.
Vinegar.
Sugar.
Washing towels.
Lights.
Kitchen fire.
Sitting-room fire.
Attendance.
Boots.

The total was seventeen shillings and sixpence, and as Mrs. Hobbs wrote upon it, in her neat English hand, "Received payment, with respectful thanks," and applied the usual penny stamp, she remarked casually that service was not included in "attendance," but that she would leave the amount to me.

XVIII.

Mrs. Bobby and I were born for each other, though we have been a long time in coming together. She is the pink of neatness and cheeriness, and she has a broad comfortable bosom on which one might lay a motherless head, if one felt lonely in a stranger land. No raw fowls visit my bedside here; food comes as I wish it to come when I am painting, like manna from heaven. Mrs. Bobby brings me three times a day something to eat, and though it is always whatever she likes, I always agree in her choice, and send the blue dishes away empty. She asked me this morning if I enjoyed my "h'egg," and remarked that she had only one fowl, but it laid an egg for me every morning, so I might know it was "fresh as fresh." It is certainly convenient: the fowl lays the egg from seven to seven thirty, I eat it from eight to eight thirty; no haste, no waste. Never before have I seen such heavenly harmony between supply and demand. Never before have I been in such visible and unbroken connection with the source of my food. If I should ever desire two eggs, or if the fowl should turn sulky or indolent, I suppose Mrs. Bobby would have to go half a mile to the nearest shop, but as yet everything has worked to a charm.

The cow is milked into my pitcher in the morning, and the fowl lays her egg almost literally in my egg-cup. One of the little Bobbies pulls a kidney bean or a tomato or digs a potato for my dinner, about half an hour before it is served. There is a sheep in the garden, but I hardly think it supplies the chops; those, at least, are not raised on the premises.

My interior surroundings are all charming. My little sitting-room, out of which I turned Mrs. Bobby, is bright with potted ferns and flowering plants, and on its walls, besides the photographs of a large and unusually plain family, I have two works of art which inspire me anew every time I gaze at them: the first, a Scriptural subject, treated by an enthusiastic but inexperienced hand, *Susanne dans le Bain*, surprise par les Deux Vieillards; the second, *The White Witch of Worcester on her Way to the Stake at High Cross*. The unfortunate lady in the latter picture is attired in a white lawn wrapper with angel sleeves, and is followed by an abbess with prayer-book, and eight surpliced choir-boys with candles. I have been long enough in England to understand the significance of the candles. Doubtless the White Witch had paid four shillings a week for each of them in her prison lodging, and she naturally wished to burn them to the end.

One has no need, though, of pictures on the walls here, for the universe seems unrolled at one's very feet. As I look out of my window the last thing before I go to sleep, I see the lights of Great Belvern, the dim shadows of the distant cathedral towers, the quaint priory seven centuries old, and just the outline of Holly Bush Hill, a sacred seat of magic science where the Druids investigated the secrets of the stars, and sought, by auspices and sacrifices, to forecast the future and to penetrate the designs of the gods.

It makes me feel very new, very undeveloped, to look out of that window.

If I were an Englishwoman, say the fifty-fifth duchess of something, I could easily glow with pride to think that I was part and parcel of such antiquity; the fortunate heiress not only of land and titles, but of historic associations. But as I am an American with a very recent background, I blow out my candle with the feeling that it is rather grand to be making history for somebody else to inherit. When I am at home, I generally prefer to date myself back to 1776, but I think now that I shall take 1584, "for that day, three hundred and seven years ago, one hundred and eight English folk, under Ralph Lane, colonized Roanoke in Virginia."

XIX.

I am almost too comfortable with Mrs. Bobby. In fact, I wished to be just a little miserable, so that I could paint with a frenzy. Sometimes, when I have been in a state of almost despairing loneliness and gloom, the colors have glowed on my canvas and the lines have shaped themselves under my hand independent of my own volition. Now, tucked away in a corner of my consciousness is the knowledge that I need never be lonely again unless I choose. When I yield myself fully to the sweet enchantment of this thought, I feel myself in the mood to paint sunshine, flowers, and happy children's faces; yet I am sadly lacking in concentration, all the same. The fact is, I am no artist in the true sense of the word. My hope flies ever in front of my best success, and that momentary success does not deceive me in the very least. I know exactly how much, or rather how little, I am worth; that I lack the imagination, the industry, the training, the ambition, to achieve any lasting results. I have the artistic temperament in so far that it is impossible for me to work merely for money or popularity, or indeed for anything less than the desire to express the best that is in me without fear or favor. It would never occur to me to slight work,

to trade on present approval and dash off unworthy stuff while I have command of the market. I am quite above all that, but I am distinctly below that other mental and spiritual level where art is enough: where pleasure does not signify; where one shuts one's self up and produces from sheer necessity; where one is compelled by relentless law; where sacrifice does not count; where ideas throng the brain and plead for release in expression; where effort is joy, and the prospect of doing something enduring lures the soul on to new and ever new endeavor: so I shall never be rich or famous.

What shall I paint to-day? Shall it be the bit of garden underneath my window, with the tangle of pinks and roses, and the cabbages growing appetizingly beside the sweet-williams, the woodbine climbing over the brown stone wall, the wicket gate, and the cherry-tree with its fruit hanging red against the white-washed cottage? Ah, if I could only paint it so truly that you could hear the drowsy hum of the bees among the thyme, and smell the scented hay-meadows in the distance, and feel that it is midsummer in England! That would indeed be truth, and that would be art; though still the soul of the interpreter must be in you who look at my picture as well as in me who paint it. All the art in the universe cannot brighten eyes that are dull when they look on nature's pictures. Shall I paint the Bobby baby as he stoops to pick the cowslips and the flax, his head as yellow and his eyes as blue as the flowers themselves; or that bank opposite the gate, with its gorse bushes in golden bloom, its mountain ash hung with scarlet berries, its tufts of harebells blossoming in the crevices of rock, and the quaint low clock tower at the foot? Can I not paint all these in the full glow of summer time, and paint them all the better because it is summer time in my secret heart whenever I open the door a bit

and admit its life-giving warmth and beauty? I think I can, if I can only quit dreaming.

I wonder how the great artists worked, and under what circumstances they threw aside the implements of their craft, impatient of all but the throb of life itself? Could Raphael paint Madonnas the week of his betrothal? Did Thackeray write a chapter the day his daughter was born? Did Plato philosophize freely when he was in love? Were there interruptions in the world's great revolutions, histories, dramas, reforms, poems, and marbles when their creators fell for a brief moment under the spell of the little blind tyrant who makes slaves of us all? It must have been so. Your chronometer heart, on whose pulsations you can reckon as on the precession of the equinoxes, never gave anything to the world unless it were a system of diet, or something quite uncolored and unglorified by the imagination.

xx.

There are many donkeys owned in these nooks among the hills, and some of the thriftier families keep donkey-chairs (or "cheers," as they call them) to let to the casual summer visitor. This vehicle is a regular Bath chair, into which the donkey is harnessed. Some of them have a tiny driver's seat, where enthroned a small lad drives, encourages, beats, and berates the donkey for the incumbent (generally a decrepit dowager from London), who sits in solitary state behind. Other chairs are minus this absurd coachman's perch, and this is the sort in which I take my daily drives. I hire the miniature chariot from an old woman who dwells at the top of Gorse Hill, and who charges one and fourpence the hour. (A little more when she fetches the donkey to the door, or when the weather is wet, or the day is very warm, or there is an unusual breeze blowing, or I wish to go round the hills; but under ordinary circumstances, which

may at any time occur, but which never do, one and four the hour. It is only a shilling if you have the boy to drive you; but of course, if you drive yourself, you throw the boy out of employment, and have to pay extra.)

It was in this fashion and on these elastic terms that I first met you, Jane, and this chapter shall be sacred to you! Jane the long-eared, Jane the iron-jawed, Jane the stubborn, Jane donkier than other donkeys, — in a word, *mulier*! It may be that Jane has made her bow to the public before this. If she has ever come into close relation with man or woman possessed of the instinct of self-expression, then this is certainly not her first appearance in print, for no human being could know Jane and fail to mention her.

Pause, Jane, — and this you will do gladly, I am sure, since pausing is the one accomplishment to which you lend yourself with special energy, — pause, Jane, while I sing a canticle to your character. Jane is a tiny — person, I was about to say, for she has so strong an individuality that I can scarcely think of her as less than human — Jane is a tiny, solemn creature, looking all docility and decorum, with long hair of a subdued tan color, very much worn off in patches, I think, by the offending toe of man.

I am a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and I hope that I am as tender-hearted as most women; nevertheless, I can understand how a man of weak principle and violent temper, or a man possessed of a desire to get to a particular spot not favored by Jane, or a wish to reach any spot by a certain hour, — I can understand how such a man, carried away by helpless wrath, might possibly ruffle Jane's sad-colored hair with the toe of his boot.

Jane is small, yet mighty. She is *multum in parvo*; she is the rock of Gibraltar in animate form; she is cosmic obstinacy on four legs. When fol-

lowing out the devices and desires of her own heart (or resisting the devices and desires of yours), she can put a pressure of five hundred tons on the bit. She is further fortified by the possession of legs which have iron rods concealed in them, said iron rods terminating in stout grip-hooks, with which she takes hold on mother earth with an expression that seems to say, —

"This rock shall fly
From its firm base
As soon as I."

When I start out in the afternoon, Mrs. Bobby frequently asks me where I am going. I always answer that I have not made up my mind, though what I really mean to say is that Jane has not made up her mind. She never makes up her mind until after I have made up mine, lest by some unhappy accident she might choose the very excursion that I desire myself.

XXI.

For example, I wish to visit St. Bridget's Well, concerning which there are some quaint old verses in a village history: —

"Out of thy famous hille,
There daylie springyeth,
A water passynge stille,
That alwayes bringyeth
Grete comfort to all them
That are diseased men,
And makes them well again
To prayse the Lord.

"Hast thou a wound to heale,
The wyche doth greve thee;
Come thenn unto this welle;
It will relieve thee;
Nolie me tangeries,
And other maladies,
Have there theyr remedies,
Prays'd be the Lord."

St. Bridget's Well is a beautiful spot, and my desire to see it is a perfectly laudable one. In strict justice, it is really no concern of Jane's whether my wishes are laudable or not; but it only makes the case more flagrant when she interferes with the reasonable plans of a

reasonable being. Never since the day we first met have I harbored a thought that I should wish to conceal from Jane (would that she could say as much!); nevertheless she treats me as if I were a monster of caprice. As I said before, I wish to visit St. Bridget's Well, but Jane absolutely refuses to take me there. After we pass Belvern churchyard we approach two roads: the one to the right leads to the Holy Well; the one to the left leads to Shady Dell Farm, where Jane lived when she was a girl. At the critical moment I pull the right rein with all my force. In vain: Jane is always overcome by sentiment when she sees that left-hand road. She bears to the left like a whirlwind, and nothing can stop her mad career until she is again amid the scenes so dear to her recollection, the beloved pastures where the mother still lives at whose feet she brayed in early youth!

Now this is all very pretty and touching. Her action has, in truth, its springs in a most commendable sentiment that I should be the last to underrate. Shady Dell Farm is interesting, too, for once, if you can swallow your wrath and dudgeon at being taken there against your will; and you feel that Jane's parents and Jane's early surroundings must be worth a single visit, if they could produce a donkey of such unusual capacity. Still, she must know, if she knows anything, that a person does not come from America and pay one and fourpence the hour (or thereabouts) merely in order to visit the home of her girlhood, which is neither mentioned in Baedeker nor set down in the local guidebooks as a feature of interest.

Whether, in addition to her affection for Shady Dell Farm, she has an objection to St. Bridget's Well, and thus is strengthened by a double motive, I do not know. She may consider it a relic of popish superstition; she may be a Protestant donkey; she is a Dissenter,—there's no doubt about that. But, you

ask, have you tried various methods of bringing her to terms and gaining your own desires? Certainly. I have coaxed, beaten, prodded, prayed. I have tried leading her past the Shady Dell turn; she walks all over my feet, and then starts for home, I running behind until I can catch up with her. I have offered her one and tenpence the hour; she remained firm. One morning I had a happy inspiration; I determined on conquering Jane by a subterfuge. I said to myself: "I am going to start for St. Bridget's Well, as usual; several yards before we reach the two roads, I shall begin pulling, not the right, but the left rein. Jane will lift her ears suddenly and say to herself: 'What! has this woman fallen in love with my birth-place at last, and does she now prefer it to St. Bridget's Well? Then she shall not have it!' Whereupon Jane will start madly down the right-hand road for the first time, I pulling steadily at the left rein to keep up appearances, and I shall at last realize my wishes."

This was my inspiration. Would you believe that it failed utterly? It might and would have succeeded with an ordinary donkey, but Jane saw through it. She obeyed my pull on the left rein, and went to Shady Dell Farm as usual.

Another of Jane's eccentricities is a violent aversion to perambulators. As Belvern is a fine healthy growing country, with steadily increasing population, the roads are naturally alive with perambulators; or at least alive with the babies inside the perambulators. These are the more alarming to the timid eye in that many of them are double-barreled, so to speak, and loaded to the muzzle with babies; for not only do Belvern babies frequently appear as twins, but there are often two youngsters of a perambulator age in the same family at the same time. To weave that donkey and that Bath "cheer" through the narrow streets of the various Belverns without putting to death any babies, and

without engendering the outspoken condemnation of the screaming mothers and nursery maids, is a task for a Jehu himself. Of course Jane makes it more difficult by lunging into one perambulator in avoiding another, but she prefers even that risk to the degradation of treading the path I wish her to tread.

I often wish that for one brief moment I might remove the lid of Jane's brain and examine her mental processes. She would not exasperate me so deeply if I could be certain of her springs of action. Is she old, is she rheumatic, is she lazy, is she hungry? Sometimes I think she means well, and is only ignorant and dull; but this hypothesis grows less and less tenable as I know her better. Sometimes I conclude that she does not understand me. Perhaps it takes an American donkey to comprehend an American woman, and this difference in nationality troubles her, though she does not convey the slightest impression of having been born and educated in a monarchy; no servility about Jane, and precious little civility, for that matter. Yet I cannot bring myself to drive any other donkey; I am always hoping to impress myself on her imagination, and conquer her will through her fancy. Meanwhile, I like to feel myself in the grasp of a nature stronger than my own, and so I hold to you, Jane, and buy a photograph of St. Bridget's Well!

XXII.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, and I suddenly heard a strange sound, that of our fowl cackling. Yesterday I heard her telltale note about noon, and the day before just as I was eating my breakfast. I knew that it would be so! The serpent has entered Eden. That fowl has laid before eight in the morning for three weeks without interruption, and she has now entered upon a career of wild and reckless uncertainty which compels me to eat eggs from twelve to twenty-four hours old, just as if I were in London.

Alas for the rarity
Of regularity
Under the sun!

A hen, being of the feminine gender, underestimates the majesty of order and system; she resents any approach to the unimaginative monotony of the machine. Probably the Confederated Fowl Union has been meddling with our little paradise where Labor and Capital have dwelt in heavenly unity until now. Nothing can be done about it, of course; even if it were possible to communicate with the fowl, she would say, I suppose, that she would lay when she was ready, and not before; at least that is what an American hen would say.

Just as I was brooding over these mysteries and trying to hatch out some conclusions, Mrs. Bobby knocked at the door, and, coming in, curtsied very low and said, "It's about namin' the 'ouse, miss."

"Oh, yes. Pray don't stand, Mrs. Bobby; take a chair. I am not very busy; I am only painting prickles on my gorse bushes; so we will talk it over."

Mrs. Bobby bought this place only a few months ago, for she lived in Cheltenham before Mr. Bobby died. The last incumbent had probably been of Welsh extraction, for the cottage had been named "Dan-y-Cefn." Mrs. Bobby declared, however, that she would n't have a heathenish name posted on her house, and expect her friends to pronounce it when she could n't pronounce it herself. She seemed grieved when at first I could not see the absolute necessity of naming the cottage at all, telling her that we named only grand places in America. She was struck dumb with amazement at this piece of information, and failed to conceive of the confusion that must ensue in villages where streets were scarcely named or houses numbered. I confess it had never occurred to me that our manner of doing was highly inconvenient, if not impossible, and I approached the subject of the

name with more interest and more modesty.

"Well, Mrs. Bobby," I began, "it is to be Cottage; we've decided that, have we not? It is to be Cottage, not House, Lodge, Mansion, or Villa. We cannot name it after any flower that blows, because they are all taken. Have all the trees been used?"

"Thank you, miss, yes, miss, all but h'ash-tree, and we've no h'ash."

"Very good, we must follow another plan. Family names seem to be chosen, such as Gower House, Marston Villa, and the like. 'Bobby Cottage' is not pretty. What was your maiden name, Mrs. Bobby?"

"Buggins. thank you, miss, 'Elizabeth Buggins, Licensed to sell Poultry,' was my name and title when I met Mr. Bobby."

"I'm sorry, but 'Buggins Cottage' is still more impossible than 'Bobby Cottage.' Now here's another idea: where were you born, Mrs. Bobby?"

"In Snitterfield, thank you, miss."

"Dear, dear! how unserviceable!"

"Thank you, miss."

"Where was Mr. Bobby born?"

"He never mentioned, miss."

(Mr. Bobby must have been expansive, for they were married twenty years.)

"There is always Victoria or Albert," I said tentatively, as I wiped my brushes.

"Yes, miss, but with all respect to her Majesty, them names give me a turn when I see them on the gates, I am that sick of them."

"True. Can we call it anything that will suggest its situation? Is there a Hill Crest?"

"Yes, miss, there is 'Ill Crest, 'Ill Top, 'Ill View, 'Ill Side, 'Ill End, H'under 'Ill, 'Ill Bank, and 'Ill Terrace."

"I should think that would do for Hill."

"Thank you, miss. 'Ow would 'The 'Edge' do, miss?"

"But we have no hedge." (She shall

not have anything with an *h* in it, if I can help it.)

"No, miss, but I thought I might set out a bit, if worst come to worst."

"And wait three or four years before people would know why the cottage was named? Oh, no, Mrs. Bobby."

"Thank you, miss."

"We might have something quite out of the common, like 'Providence Cottage,' down the bank. I don't know why Mrs. Jones calls it Providence Cottage, unless she thinks it's a providence that she has one at all; or because, as it's right on the edge of the hill, she thinks it's a providence it has n't blown off. How would you like 'Peace' or 'Rest' Cottage?"

"Begging your pardon, miss, it's neither peace nor rest I gets in it these days, with a twenty-five pound debt 'anging over me, and three children to feed and clothe."

"I fear we are not very clever, Mrs. Bobby, or we should hit upon the right thing with less trouble. I know what I will do: I will go down in the road and look at the place for a long time from the outside, and try to think what it suggests to me."

"Thank you, miss; and I'm sure I'm grateful for all the trouble you are taking with my small affairs."

Down I went, and leaned over the wicket gate, gazing at the unnamed cottage. The bricked pathway was scrubbed as clean as a penny, and the stone step and the floor of the little kitchen as well. The garden was a maze of fragrant bloom, with never a weed in sight. The fowl cackled cheerily still, adding insult to injury, the pet sheep munched grass contentedly, and the canaries sang in their cages under the vines. Mrs. Bobby settled herself on the porch with a pan of peas in her neat gingham lap, and all at once I cried:—

"'Comfort Cottage'! It is the very essence of comfort, Mrs. Bobby, even if there is not absolute peace or rest. Let

me paint the signboard for you this very day."

Mrs. Bobby was most complacent over the name. She had the greatest confidence in my judgment, and the characterization pleased her housewifely pride, so much so that she flushed with pleasure as she said that if she 'ad 'er 'ealth she thought she could keep the place looking so that the passers-by would easily h'understand the name.

XXIII.

It was some days after the naming of the cottage that Mrs. Bobby admitted me into her financial secrets, and explained the difficulties that threatened her peace of mind. She still has twenty-five pounds to pay before Comfort Cottage is really her own. With her cow and her vegetable garden, to say nothing of her procrastinating fowl, she manages to eke out a frugal existence, now that her eldest son is in a blacksmith's shop at Worcester and is sending her part of his weekly savings. But it has been a poor season for canaries, and a still poorer one for lodgers; for people in these degenerate days prefer to be nearer the hotels and the mild gayeties of the larger settlements. It is all very well so long as I remain with her, and she wishes fervently that that may be forever; for never, she says eloquently, never in all her Cheltenham and Belvern experience, has she encountered such a jewel of a lodger as her dear Miss 'Amilton, so little trouble, and always a bit of praise for her plain cooking, and a pleasant word for the children, to whom most lodgers object, and such an interest in the cow and the fowl and the garden and the canaries, and such kindness in painting the name of the cottage, so that it is the finest thing in the village, and nobody can get past the 'ouse without stopping to gape at it! But when her American lodger leaves her, she asks, — and who is she that can expect to keep a beautiful young lady who

will be naming her own cottage and painting signboards for herself before long, likely? — but when her American lodger is gone, how is she, Mrs. Bobby, to put by a few shillings a month towards the debt on the cottage? These are some of the problems she presents to me. I have turned them over and over in my mind as I have worked, and even asked Willie Beresford in my weekly letter what he could suggest. Of course he could not suggest anything; men never can. All at once, one morning, a happy idea struck me, and I ran down to Mrs. Bobby, who was weeding the onion bed in the back garden.

"Mrs. Bobby," I said, sitting down comfortably on the edge of the lettuce-frame, "I am sure I know how you can earn many a shilling during the summer and autumn months, and you must begin the experiment while I am here to advise you. I want you to serve five o'clock tea in your garden."

"But, miss, thanking you kindly, nobody would think of stoppin' 'ere for a cup of tea once in a twelvemonth."

"You never know what people will do until you try them. People will do almost anything, Mrs. Bobby, if you only put it into their heads, and this is the way we shall make our suggestion to the public. I will paint a second signboard to hang below 'Comfort Cottage.' It will be much more beautiful than the other, for it shall have a steaming kettle on it, and a cup and saucer, and the words 'Tea Served Here' underneath, the letters all intertwined with tea plants. I don't know how tea plants look, but then neither does the public. You will set one round table on the porch, so that if it threatens rain, as it sometimes does, you know, in England, people will not be afraid to sit down; and the other you will put under the yew-tree near the gate. The tables must be immaculate; no spotted, rumpled cloths and chipped cups at Comfort Cottage, which is to be a strictly first-class tea station. You

will put vases of flowers on the tables, and you will not mix red, yellow, purple, and blue ones in the same vase" —

"It's the way the good Lord mixes 'em in the fields," interjected Mrs. Bobby piously.

"Very likely; but you will permit me to remark that the good Lord can manage things successfully which we poor humans cannot. You will set out your cream jug that was presented to Mrs. Martha Buggins by her friends and neighbors as a token of respect in 1823, and the bowl that was presented to Mr. Bobby as a sword and shooting prize in 1860, and all your pretty little odds and ends. You will get everything ready in the kitchen, so that customers won't have long to wait; but you will not prepare much in advance, so that there'll be nothing wasted."

"It sounds beautiful in your mouth, miss, and it surely would n't be any 'arm to make a trial of it."

"Of course it won't. There is no inn here where nice people will stop (who would ever think of asking for tea at The Retired Soldier?), and the moment they see our sign, in walking or driving past, that moment they will be consumed with thirst. You do not begin to appreciate our advantages as a tea station. In the first place, there is a watering-trough not far from the gate, and drivers very often stop to water their horses; then we have the lovely garden which everybody admires; and if everything else fails, there is the baby. Put that faded pink flannel slip on Jem, showing his tanned arms and legs as usual, tie up his sleeves with blue bows as you did last Sunday, put Tommy's white tennis cap on the back of his yellow curls, turn him loose in the hollyhocks, and await results. Did I not open the gate the moment I saw him, though there was no apartment sign in the window?"

Mrs. Bobby was overcome by the magic of my arguments, and as there were positively no attendant risks we

decided on an early opening. The very next day after the hanging of the second sign I superintended the arrangements myself. It was a nice thirsty afternoon, and as I filled the flower vases I felt such a desire for custom and such a love of trade animating me that I was positively ashamed. At three o'clock I went upstairs and threw myself on the bed for a nap, for I had been sketching on the hills since early morning. It may have been an hour later when I heard the sound of voices and the stopping of a heavy vehicle before the house. I stole to the front window, and, peeping under the shelter of the vines, saw a char-a-bancs, on the way from Great Belvern to the Beacon. It held three gentlemen, two ladies, and four children, and everything had worked precisely as I intended. The driver had seen the watering-trough, the gentlemen had seen the tea sign, the children had seen the flowers and the canaries, and the ladies had seen the baby. I went to the back window to call an encouraging word to Mrs. Bobby, but to my horror I saw that worthy woman disappearing at the extreme end of the lane in full chase of our cow, who had broken down the fence, and was now at large, with some of our neighbor's turnip tops hanging from her mouth.

XXIV.

Ruin stared us in the face. Were our cherished plans to be frustrated by a marauding cow, who little realized that she was imperiling her own means of existence? Were we to turn away three, five, nine thirsty customers at one fell swoop? Never! None of these people ever saw me before nor would ever see me again. What was to prevent my serving them with tea? I had on a pink cotton gown, — that was well; I hastily buttoned on a clean painting-apron, and seizing a freshly laundered cushion cover lying on the bureau, a square of lace and embroidery, I pinned it on my

hair while descending the stairs. Everything was right in the kitchen, for Mrs. Bobby had flown in the midst of her preparations. The loaf, the bread knife, the butter, the marmalade, all stood on the table, and the kettle was boiling. I set the tea to draw, and then dashed to the door, bowed appetizingly to the visitors, showed them to the tables with a winning smile (which was to be extra), seated the children on the steps and laid napkins before them, dashed back to the kitchen, cut the thin bread and butter, and brought it with the marmalade, asked my customers if they desired cream, and told them it was extra, went back and brought a tray with tea, boiling water, milk, and cream. Lowering my voice to an English sweetness, and dropping a few *h's* ostentatiously as I answered questions, I poured five cups of tea, and four mugs for the children, and cut more bread and butter, for they all ate like wolves. They praised the butter. I told them it was a specialty of the house. They requested muffins. With a smile of heavenly sweetness tinged with regret, I replied that Saturday was our muffin day: Saturday, muffins; Tuesday, crumpets; Thursday, scones; and Friday, tea-cakes. This inspiration sprang into being full grown, like Pallas from the brain of Jove. While they were regretting that they had come on a plain-bread-and-butter day, I retired to the kitchen and made out a bill for presentation to the oldest man of the party.

	s.	d.
Nine teas	3	6
Cream		3
Bread and butter	1	0
Marmalade		6
	5	3

Feeling five and threepence to be an absurdly small charge for five adult and four infant teas, I destroyed this immediately, and made out another, putting the cream fourpence more, and the bread and butter at one and six. I also in-

troduced ninepence for extra teas for the children, who had had two mugs apiece, very weak. This brought the total to six shillings and tenpence, and I was beset by a horrible temptation to add a shilling or two for candles and attendance. There was one young man among the three who looked as if he would have understood the joke. The father of the family looked at the bill, and remarked quizzically, "Bond Street prices, eh?"

"Bond Street service," said I, curtsying demurely.

He paid it without flinching, and gave me sixpence for myself. I was very much afraid he would chuck me under the chin; they are always chucking barmaids under the chin in old English novels, but I have never seen it done in real life. As they strolled down to the gate, the second gentleman gave me another sixpence, and the nice young fellow gave me a shilling; he certainly had read the old English novels and remembered them, so I kept with the children. One of the ladies then asked if we sold flowers.

"Certainly," I replied.

"What do you ask for roses?"

"Fourpence apiece for the fine ones," I answered glibly, hoping it was enough, "thrippence for the smaller ones; sixpence for a bunch of sweet peas, tuppence apiece for buttonhole carnations."

Each of the ladies took some roses and mignonette, and the gentlemen, who did not care for carnations in the least, weakened when I approached modestly to pin them in their coats, *à la* barmaid.

At this moment one of the children began to tease for a canary.

"Have you one for sale?" inquired the fond mother.

"Certainly, madam." (I was prepared to sell the cottage by this time.)

"What do you ask for them?"

Rapid calculation on my part, excessively difficult without pencil and paper.

A canary is three to five dollars in America, — that is. from twelve shillings to a pound; then at a venture, "From ten shillings to a guinea, madam, according to the quality of the bird."

"Would you like one for your birthday, Margaret, and do you think you can feed it and take quite good care of it?"

"Oh, yes, mamma!"

"Have you a cage?" to me inquiringly.

"Certainly, madam; it is not a new one, but I shall only charge you a shilling for it." (Impromptu plan: not knowing whether Mrs. Bobby had any cages, or if so where she kept them, to remove the canary in Mrs. Bobby's bedroom from the small wooden cage it inhabited, close the windows, and leave it at large in the apartment; then bring out the cage and sell it to the lady.)

"Very well, then, please select me a good singer for about twelve shillings; a very yellow one, please."

I did so. I had no difficulty about the color; but as the birds all stopped singing when I put my hand into the cages, I was somewhat at a loss to choose a really fine performer. I did my best, with the result that it turned out to be the mother of several fine families, but no vocalist, and the generous young man brought it back for an exchange some days afterwards.

The party finally mounted the charabancs, just as I was about to offer the baby for twenty-five pounds, and dirt cheap at that; meanwhile, I gave the driver a cup of lukewarm tea, for which I refused absolutely to accept any remuneration.

I had cleared the tables before Mrs. Bobby returned, flushed and panting, with the guilty cow. Never shall I forget that good dame's astonishment, her mild deprecations, her smiles, — nay, her tears, — as she inspected my truly English account and received the silver.

	s.	d.
Nine teas	3	6
Cream		7
Bread and butter	1	6
Extra teas		9
Marmalade		6
Three tips	2	0
Four roses and mignonette	1	8
Three carnations		6
Canary	12	0
Cage	1	0
	24	0

I told her I regretted deeply putting down the marmalade so low as sixpence; but as they had not touched it, it did not matter so much, as the entire outlay for the entertainment had been only about a shilling. On that modest investment, I considered one pound three shillings a very fair sum to be earned by an inexperienced "licensed victualer" like myself, particularly as I am English only by adoption, and not by birth.

XXV.

I essayed another nap after this exciting episode. I heard the gate open once or twice, but a single stray customer, after my hungry and generous horde, did not stir my curiosity, and I sank into a refreshing slumber, dreaming that Willie Beresford and I kept an English inn, and that I was the barmaid. This blissful vision had been of all too short duration when I was awakened by Mrs. Bobby's apologetic voice.

"It is too bad to disturb you, miss, but I've got to go and patch up the fence, and smooth over the matter of the turnips with Mrs. Gooch, who is that snorty I don't know 'owever I can pacify her. There is nothing for you to do, miss, only if you'll kindly keep an eye on the customer at the yew-tree table. He's been here for 'alf an hour, miss, and I think more than likely he's a foreigner, by his actions, or may be he's not quite right in his 'ead, though 'armless. He has taken four cups of

tea, miss, and Billy saw him turn two of them into the 'olly'ocks. He has been feeding bread and butter to the dog, and now the baby is on his knee, playing with his fine gold watch. He gave me a shilling and refused to take a penny change; but why does he stop so long, miss? I can't help worriting over the silver cream jug that was my mother's."

Mrs. Bobby disappeared. I rose lazily, and approached the window to keep my promised eye on the mysterious customer. I lifted back the purple elematis to get a better view.

It was Willie Beresford! He looked up at my ejaculation of surprise, and, dropping the baby as if it had been a parcel, strode under the window.

I (gasping). How did you come here?

He. By the usual methods, dear.

I. You should n't have come without asking. Where are all your fine promises? What shall I do with you? Do you know there is n't a hotel within four miles?

He. That is nothing; it was four hundred miles that I could n't endure. But oh, give me a less grudging welcome than this, though I am like a starving dog that will snatch any morsel thrown to him! It is really autumn, Penelope, or it will be in a few days. Say you are a little glad to see me.

(The sight of him so near, after my weeks of loneliness, gave me a feeling so sudden, so sweet, and so vivid that it seemed to smite me first on the eyes, and then in the heart; and at the first note of his convincing voice Doubt picked up her trailing skirts and fled forever.)

I. Yes, if you must know it, I am glad to see you; so glad, indeed, that nothing in the world seems to matter so long as you are here.

He (striding a little nearer, and looking about involuntarily for a ladder). Penelope, do you know the penalty of saying such sweet things to me?

I. Perhaps it is because I know the

penalty that I'm committing the offense. Besides, I feel safe in saying anything in this second-story window.

He. Not unless you wish to see me transformed into a nineteenth-century Romeo, to the detriment of Mrs. Bobby's vines. I can look at you forever, dear, in your pink gown and your purple frame, unless I can do better. Won't you come down?

I. I like it very much up here.

He. You would like it very much down here, after a little. So you did n't "paint me out," after all?

I. No; on the contrary, I painted you into every twig and flower, every hill and meadow, every sunrise and every sunset.

He. You must come down. The distance between Belvern and Aix when I was not sure that you loved me was nothing compared to having you in a second story when I know that you do.

I. Suppose we compromise. My sitting-room is on the floor below; will you walk in and look at my sketches until I come? — Oh, Mrs. Bobby, this gentleman is an American friend of mine. Mr. Beresford, this is Mrs. Bobby, the kindest landlady in England. The reason Mr. Beresford was so thirsty, Mrs. Bobby, was that he had walked here from Great Belvern, so we must give him some supper before he returns.

Mrs. B. Certainly, miss, he shall have the best in the 'ouse.

He. Don't let me interfere with your usual arrangements. I don't seem to be hungry for food. I shall do very well until I get back to the hotel.

I. Indeed you will not, sir! Billy will pull some tomatoes and lettuce, Tommy will milk the cow, and Mrs. Bobby will make you a savory omelet that Delmonico might envy. Hark! Is that our fowl cackling? It is, — at half past six! She heard me mention omelet, and she must be calling, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

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There are no more experiences to relate at present. We are making history very fast, Willie Beresford and I, but it is sacred history, and much of it I cannot chronicle for any one's amusement.

Mrs. Beresford is here, or at least she is in Great Belvern, a few miles distant. I am not painting, these latter days. I have turned the artist side of my nature to the wall just for a little, and the woman side is having full play. I do not know what the world will think about it, if it stops to think at all, but I feel as if I were "right side out" for the first time in my life; and when I take up my brushes again, I shall have a new world within from which to paint, — yes, and a new world without.

Good-by, dear Belvern! Autumn and winter may come into my life, but when I think of you it will always be summer in my heart. I shall hear the tinkle of the belled sheep on the hillside; inhale the fragrance of the purple clematis that climbed in at my cottage window; remember the days when Love and I first

walked together, hand in hand. Dear days of utter idleness; of early confidences; of dreaming dreams and seeing visions; of long morning walks over the hills; of "bread and cheese and kisses" at noon, with kind Mrs. Bobby hovering like a plump guardian angel over the simple feast; afternoon tea under the friendly shade of the yew-tree, and parting at the wicket gate when it seems, after six or seven hours together, as if we could not bear to say good-by. I can see him pass the clock tower, the little green-grocer shop, the old stocks, the green pump; then he is at the turn of the road where the stone wall and the hawthorn hedge will presently hide him from my view. I fly up to my window, push back the vines, catch his last wave of the hand. I would call him back, if I dared; but it would be no easier to let him go the second time, and there is always to-morrow. Thank God for to-morrow. And if there should be no to-morrow? Then thank God for to-day. I have lived and loved.

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

THE ENGLISH CAMBRIDGE IN WINTER.

THE familiar position of Great Britain on the map of the northern hemisphere naturally suggests the existence of alternating seasons. That the winter, however, can be any colder than the proverbial "English summer," or the English spring which Coleridge once spoke of as having "set in with its usual severity," may seem incredible to most travelers. I am obliged to own that the existence of any essential difference in their relative inclemency was not fully made clear to me until the winter of 1890-91. Previous years had left it a nicely balanced question, belonging to the domain of casuistry rather than to that of experience.

Cambridge and its colleges under the snow! Not for an hour or two in the morning, but for whole days, and even weeks. Roofs, towers, and pinnacles, venerable fronts and gateways, pleasant courts of weather-worn brick and stone, the grass plots in the gardens and the smooth lawns of the beautiful and famous "backs," with all their leafless trees and shrubbery, several inches deep in feathery whiteness; the stout but rather dissipated and rowdy-looking figure of bluff King Hal, over the fine old gateway of Trinity, wearing a most reverend and snowy beard, and the gracious form of his grandmother, Lady Margaret, over the portal of St. John's, ar-

rayed in soft ermine. This, of course, is a somewhat different picture from the Cambridge of May term, — the Cambridge of smooth lawns, leafy groves, and fresh flowers, of boat races and festivities, of parental visitation, and of uncomfortable-looking youths in cap and gown doing university honors with proud fathers and mothers and pretty, awestruck young sisters.

My own first visit to this "other fair fount of learning" was in the latter flowery if sometimes rather frigid season, and after enduring several months of metropolitan fog. As the train neared Cambridge and the level fen country, the landscape grew visibly flatter, and the inevitable comparison with Oxford presently suggested itself, — not a little to the disadvantage of the former town in the matter of natural surroundings, though less so as to the colleges themselves. Oxford, beautiful city, at first appears more venerable and much more dilapidated; the buildings more crumbled and blackened, with a larger number of statues without heads or noses, and of Gothic pinnacles and ornaments which appear to have melted and run down like wax candles. Cambridge at first seems comparatively modern; the outskirts, indeed, and the new quarter west of the Cam resembling the later suburbs of London. More of the colleges, too, have new fronts, and there appears to be a greater variety of building materials employed, — many shades of light and dark stone, and much red brick pleasantly tempered by time, — while even the older colleges look in better outward repair. This impression of relative modernness, however, soon wears off. A little study of the curious and ancient corners in the courts of Trinity, Jesus, Peterhouse, Pembroke, and other colleges, and of the older churches and the many quaint and picturesque houses in the town itself, firmly establishes the conviction that there is little to choose between the rival uni-

versities in the matter either of beauty or of antiquity.

At Cambridge, also, as at Oxford, one discovers the young British "barbarians all at play," especially in the "May week," which, in a characteristic English fashion, for the last few years has come off in June. A stranger arriving in the place during this season of festivities finds it as near an earthly paradise as it is possible for a merely terrestrial university town to be. Neither pen nor pencil can express the full charm of these ancient, half-monastic buildings amid their immemorial groves and lawns, as they appear in the intervals of sunshine between the light, quick-passing showers of early summer. Flowers bloom everywhere, the fairest, freshest, most brilliant, one would think, that the English soil ever brought forth. They flourish on the borders of the velvety grass plots, in the secluded gardens of the Fellows, and in long boxes, covered with bark, fastened in the college windows, where they glow against the dark, time-blackened walls like clusters of many-hued stars. The effect which these hanging flower-beds produce upon the mind of a visitor — the gold and white of the marguerites and the flaming scarlet of the geraniums mingled with many finer shades of color — is curious, and not easily described. They flash on "the inward eye" long after other impressions have grown dim, and suggest by a pleasing analogy the relation which the undergraduate himself bears to his venerable Alma Mater. The young Cantab, it is true, would probably resent the comparison, yet the resemblance is not merely fanciful. The flora of Cambridge is not more brilliant than is its fauna.

It is difficult to conceive of a more diversely costumed and picturesque creature than the modern undergraduate, especially during the May term, when perhaps he is in his highest state of plumage. First, of course, he must

have the ordinary garments common to the world at large; then the always dignified and becoming cap and gown, whereof not the wearing only, but the manner of wearing, also, is prescribed, sundry placards at the different halls warning him that the practice of carrying the gown over the arm or around the neck is evasive of statutes and inimical to his welfare. At chapel, on Sundays and holydays, he must be draped in the flowing white surplice redolent of sanctity; and if a boating man or a tennis player, he must possess a miscellaneous variety of light garments contrived principally for ease of movement, and distinguished by an airy coolness and a brightness of effect, of which the coat of many colors, or "blazer" (literally a blazer), is the most striking. Although, like the flowers in his window, he is himself an ephemeral, he forms with them an indispensable part of the university picture. A pleasant moving picture it is, — the same picture that Wordsworth saw when he first alighted at the "famous Hoop," over a hundred years ago: —

"Gowns grave, or gaudy, doctors, students,
streets,
Courts, cloisters, flocks of churches, gateways,
towers."

Indeed, it is hard to imagine a sight more interesting in its kind than that which the winding, narrow thoroughfares of this ancient academic city present on a fine evening in June, particularly on Saturday, the Cambridge market day. A continuous stream of townsmen, gownsmen, and sturdy country folk, with the usual proportion of womankind, passes and repasses, with quick, echoing tread, many of them walking in the middle of the clean asphalt streets. The shops are lighted up brilliantly, as in most provincial towns, though twilight at this season lasts nearly all night. In either of the main arteries of travel, — Trumpington Street, with its clear rivulets flowing at either

curb, which becomes King's Parade, Trinity Street, and St. John's before uniting with the other, Regent Street, St. Andrew's, Sidney Street, etc., — and in the narrow crossway, the Petty Cury, one meets this tide at the full. The undergraduate is necessarily conspicuous, walking alone, or two and two, or three or four abreast, the *toga virilis* lightly depending from his shoulders, sometimes in the last stage of dilapidation, and streaming from his person in tags and ribbons. Mostly he is slight, good looking, youthful, and beardless, or perhaps with an incipient mustache; seldom very ruddy, but at the worst of a healthy paleness. Naturally, it is among the lightly clad groups striding in from the boats or the cricket fields that one sees the best specimens of physique. These, indeed, are often admirable, though hardly so striking in appearance as is commonly supposed; yet if any one doubts the virility of these young Englishmen, a short walk or row with one of them will quickly convince him of his error. One very pleasant feature of the streets is the decorum usually prevailing among the students, in former times (and in some quarters of the world even now) an unruly and turbulent element of the community. They walk together, conversing almost inaudibly in the dulcet "Cambridge tone," which "men" from all parts of the island are said to contract soon after "coming up." Singing, loud talking, or shouting among them is rarely heard out of doors, though sounds of a mildly Bacchanalian type sometimes issue from college or lodging-house windows. This creditable street behavior is doubtless due to "Cambridge tone" as much as to vigilant proctorizing; yet even in the cricket field and among the boating crews (except the musical "Well rowed!" at the races) the undergraduate is rarely vociferous. The English still take their sports "sadly," and on the whole silently.

My purpose, however, being to pre-

sent a picture of this historic seat of learning as it appeared during a protracted species of English "blizzard," a very much milder affair than the genuine American visitation of that name, I must not expand the tempting topic of May term and its festivities. That these are not of a Saturnalian character need hardly be said. A published list of the "May term festivities for 1891" begins with a service in King's College chapel, followed by the Church Missionary Society's "Sale of Work," and Congregation at the Senate House, none of which diversions is necessarily of a disorderly kind. Music holds a prominent place among the entertainments; and English music, especially vocal music, is good. In the different college chapels, particularly those of King's, Trinity, and St. John's, there are choral services of a high order, and a number of admirable concerts are given in the Guildhall and elsewhere by university and college musical societies. The list includes, moreover, "university sermons" and theatrical performances, with of course an abundance of cricket matches, lawn tennis and garden parties, pastoral plays, and several balls, with a large horticultural show; the aquatic events being the often-described boat races and procession at the college "backs," and a swimming race on the Granta; the enumeration concluding with the admission to B. A. degrees at the Senate House. As most of these dissipations would seem to be directly opposed to the legitimate pursuits of the cloister, one cannot wonder at the regretful admission of an old university man, that "it requires an iron will to do any reading at Cambridge;" but any want of application during the Easter term may be atoned for in the Long Vacation, during which period of quiet and comparative solitude grass, by a slightly exaggerated figure, is said to grow in the Cambridge streets.

With this term, indeed, her glory be-

gins to wane. The dewy freshness of her flowers and lawns, the wealth of spring blossoms in her orchards and gardens, and the finely graduated colors in her groves and arbors give place to the tamer uniformity of midsummer; leaves begin to fall rather early, and the brooks, canals, and other small waterways of the neighborhood — and even the classical Cam — gather a disagreeably suggestive scum, called by the irreverent "mint sauce." Cambridge, it is true, can never be otherwise than beautiful; but during this portion of summer, while she is exchanging her spring for her autumn garments, it is hardly more than courtesy to absent one's self for a time, if only for the pleasure of returning in October, when the process may be regarded as complete. October, indeed, is here a busy and an interesting month. The "men" are "coming up" for Michaelmas term, the prospective freshmen for "Little-go" and matriculation; while the scattered instructors and college functionaries are returning to their duties. Chapels begin to fill, and the streets and sombre courts are again brightened with flitting figures in cap and gown, and with fresh young faces. — the perennial stream of youthful scholars which has not ceased to flow for seven or eight hundred years. As the resident undergraduates in October, 1890, according to a published list, numbered 3469, and the new arrivals 865, the total aggregate of persons *in statu pupillari* exceeded 4300, — more, I am told, than are now at Oxford, although, until recent years, that university is said to have had the greater numbers. Eight thousand youths just on the verge of manhood are of course a large number to be able to absent themselves from productive labor during the three years necessary for a degree (and during preparatory years as well), yet they form but a part of the large body of persons undergoing tuition at different places in the kingdom. It is possible, under the

socialistic rule which is supposed to be impending, that this more or less studious but otherwise unprofitable army may be measurably diminished; but meanwhile the numbers grow, new colleges and halls, not always beautiful, are built, and the two great universities expand and flourish.¹

Among the many surprises awaiting the visitor from abroad who arrives at the beginning of the October term — especially if he comes from one of the more southern colonies — is the small amount of daylight enjoyed by the student of mathematics and optics at the ancient seat of those sciences. He will be puzzled to divine how Newton secured enough light to make his famous discoveries in that medium; and even transatlantic visitors, at this time of the year, are struck with the rapid disappearance of the sun from the field of human vision. The fifty-second parallel is not a high latitude, and with the clear atmosphere of New England the mere difference between sunrise and sunset would not be so noticeable; but Cambridgeshire has not the American skies. Fogs, mists, and other watery fen products lie low on the surrounding plain, and materially diminish the light of the heavenly bodies. Perhaps the October of 1890 was exceptional here in this respect; yet I do not mean to imply that it was gloomy. The long afternoon and evening walks in the frosty half-twilight were especially pleasant, — to the pretty thatched cottages of ancient Grantchester and Trumpington, or to the well-known Gogmagog or the Madingley hills; from which latter slight eminence the low outline of Ely Cathedral could sometimes be seen to the northward, rising above the far-stretching fens as it formerly rose above the shallow waters covering

them. At every turn in the smooth roads and footpaths one met the ubiquitous undergraduate in walking costume, — small cap, short coat, and knickerbockers, — taking his five, ten, or fifteen mile constitutional before dinner in hall, though usually keeping in view the long-drawn roof and short corner pinnacles of the chapel of King's College, or that more recent landmark, the light and slender spire of the new Roman Catholic cathedral. This year, however, the charms of the English autumn were somewhat abruptly exchanged for those of winter, — frost and snow, with other concomitants not charming. The blizzard began about November 15, and the "cold snap" lasted two months, that period being the severest known in England for seventy years, and Cambridge enjoying the honor of being the coldest place in the kingdom. Snow, I think, covered the ground during the whole interval, nor was there any general thaw. Of the quality of English cold one cannot speak but with respect. It is a "nipping and eager" air which penetrates all wraps and freezes the bones. One pities the Roman invaders, who, it is well known, could not exist in their British villas without systems of hot-air flues; and one feels for the studious Erasmus shivering in his cold room at Queen's, and for the early Huguenot refugees from across the Channel. Foreigners, however, have seldom found England a genial place; their opinions, for the most part, agreeing with that of the Constable of France, in Henry V., when he contemptuously exclaims of the English soldiery: —

"Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull;

On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale!"

With the approach of winter, frozen fogs became of frequent occurrence. Rarely

¹ An assessment of the different colleges at Cambridge, for "university purposes," in October, 1890, showed the income of Trinity, the largest, to be £45,489 15s. 11d.; that of St. John's, the next in size, to be £30,912 9s. 4d.;

and that of King's, £22,912 14s. 8d.; while several others possessed annual revenues of over £10,000, — the total income of the seventeen colleges being set down at the liberal figure of £216,409 16s. 4d.

have I seen such wonders wrought on the face of town and country, or the miracle of frostwork so prolonged. It lasted for several weeks, every tree and bush, every paling and iron rod, becoming a mass of pure crystals. If any portion melted during the day, it was replaced by a fresh deposit of congealed vapor during the night; and when the sun did shine forth, which after all was not seldom, the picture of the colleges amid their almost arctic environment was one of indescribable beauty, — a beauty equal to that of summer, and of an even more striking character.

But this exceptional weather, though an important item of conversation at the time, did not seriously interrupt the established order of things. The university, it is needless to say, did not suspend its functions. Fluttering figures in academical garb moved about the streets as usual, but in a decidedly frost-bitten state, and walking very fast; lectures and examinations went on, and morning chapel was not relaxed in deference to the elements. Social events, also, and the concerts, public lectures, readings, and other entertainments which make an autumn and winter in an English university town so enjoyable, followed one another in tolerable abundance. At the Union, the undergraduates' parliament, the affairs of the empire, with other weighty concerns, were duly discussed. A good deal of mild fun has been made of these young statesmen, both here and at Oxford, but when compared with the larger and perhaps more important body at Westminster, I do not think they suffer. They have, for one thing, the dignity of senatorial robes; they are quite as much in earnest, equally patriotic, and usually a good deal more entertaining. They are also adepts at all kinds of parliamentary fence, and use the sharp weapons of ridicule, sarcasm, derision, etc., like old hands, — or rather, perhaps, like very young ones. The courtesies of debate are by no means disregarded, but

urbanity and a lenient construction of an opponent's views and motives are hardly the distinguishing features of the house. When one considers the immature character of the body, however, and the highly inflammatory topics chosen for debate (such, for example, as "whether the course of the present government with regard to Ireland does not call for a change of ministry," or the proposition "that the University of Cambridge is a vastly overrated institution") one cannot wonder at the animus displayed.

In the musical entertainments of the winter, the undergraduate bears a prominent part. Besides the more classical concerts by the different musical societies already referred to, a series of a popular kind are given in the Guildhall by the University Penny Popular Concert Association. These democratic entertainments, conducted by members of the several colleges, and known colloquially as "penny pops," draw large and demonstrative audiences, always ready to applaud their favorite pieces, but, I regret to say, sometimes given to hissing those which do not please their fastidious taste; this portion of the British public evidently holding that an entrance fee, however small, confers the free right of criticism. For the most part, however, the performers' efforts are enthusiastically received. Less demonstratively critical, but equally appreciative, are those who attend the many lectures given in public. One would say it must be an agreeable task to address Cambridge audiences. They certainly do not demand oratory, and usually appear well content with a modicum of palatable information discoursed in well-bred monotone, without rhetorical emphasis or adornment; though in case of the more abstruse themes a considerable infusion of humor seems to be necessary to insure acceptance. These popular lectures and addresses cover a somewhat wide range, but in a town like Cambridge

the interest taken in pressing social questions of the day is not surprising. A practical student of the relations of capital and labor, from East London, presented the dockers' grievances to a large and sympathetic gathering; the widow of a distinguished minister of state described the growing evils of infant life insurance; and an ex-professor of poetry pointed out the seamy side of modern socialism. On Sunday evenings, also, at Great St. Mary's, a number of learned theologians discussed the always delicate subject of Church and multifarious Dissent, while the Salvation Army set forth their own version of the matter in an adjoining square. Other lectures were given on subjects more closely connected with educational themes or scientific research, and on matters of local archæology; the audience being of a general character, with, however, a fair sprinkling of gowns, and commonly a deputation of ladies from Girton and Newnham. Most of these entertaining and profitable discourses, always held in cheerful, well-lighted rooms, were introduced by a short speech from the chairman, promising the company an unexampled treat, and were concluded by another from some one else, assuring them that they had had it, — a pleasant practice a little suggestive of grace before and after meat.

Among these winter festivities, as among those of the May term, might also be included the regular services at the different college chapels, to several of which the public have free access. Of the chapel of King's, with its "high embowed roof,"

"Where light and shade repose, where music dwells,"

nothing new by way of criticism can possibly be said: it is now universally admitted to be the most beautiful ecclesiastical building of its kind in England, although many of the Cambridge chapels have their incidental merits. The daily choral services within its walls, led by the "scanty band of white-robed schol-

ars" for whose predecessors the vast structure was originally framed, are well attended by townspeople and strangers; and whether performed with the adjuncts of afternoon sunlight pouring in through the great west window, or the "branching self-poised roof" dimly illuminated by some scores of tall wax candles, they possess a full measure of the impressiveness which belongs inseparably to the long-drawn aisle, and to the pealing organ and "full-voiced quire," with "service high and anthems cleare," and which will always belong to them, unless religion and poetry are destined to lose their power over men. The chapel of Trinity, however, has the advantage of numbers, and here, on Sunday mornings, the ecclesiastical, not to say the religious side of university life can best be seen. It is a long and lofty room, of the Renaissance rather than Gothic, richly ornamented with much carved oak and cornice gilding, and with the benign presences of famous and pious persons — Henry VIII. and holy Herbert, Barrow and Bacon, Whitgift, Pearson, Cowley, Dryden, and many others — looking down in resplendent robes from the admirably stained windows. As the army of white-surpliced figures, each with "mortar board" in hand, pours in from the ante-chapel ("where the statue stands of Newton, with his prism and silent face"), and the seemingly endless current of fine linen, brightened here and there by the scarlet of a doctor's hood, flows past the black-coated "markers," and parts right and left to the raised benches on either hand, one has an excellent opportunity for observing the modern undergraduate on his Sunday behavior. This, let it be said, is always reverent, and usually devout; but the total effect of this sea of human faces and Apocalyptic vestments, with the accompaniments of music and vocal response, is at first too curious and too suggestive of Patmos visions to permit the study of individualities. Still, one

cannot but note the appearance of firm health before spoken of, the good looks, and in particular the fact that nearly all the heads are plentifully adorned with their natural capillary covering, — a pleasant feature in these days of bald assemblies, — with the further item that every one appears to have been fortunate in his laundress. The general aspect of cleanness and moral innocence, indeed, is so marked that the occasionally pointed tone of the sermon seems uncalled for, and a little presumptuous as addressed to so celestial looking a company.

Libraries, university and other, reading-rooms, museums, and laboratories open their doors freely to the sojourner, or can easily be induced to do so. One may wander at will through courts and cloisters, in many of the gardens, and in rural and semi-rural lanes without number, enjoying in imagination the goodly and numerous fellowship of the great poets who have formerly walked in them. One may linger on the bridges spanning the "willowy Camus," if one choose, from morning till night, though in winter this would not be advisable; the bridge of King's probably affords the fairest picture, that of the west front of the chapel, and the low, symmetrical façade of Clare College, with the river, the lawn, and the overarching trees, — a picture perhaps enlivened by the procession of choir-boys returning from five-o'clock service, a queer little white-faced regiment of miniature men, in large chimney-pot hats, wide linen collars, and black gowns, marching in solemn order, unless a sudden shower comes on, when a general scamper ensues. Or one may behold other interesting processions walking two and two from the young ladies' schools of the neighborhood. And one may dine in hall, if fortunate, at the Fellows' table, where, as at afternoon tea with the family of some hospitable don, a taste may be had of that fine and curious fruitage, university gossip, — the gossip of a mediæval seat of learning

which has largely modernized itself, has even married to a very considerable extent, and in a fashion, at least, has even admitted womankind to a share of its honors.

It is impossible, however, to speak in detail of all the interests and social events, from large political demonstrations to meetings of the Ethical Society, which brighten the winter nights of this city of colleges. In spite of cold, snow, and the general opacity, out-of-door sports, also, were largely engaged in, especially skating. The fens, with their shallow waters, were the original training-school of Englishmen in this admirable art, and here to-day is to be seen a high degree of proficiency in its practice. Large crowds gathered in the mechanically flooded fields, at night lighted by electricity, to enjoy the exercise, and to witness contests of speed between different champions of renown, among them a well-known American amateur.

With the general exodus at the Christmas vacation, however, the town again relapsed into a state of somnolence resembling that of midsummer, and it was not until the beginning of the Lent term (about the middle of January), when the mills of wisdom resumed their grinding, that the tide of life and activity returned. But by this time the "back of winter" was broken. Daylight came in with a speed equaled only by the rapidity of its departure, snow and ice disappeared, and the long, slow-coming English spring, which faintly dawns with the earliest tinges of color in the midwinter woods, and only merges into summer by the middle of June, had fairly begun, though the winter of 1890-91 did not release its grasp without struggles lasting far into May.

It is not my purpose to discuss at any length the present status of this great "knowledge shop," or "Latin and Greek factory," as Emerson called it. That it is still a centre of intellectual and moral influence, by the power of its manifold

agencies still beneficently moulding the lives of thousands of young Englishmen, need not be doubted, in spite of much popular opinion to the contrary. A glance at the array of subjects in the list of triposes, classical, mathematical, historical, theological, languages, etc., — the catalogue is much too formidable to give in its entirety, — shows that the “Chancellor, Masters, and scholars of the University of Cambridge” may still be regarded as an “incorporation of students in all and every of the liberal arts and sciences,” great as the number of these has now become. If modern science has broken the ancient reign of mathematics, it is only a sign of the times; and if the greatly shortened terms during which Fellowships are now held, with their smaller emoluments, have made them prizes of much less worth than formerly, and have effaced many of their original characteristics, this too is a sign of the times not less significant. Another important change, though one not so greatly affecting its interior affairs, is the object of the present strenuous efforts to relieve (or rather to deprive) the university of an onerous function which it has performed for several hundred years, that of general policeman and guardian of morals in the town at large. But the greatest innovation, though one now of some eighteen years’ standing, is the movement known as University Extension, the attempt to place university benefits within reach of the middle and “occupied” classes. This experiment, of which several analogous agencies exist in America, has thickly dotted the map of England and Wales with “local centres,” representing the outposts of the different learned camps. Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, and others, and is believed to be carrying into practical effect the original intention of the pious founders of the colleges: “the intent that knowledge, a

pearl of great price, might be spread abroad beyond their walls to give light to them that walk in the dark byways of ignorance,” — if the British shopkeeper, clerk, and artisan can be held to come under that uncomplimentary designation.

It is of course urged by many that even with favored individuals of the unoccupied class the benefits of university training are not always apparent; that the life is not wholly salutary for the many youths who, with no especial aptitude for study, — or for morals either, if one may so speak, — are sent up for the somewhat vaguely conceived advantages of university residence; that the modicum of “pass Greek” required for “Little-go” is a possession of doubtful value to its owners; and that degrees are rapidly becoming empty honors. These, however, with a long list of similar objections, are criticisms of the day with which the modern defenders of the learned faith must be left to deal; but the universities are not of the day nor of the hour. Still wearing the sober garments of scholastic antiquity, and touched by the spirit of the old religious houses, Augustinian, Franciscan, Dominican, and Carmelite, on whose foundations they stand, these “noble nurseries of English youth” will always influence, always instruct. “Look upon us,” they seem almost pathetically to say, “and upon the antique beauty of our towers and courts, our Gothic halls and chapels: is it of your scientific, mechanical, modern age, or of the fair mediæval time? We would gladly teach you, inarticulate stones as we are, some of the secrets of those fast-vanishing days, the secrets of repose, of religion, and of beauty; but between us there is a gulf fixed which we cannot pass. You must come to us, and in some faint measure become even as we are ourselves, before you can hope to understand the mystery which we have in our keeping.”

Albert Gillette Hyde.

UNDER THE FAR-WEST GREENWOOD TREE.

TEN miles from a new Western mill town, ten miles up a tortuous river full fed and brackish with salt of the Pacific, lay Macky's logging camp. Last year it did not exist as a camp, and next year it will be burned over, leaving a stump-blackened waste like those that lie in hideous desolation in several places along the bayou-like river, — timber claims which in other years have been "logged over," as this will be before the short Washington summer ends.

A bend in the olive river, dark with reflected evergreens, brought us to a floating raft of freshly cut logs, held near the river's bank by great boom-sticks coupled together lengthwise, forming a flexible inclosure for the raw logs that move restlessly in their crowded confinement, heaving with the lift of the tide and never still. The steep bank of the river above the boom, worn to a bald smoothness, marked the place where the logs are "shot" into the river, and beside it a narrow trail climbed the hill. As we followed the steep trail, we saw the logging road beyond leading into the forest; it was an ordinary roadway, across which, corduroy fashion, half-imbedded logs, "skids," lay at intervals of several feet, forming a raised track over which logs are hauled on their way to the boom. As we climbed upward, the clanking of iron chains, the harsh groaning of yokes, and the voice of a man raised in the angry command and expostulation of the "bull-puncher" prepared us for the procession that the lift of the hill showed advancing toward us down the skid road. First came the bulls, ten of them yoked in pairs, a swaying, creaking caravan, the wide-spreading brass-tipped horns of the leaders springing in noble curves from their massive heads; the hanging skin of the throat, from the head down to the short, close forelegs, swaying from

side to side, as they planted cautious, sprawling hoofs upon the rounding skids. Haltingly, deliberately, they moved, with something fine in their stolid indifference to the voluble activities of the ranting driver, darting from one to the other, abusing, exhorting, prodding with his round, blunt goad, keeping the wavering line straight. At the flank of the last bull walked the "skid-greaser," lazily dipping a long-handled brush into a pail of melted grease which he carried, and halting at every two steps to grease the worn skid over which the logs were about to pass. Then the load itself, three logs tandem, coupled with chains, slid over the greased skids with a gliding, majestic motion, — great fir logs, skinned smooth beneath to offer little resistance along the roadway, each with its harsh bark uppermost. Upon the last a red-shirted logger rode, dangling his feet far above the ground. We stood aside to let them pass, and as they plodded slowly by all the air was full of a sweet milking-time odor. We climbed on up the logging road to where the air was still warm with the slow passage of the bulls' great bodies and cud-sweet breath. Just ahead was their rough shelter, open at the sides, — merely a roof resting upon the trunks of forest trees sawn to a uniform height, the thatch lying lightly on its deeply rooted supports; within, bundles of straw, near the troughs, lay ready for feeding-time. Beyond were the unpainted shanties of the camp itself, the open door of the bunk-house showing a wild disorder of blankets and scattered clothing. The whole little settlement had a look of raw discomfort, with its rough-hewn boards and careless débris of oil-cans and grocery-boxes. All about the shanties the timber had been "slashed" for breathing and moving space, and lay tossed about in cyclonic

confusion. From the evergreen depths beyond the pleasant resonance of axes called us. Soon we could hear the slow grate of the saw and the dull strokes of the axes upon felled trees, but more clearly than all else the finely timed alternate strokes of two choppers, as the ringing impact of their blows thrilled up the great length of a standing tree. If we had known the woods, we could have counted the men by the sounds which reached us; but there was no need for that, as in another moment we were in sight of most of the gang at work near a prostrate giant, which lay across the road, its great body broken from the fall. Ah, the majesty of a fallen fir-tree! Two hundred feet of clean shapely trunk without limb, knot, or blemish, stretching across the road and far into the tangle of underbrush beyond; all the proud top torn and broken, lying shattered among tons of the tossed debris of its own green plumes. As we looked, an active logger, with shirt open on a sun-baked hairy chest, vaulted upon the log, and, with a fearlessness born of custom and steel-spiked boots, ran the length of the tree, to return presently with his eight-foot saw and bottle of coal oil. Then this Lilliputian set to work to divide the felled fir into logs. Back and forth went his saw, and the loose sound of the half-idle teeth changed into the steady grate of real work, as the saw sank into the bark and caught the firm wood beneath. From time to time the logger paused to jerk some oil from the half-corked bottle into the crevice down which the laboring saw worked its slow way. Near by four loggers stood upon one log, chipping the bark off with a quick, careless motion, each double-bitted axe, with blade back and front, held in one hand, and swung in fearful proximity to the logger just behind. This "stick of timber" was nearly ready to be hauled out by the team, the "bark-ers" swiftly clearing off the bark that it might glide upon the skids. A sec-

ond team of bulls stood waiting for work, breathing from their backs, where two dints showed on either side of their spines clear through to their breasts, and seeming to shorten and their bellies to broaden with each deep-taken breath. We could not help noticing the strong individuality that marked them. Within easy touch stood one with the short, thick head and heavy horns of a buffalo, telling of some ancient wild strain in his blood, while his yoke-mate, an immense surly brute, had the dry wrinkled hide of an elephant; and still another had great lumps behind the ears, like the protuberances that give an added touch of the hideous to the hippopotamus. One was a beauty, sleekly covered by the smooth flexible skin of youth, red beneath, overlaid irregularly with creamy hair; in the sunshine the whole skin took on a softly dappled look that in itself suggested the delicate play of light and shade. His long, tasseled tail snapped the flies away with swift precision. But his beauty did not spare him; for, as we filled our eyes with his sleek fairness, the blunt goad descended. "Haw! You, back! There! You Mormon!" bellowed the driver, and slowly, reluctantly, as though each foot were glued to the ground, the bulls began to move. They seemed to take the quietly superior enjoyment of absolutely phlegmatic beings in the presence of absurd excitability. Without haste and with an infinite number of pauses, the team was prodded, sworn, and cajoled into position. Meanwhile, an ingeniously simple tackle of pulleys and wire cables was thrown into place, and fastened upon neighboring trees and stumps. The "dogs"—half-hooks of steel—were driven deeply into the back of the log that was to be jerked out of its bed into the roadway, and the chain from the team was attached to the cables. The heaviest part of the labor of the camp falls upon the "hook-tender" and his assistant. The log, being generally deeply imbedded from its fall, has to be

thrown out upon the roadway, often over the roughest stump-covered ground, and a considerable amount of rude science is required to arrange the pulleys and tackle to accomplish this without accident or waste of time. At this moment, when every man stands ready, if need be, to lend a hand in shifting tackle or flinging aside impediments, one is struck by the discipline of the camp. Scarcely an order is heard except the ceaseless stream of language from the driver; nor do the men collide or interfere with one another. This is the result of the specialization of the gang. Each man, being hired for a definite purpose, as chopper, hook-tender, barker, sawyer, bull-puncher, or skid-greaser, keeps closely to his own job, except at such a moment when equally definite service is required of a different sort.

Once upon the skids of the roadway, the log is easily manageable, and ten could be hauled with less effort than is required in getting one into place. As before, however, three logs chained tandem constituted the load, and we vaulted upon the last log for a ride to the boom. It was a pleasant motion, gliding along more than a hundred feet behind the last bull, with now and then a rolling joggle to turn one off upon the road. When the logs reached the precipitous bank above the river, the team was detached by unhooking the hauling-chain. The end of this chain, when not in use, is heaped upon the off quarter of the last bull, where the breadth of his back easily retains it. As the skid-greaser, driver, and team crawled back up the road, one man was left to "shoot" the logs into the boom. After measuring the length and diameter of each log with a rude yardstick, and chalking the figures on a tally-board, he pried out the dogs, and, taking an axe with a misshapen blade, gave the smooth-sawn end of the log a number of sharp pecking blows, each stroke leaving a clear S imprinted in the wood. To saw off the end of a log bear-

ing its distinctive mark is tantamount to horse-stealing, a sin for which there is no absolution. After the measuring and marking comes the slow business of "hand-logging" the "stick of timber" into the boom, forty feet below. One feels, in watching this tedious process, that the log might be rolled the foot or two required to send it down the hill by throwing the whole weight against it; but the logger knows better than to try any such futile straining. Setting his jackscREW behind the log, with its edge caught in the bark, he turns the handle, and as the screw creeps up the log starts faintly to move. When the screw is out its whole length, it is left slightly lifting the log, while a fresh jackscREW is set close beneath and advances the log another hair's-breadth toward turning. After the logger has shifted his screws a dozen times or more, the log gives a heavy roll, like a half-roused sleeper, and then plunges down the hill with furious speed. Striking some impediment, it leaps the track, and lands with a terrific crash full upon the back of a log in the boom beneath. The spray, beaten upward, dashes into our faces, and all the boomful of logs plunge about madly. The whole river is stirred; the evergreen reflections near the other bank blur their olives with the reds of the turning huckleberry, and even the small gnats, that circle endlessly in the cool of the bank where the maidenhair ferns hang, break rank and scatter. As we stand watching the last log swimming uneasily about among its fellows, a pert blue jay flings past us, and, lighting on a charred stump, against whose blackness his coat shines like the blue of tempered steel, jerks his crested head from side to side in snappish inquiry. It is at such moments that the wonderful silence of these Washington forests is borne in upon the mind. Even the breeze upon the evergreens makes scarce a rustle. The intense dampness in the woods the greater part of the year keeps ani-

mal life at a low ebb, and the multitudinous insect-buzz and bird-calls of sunlit Eastern woods are strangely absent. The solemn stillness of the dark forest seems ever waiting for some great event. The attention is strained as upon the eve of tragedy. It is a relief when up the side of a fallen log near us a chipmunk darts, advancing by a series of quick flashes, his golden-brown sides making a warm note on the violet gray of the weather-blanching log. It is strange how so silent a creature can so irresistibly suggest gayety. In watching the joyous sprite, the heart of man enters the little body, and darts in swift content upon those tiny feet. But even as we stood in the broad sunshine of the roadway the stillness took a far rhythmic pulse. It was the choppers once more at work upon a standing tree.

We followed the sound, keeping to the fork of the skid road that led into the deeper forest, passed beyond the main group of loggers and the deep-breathing team, until we could hear the voices of the choppers. As we came up, the two men paused, and one said good-humoredly, "That's right! Come to see us fall this tree?" Then the axes swung again. Each man stood lifted up on a spring-board, whose end was slipped into a notch cut in the base of the tree four or five feet from the ground. They always work above the ground this way, in order to escape the increased work of cutting through the great swell at the base. Standing with feet apart upon the springy perches, they were "under-cutting" the tree on the side toward which they wanted it to fall. The axes sent their pleasant reverberation up the straight limbless trunk, communicating only a quiver to the plumed limbs two hundred feet above. Clean white chips were cleared out from the $\angle$ shaped cleft of the under-cut, and after a little measuring and squinting along the tree the men dropped down, and shifted their boards to notches in the opposite side of the tree from the

under-cut. Then the long saw with a handle at each end came into use. The men started carefully, holding the saw quite true that later it might not wedge. They drew it back and forth cautiously at first, until it penetrated the rough bark evenly and the teeth caught on the wood. A thin shower of pale sawdust floated down from either side, as the saw grated in and out, and the loggers swayed slightly from hip to hip, their red-shirted arms moving with the iron regularity of piston-rods. Back and forth, back and forth, went the handle of the saw. It seemed an endless business for those two men to drive that edge of steel through twelve feet of solid, flawless wood. There is the dull monotony of machine-work in the sawing, different from the spirited rise and fall of the axes, and the sharp cracking away, beneath the telling blows, of great white chips, and our eyes wandered beyond the workers to the green stillness. Little clearing had been done at this point. The whole upper growth was of evergreens, and so dense that no speck of sky could be seen beyond their exalted tops, — so dense that in this virgin forest the running elk throws his antlered head backward and from side to side to pass through the close phalanx of trees, and is sometimes wedged between their bodies and slowly perishes. Beneath the lofty canopy, supported upon its close, shaftlike columns, grew a matted tangle of underbrush and man-high elk fern, the pale green of the small-leaved huckleberry and salmonberry making a delicious note of freshness beneath the sombre grandeur of the dull green vault above. So dense is the overshadowing of the evergreens that the air is moisture-laden in midsummer, and is seen through the vista of endless columns a vaporous blue, as of drifting incense. Upon the rough ground muscular with plaited roots, mats of heavy moss, vividly green during the rainy season, lay in yellow patches.

The saw labored heavily as the weight

of the tree began to settle upon the deeply imbedded blade; two steel wedges were driven a little way into the cleft, but although the weight was lifted the saw still moved hard. The men paused again, and one took the adjustable handle from his end of the saw, while the other drew the toothed blade half its length out toward him and spattered a liberal supply of kerosene oil from his bottle upon it; then, pushing it back, the handle was readjusted. The men jerked up their trousers, wiped the sweat from their foreheads, and jumped heavily on their springboards to jar them back into place.

"All set!" called the older man, and once more the even grating, the piston-rod arms, and the drifting drizzle of pale gold sawdust. Then the sound of the saw suddenly changed from the dry grate to a dull, soft mumble.

"Pitch!" exclaimed both men in a tone of deep disgust; and as they spoke, through the fine cleft the saw had made oozed a thick sluggish stream of turpentine, and crept down the side of the tree to the ground.

"There's barrels of it in this tree, and it's as slow as molasses in January."

But they settled themselves once more for work. The saw, gummed with pitch, moved with heavy resistance, and the steady ooze of the turpentine increased in volume.

"You'd better get the can, Jim," said the older man, and the other dropped from his perch into the underbrush and started for the road.

"Jest as well try to saw through a stick of taffy candy as this kind of a tree," explained the waiting logger. "He's gone for the water-can, and we'll see if we can get through this vein."

Jim came back presently, carrying a leaky oil-can heavy with water. A wedge was driven into the tree well above the saw, and the can hung upon the wedge, so that the water leaked down upon the saw as it worked in and out.

"What good does it do?" I asked incredulously.

"Don't know," returned Jim, laboring at the saw, "but it makes awful easy sawing."

"Sort o' freezes the pitch," said the other philosophically.

As a matter of fact, the saw did move more freely, drawing in a little cold water each time, and the "frozen" pitch mixed with water frothed out in a white foam. After a long time of heavy sawing, the teeth began to catch more firmly, and a few more moments' work brought the saw very near to the "under-cut."

No message of its coming fall has reached the far top, now that the body of the tree is nearly severed; the branches stir less than at the first blows of the axe. The fir stands beautifully erect. The loggers squint up its length, and say oracularly which way it will fall; they move the axes and water-can out of harm's way, and spring back to their perches. We stand on a fallen tree, a few yards behind the loggers, and wait expectantly. There is an irresistible sense of excitement; even these men to whom it is such an old story feel it. Who can say what sudden wind will snatch the tree and throw it suddenly backward upon us? The brooding silence of the forest is absolute, save for the steady grate of the saw in and out, like stertorous breathing. Erect and motionless the tree waits.

The men nod to each other; the sawing ceases; one handle is slipped off, and the saw drawn all the way through and laid back of the tree; one man springs down and lifts his perch out, and hands a great mallet to the other, who still stands upon his springboard. The mallet is lifted, and a loud sonorous chant rings through the stillness: "All clear ahead! Timber!" Then the mallet falls, once, twice, thrice, upon the heads of the wedges. There is a slight creaking, the logger flings the mallet aside and rushes backward, the cleft widens,

the great green head stirs ; then, with a rushing, thundering roar, mingled with the sound of the rending fibres of the trunk, the giant tears its mighty arc through the air ; a cloud of blackness envelops the fall ; the air is dark with dust and moss and flying fragments. The roar is superb as the tree crashes its way through the underbrush, louder than cannon, but with no harshness ; more like some mighty breaker that has climbed ten thousand miles of sea to beat its heart out on a lonely shore.

Before the air had cleared, and while the neighboring trees still oscillated violently, we mounted the springboard to look at the stump. The pitch was pumping from a slight gap as blood from a wound, and we could see that the tree, in falling, had leaped forward a clear twenty feet from the bole. Climbing up on the log, so lately a tree, we walked two hundred feet before we came to the first limb ; that first limb, only now so infinitely removed, lay beneath our feet.

"We were too quick with that," said Jim to us, as he dragged from his pistol pocket a large silver watch. "But it's too late to fall another. We're goin' to a dance down the river to-night. It don't do to work too hard Saturdays." He grinned at us very amiably. "We'll jest set here and clean up some." He reached for the kerosene bottle where it was stuck against a tree by the hook tied to its neck, and jerked that cosmetic lavishly upon his pitch-blackened hands. "Say!" he added, with sudden inspiration, "ain't you folks going to the dance?"

We looked down at our coarse moss-strewn clothes, and my comrade said, "We have no party clothes with us, and they wouldn't let us come in these things."

"You bet they would!" he ejaculated, with the pleasantest friendliness ; and I longed to go. But it was my weary partner, not I, who had pulled ten miles up the river that morning.

Presently the long-drawn toot of the first horn for supper sounded, and when we got back to camp most of the men were gathered about the bench in front of the bunk-house, cleaning themselves as fast as tin basins of water and large bars of laundry soap could be made to do the work. One of the men had reached the combing stage, and was arranging hair sticky with soap, water, and perspiration by the aid of a small warped mirror hanging outside of the bunk-house. As they splashed and sputtered, they called to each other about the dance.

"Wear?" laughed one, pausing, towel in hand, to look down at his faded blue overalls and flannel shirt. "These here's my party clo'es."

"You can have my white flannel shirt, if it ain't shrunked too bad. I'm going to wear my black silk shirt," said the man who was wiping on the other end of the same towel.

"I'll have to get into something pretty quick. My girl lives five miles up the river, to the forks, and I'll have to buck the tide the whole way." I recognized in the enterprising speaker the hard-worked hook-tender.

We borrowed a towel and bar of soap, and washed at the long cattle trough ; when the ripples had subsided, its surface made a mirror by which I arranged my hair, and we were ready for supper when the muzzle of the long horn was leveled out of the eating-house window and blown at us. We all sat down together at the long table, and wholesome, palatable food was served by the gay young dish-washer who squeaked about in tight party shoes.

After supper, the younger men hurried back to the bunk-house to finish their toilets for the dance, while we returned to the woods to find a place for our night's lodging. The great over-arching evergreens tempted us, but we knew, if we slept beneath them, that the hemlock worms which were just then ravaging the trees would measure us all

night; so we chose an open place on the skid road, in the shelter of a felled tree, and began the delicate work of making a woodman's bed. Plenty of material lay at hand in the shattered top of a spruce, and in the woods beyond endless quantities of dried moss. We stripped the smaller branches from the spruce boughs and cast them into a great heap upon the ground, which afterwards we leveled into a deep springy mattress; on top of this we piled great double armfuls of dried moss. It took many trips back and forth into the rough tangle of underbrush and felled trees to gather the moss, and as we worked the long twilight deepened. The sweet balsam of our bed filled the air, and the primal nest-building instinct awoke, elating us with an idyllic pleasure. In a return to nature there is the joy of a home-coming, and we felt the blood of our nomadic ancestry astir in the sweet familiarity of our homely task. When we had at last plucked and moulded the moss and twigs into harmony with our notions, and stood off to appreciate the crowning effect of our woolen and rubber blankets, the light was almost gone, and our desire turned toward a camp fire.

Our foolish wish to "roost" in the woods, when we might have been under shelter, was looked upon with tolerant amusement by our host of the cooking-house, and now he came with additional blankets to see how we were making out. We had just succeeded in getting a sulky little flame astart, at which he smiled scornfully. He at once set to work selecting and discarding material for our fire with the air of a connoisseur, and then with skillful hands built dried bark into the shape of an Indian tepee around our small beginning. The flames were soon lashing their way through the cracks in hot fury, and the sprays of green spruce we threw on top cast up volleys of snapping sparks.

In the drowsy comfort of the fire the long day of incessant activity made itself

felt, and the delicious languor of animal fatigue made us glad to draw off our heavy shoes and creep between the blankets. Just over us and through the cleared strip of the roadway we saw the sky, but on all other sides only the sentinel evergreens drawn close about, with their martial cloaks around them. As we lay thus, facing the innumerable white stars, the heavens seemed to withdraw until they became inconceivably distant; even the trees, whose tops during the day pierced the blue at remotely measurable height, were now immeasurably remote. The majesty of the pageant of the deepening night presses upon the spirit with the solemnity of a great religious ceremony. What wonder that primitive man worshiped! His eyes and spirit were not ceiled to earth by yards of colorless plaster. The heart grows great in striving to people with high thoughts the empty cup of night, lit from above by millions of mild eyes. And so from sweet and solemn dreams we slipped through soft degrees to dreamless sleep.

I waked suddenly with a curious tickling sensation on my face. Putting my hand up, I found it was drizzling an almost imperceptibly fine, steady mist; our rubber top blanket was heavily dewed with standing drops, and our shoes, as I thrust them under cover, were clammy to the touch. The last faint star was blurred out by the mist and the first gray of dawn. In the dim light and through the sifting mist, the trees looked miles away and of the most indescribably soft gray. The whole landscape, as I sat up, seemed a great moss agate; the nearest trees forming the darkest tracery, and those more remote graded off to an impalpable shadow of smoke. In a tree that last night was very near I heard

"The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds."

Then through the mist a large bird swirled close over our heads, uttering a long, hungry cry. Suddenly from the camp came a raucous cheering, answered

far down the river. For a moment I thought it was the dancers returning, as usual, at daybreak; but after the sound cut again and again through the mist, with always the same far-answering response, I knew that it must be the first cock's crow of the morning, and that the

answer came from some rancher's shack far down the river.

Turning about in the nest my weight had hollowed in the moss, with the cheery voice dulled by the blankets to only a suggestion of home and comfort near at hand, I slept once more.

Louise Herrick Wall.

THE FEUDAL CHIEFS OF ACADIA.

II.

ON the 12th of June, 1643, the people of the infant town of Boston saw with some misgiving a French ship entering their harbor. It chanced that the wife of Captain Edward Gibbons, with her children, was on her way in a boat to a farm, belonging to her husband, on one of the islands in the harbor. One of La Tour's party, who had before made a visit to Boston, and had been the guest of Gibbons, recognized his former hostess. A boat was towed astern of the *St. Clement*, and he, with La Tour and a few sailors, cast off from the ship and went to speak to her. Mrs. Gibbons, seeing herself chased by a boatload of outlandish foreigners, took refuge on the island where Fort Winthrop was afterwards built, and which was then known as the "Governor's Garden," as it had an orchard, a vineyard, and "many other conveniences." The islands in the harbor, most of which were at that time well wooded, seem to have been favorite places of cultivation, as sheep and cattle were there safe from those pests of the mainland, the wolves. La Tour, no doubt to the dismay of Mrs. Gibbons and her children, landed after them, and was presently met by the governor himself, who, with his wife, two sons, and a daughter-in-law, had apparently rowed over to their garden for the unwonted recreation of an afternoon's outing. La Tour

made himself known to the governor, and, after mutual civilities, told him that a ship bringing supplies from France had been stopped by his enemy, D'Aunay, and that he had come to ask for help to raise the blockade and bring her to his fort. Winthrop replied that before answering he must consult the magistrates. As Mrs. Gibbons and her children were anxious to get home, the governor sent them to town in his own boat, promising to follow with his party in that of La Tour, who had placed it at his disposal. Meanwhile, the people of Boston had heard of what was taking place, and were in some anxiety, since, in a truly British distrust of all Frenchmen, they feared lest their governor might be kidnapped and held for ransom. Some of them accordingly took arms, and came in three boats to the rescue. In fact, remarks Winthrop, "if La Tour had been ill-minded towards us, he had such an opportunity as we hope neither he nor any other shall ever have the like again." The castle, or fort, which was on another island hard by, was defenseless, its feeble garrison having been lately withdrawn, and its cannon might easily have been turned on the town.

Boston, now in its thirteenth year, was a straggling village, with houses principally of boards or logs, gathered about a plain wooden meeting-house which formed the heart or vital organ of the place. The rough peninsula on which

the infant settlement stood was almost void of trees, and was crowned by a hill split into three summits, whence the name of Tremont, or Trimount, still retained by a neighboring street. Beyond the narrow neck of the peninsula were several smaller villages with outlying farms; but the mainland was for the most part a primeval forest, still possessed by its original owners, wolves, bears, and rattlesnakes. These last undesirable neighbors made their favorite haunt on a high rocky hill called Rattlesnake Hill, not far inland, where, down to the present generation, they were often seen, and where good specimens may occasionally be found to this day.¹

Far worse than wolves or rattlesnakes were the Pequot Indians, a warlike race who had boasted that they would wipe the whites from the face of the earth, but who, by hard marching and fighting, had lately been brought to reason.

Worse than wolves, rattlesnakes, and Indians together were the theological quarrels that threatened to kill the colony in its infancy. Children are taught that the Puritans came to New England in search of religious liberty. The liberty they sought was for themselves alone. It was the liberty to worship in their own way, and to prevent all others from doing the like. They imagined that they held a monopoly of religious truth, and were bound in conscience to defend it against all comers. Their mission was to build up a western Canaan, ruled by the law of God, to keep it pure from error, and, if need were, purge it of heresy by persecution; to which ends they set up one of the most detestable theocracies on record. Church and state were joined in one. Church members alone had the right to vote. There was no choice but to remain politically a cipher, or embrace, or pretend to embrace, the extremest dogmas of Calvin. Never

was such a premium offered to cant and hypocrisy; yet in the early days hypocrisy was rare, so intense and pervading was the faith of the founders of New England.

It was in the churches themselves, the appointed sentinels and defenders of orthodoxy, that heresy lifted its head and threatened the state with disruption. Where minds different in complexion and character were continually busied with subtle questions of theology, unity of opinion could not be long maintained; and innovation found a champion in one Mrs. Hutchinson, a woman of great controversial ability and inexhaustible fluency of tongue. Persons of a mystical turn of mind, or with a natural inclination for dissent and contrariety, were drawn to her preachings, and the church of Boston, with three or four exceptions, went over to her in a body. "Sanctification," "justification," "revelations," the "covenant of grace," and the "covenant of works" mixed in furious battle with all the subtleties, sophistries, and venom of theological war, while the ghastly spectre of Antinomianism hovered over the fray, carrying terror to the souls of the faithful. The embers of the strife still burned hot when La Tour appeared to bring another firebrand.

As a "papist" or "idolater," though a mild one, he was sorely prejudiced in Puritan eyes, while his plundering of the Plymouth trading-house, some years before, and killing two of its five tenants, did not tend to produce impressions in his favor; but it being explained that all five were drunk, and had begun the fray by firing on the French, the ire against him cooled a little. Landing with Winthrop, he was received under the hospitable roof of Captain Gibbons, whose wife had recovered from her fright at his approach. He went to church on Sunday, and the gravity of his

¹ Blue Hill in Milton. "Up into the country is a high hill which is called rattlesnake hill, where there is great store of these poyson-

ous creatures." (Wood, *New England's Prospect*.) "They [the wolves] be the greatest inconveniency the country hath." (*Ibid.*)

demeanor gave great satisfaction, a solemn carriage being of itself a virtue in Puritan eyes. Hence he was well treated, and his men were permitted to come ashore daily in small numbers. The stated training-day of the Boston militia fell in the next week, and La Tour asked leave to exercise his soldiers with the rest. This was granted, and, escorted by the Boston trained band, about forty of them marched to the muster field, which was probably the Common, a large tract of pasture land, in which was a marshy pool, the home of a colony of frogs perhaps not quite exterminated by the sticks and stones of Puritan boys. This pool, cleaned, paved, and curbed with granite, preserves to this day the memory of its ancient inhabitants, and is still the Frog Pond, though bereft of frogs.

The Boston trained band, in steel caps and buff coats, went through its exercise, and the visitors, we are told, expressed high approval. When the drill was finished, the Boston officers invited La Tour's officers to dine, while his rank and file were entertained in like manner by the Puritan soldiers. There were more exercises in the afternoon, and this time it was the turn of the French, who, says Winthrop, "were very expert in all their postures and motions." A certain "judicious minister," in dread of popish conspiracies, was troubled in spirit at this martial display, and prophesied that "store of blood would be spilled in Boston," a prediction that was not fulfilled, although an incident took place which startled some of the spectators. The Frenchmen suddenly made a sham charge, sword in hand, which the women took for a real one. The alarm was soon over; and as this demonstration ended the performance, La Tour asked leave of the governor to withdraw his men to their ship. The leave being granted,

they fired a salute and marched to the wharf where their boat lay, escorted, as before, by the Boston trained band. During the whole of La Tour's visit he and Winthrop went amicably to church together every Sunday, the governor being attended, on these and all other occasions while the strangers were in town, by a guard of honor of musketeers and halberd men. La Tour and his chief officers had their lodging and meals in the houses of the principal townsmen, and all seemed harmony and good will.

La Tour, meanwhile, had laid his request before the magistrates, and produced among other papers the commission to Mouron, captain of his ship, dated in the last April, and signed and sealed by the vice-admiral of France, authorizing Mouron to bring supplies to La Tour, whom the paper styled lieutenant-general for the king in Acadia; La Tour also showed a letter, genuine or forged, from the agent of the Company of New France, addressed to him as lieutenant-general, and warning him to beware of D'Aunay: from all which the Boston magistrates inferred that their petitioner was on good terms with the French government,¹ notwithstanding a letter sent them by D'Aunay the year before, assuring them that La Tour was a proclaimed rebel, which in fact he was. Throughout this affair one is perplexed by the French official papers, whose entanglements and contradictions in regard to the Acadian rivals are past unravelling.

La Tour asked only for such help as would enable him to bring his own ship to his own fort, and, as his papers seemed to prove that he was a recognized officer of his king, Winthrop and the magistrates thought that they might permit him to hire such ships and men as were disposed to join him.

La Tour had tried to pass himself as was genuine, but that the letter of the agent of the Company was a fabrication.

¹ Count Jules de Menou, in his remarkable manuscript book now before me, expresses his belief that the commission of the vice-admiral

a Protestant, but his professions were distrusted, notwithstanding the patience with which he had listened to the long-winded sermons of the Reverend John Cotton. As to his wife, however, there appears to have been but one opinion. She was approved as a sound Protestant "of excellent virtues;" and her denunciations of D'Aunay no doubt fortified the prejudice which was already strong against him for his seizure of the Plymouth trading-house at Penobscot, and for his aggressive and masterful character, which made him an inconvenient neighbor.

With the permission of the governor and the approval of most of the magistrates, La Tour now made a bargain with his host, Captain Gibbons, and a merchant named Thomas Hawkins. They agreed to furnish him with four vessels; to arm each of these with from four to fourteen small cannon, and man them with a certain number of sailors, La Tour himself completing the crews with Englishmen hired at his own charge. Hawkins was to command the whole. The four vessels were to escort La Tour and his ship, the *St. Clement*, to the mouth of the *St. John*, in spite of D'Aunay and all other opponents. The agreement ran for two months, and La Tour was to pay £250 sterling a month for the use of the four ships, and mortgage to Gibbons and Hawkins his fort and all his Acadian property as security. Winthrop would give no commissions to Hawkins or any others engaged in the expedition, and they were all forbidden to fight except in self-defense; but the agreement contained the significant clause that all plunder was to be equally divided, according to rule in such enterprises. Hence it seems clear that the contractors had an eye to booty; yet no means were used to hold them to their good behavior.

Now rose a brisk dispute, and the conduct of Winthrop was sharply criticised. Letters poured in upon him con-

cerning "great dangers," "sin upon the conscience," and the like. He himself was clearly in doubt as to the course he was taking, and he soon called another meeting of magistrates, in which the inevitable clergy were invited to join; and they all fell to discussing the matter anew. As every man of them had studied the Bible daily from childhood up, texts were the chief weapons of the debate. Doubts were advanced as to whether Christians could lawfully help idolaters, and Jehoshaphat, Ahab, and Josias were brought forward as cases in point. Then Solomon was cited to the effect that "he that meddleth with the strife that belongs not to him takes a dog by the ear;" to which it was answered that the quarrel did belong to us, seeing that Providence now offered us the means to weaken our enemy, D'Aunay, without much expense or trouble to ourselves. Besides, we ought to help a neighbor in distress, seeing that Joshua helped the Gibeonites, and Jehoshaphat helped Jehoram against Moab with the approval of Elisha. The opposing party argued that "by aiding papists we advance and strengthen popery;" to which it was replied that the opposite effect might follow, since the grateful papist, touched by our charity, might be won to the true faith and turned from his idols.

Then the debate continued on the more worldly grounds of expediency and statecraft, and at last Winthrop's action was approved by the majority. Still, there were many doubters, and the governor was severely blamed. John Endicott wrote to him that La Tour was not to be trusted, and that he and D'Aunay had better be left to fight it out between them, since if we help the former to put down his enemy he will be a bad neighbor to us.

Presently came a joint letter from several chief men of the colony, Saltonstall, Bradstreet, Nathaniel Ward, John Norton, and others, saying in substance: We fear international law has been ill

observed ; the merits of the case are not clear ; we are not called upon in charity to help La Tour (see 2 Chronicles xix. 2, and Proverbs xxvi. 17) ; this quarrel is for England and France, and not for us ; if D'Aunay is not completely put down we shall have endless trouble ; and "he that loses his life in an unnecessary quarrel dies the devil's martyr."

This letter, known as the "Ipswich letter," touched Winthrop to the quick. He thought that it trenched on his official dignity, and the asperity of his answer betrays his sensitiveness. He calls the remonstrance "an act of an exorbitant nature," and says that it "blows a trumpet to division and dissension." "If my neighbor is in trouble," he goes on to say, "I must help him ;" he maintains that "there is great difference between giving permission to hire to guard or transport and giving commission to fight," and he adds the usual Bible text, "the fear of man bringeth a snare, but he that trusteth in the Lord shall be safe."¹

In spite of Winthrop's reply, the Ipswich letter had great effect, and he and the Boston magistrates were much blamed, especially in the country towns. The governor was too candid not to admit that he had been in fault, though he limits his self-accusation to three points : first, that he had given La Tour an answer too hastily ; next, that he had not sufficiently consulted the elders, or ministers ; and lastly, that he had not opened the discussion with prayer.

The upshot was that La Tour and his allies sailed on the 14th of July. D'Aunay's three vessels fled before them to Port Royal. La Tour tried to persuade his Puritan friends to join him in an attack ; but Hawkins, the English commander, would give no order to that effect, on which about thirty of the Boston men volunteered for the adventure.

¹ Winthrop's Answer to the Ipswich Letter about La Tour (no date), in Hutchinson Papers, 122. Bradstreet writes to him on the 21st of

D'Aunay's followers had ensconced themselves in a fortified mill, whence they were driven with some loss. After burning the mill and robbing a pinnace loaded with furs, the Puritans returned home, having broken their orders and compromised their colony.

In the next summer, La Tour, expecting a serious attack from D'Aunay, who had lately been to France, and was said to be on his way back with large reinforcements, turned again to Massachusetts for help. The governor this time was John Endicott, of Salem. To Salem the suppliant repaired, and as Endicott spoke French the conference was easy. The rugged bigot had before expressed his disapproval of "having anything to do with these idolatrous French ;" but, according to Hubbard, he was so moved with compassion at the woeful tale of his visitor that he called a meeting of magistrates and ministers to consider if anything could be done for him. The magistrates had by this time learned caution, and the meeting would do nothing but write a letter to D'Aunay, demanding satisfaction for his seizure of Penobscot and other aggressions, and declaring that the men who escorted La Tour to his fort in the last summer had no commission from Massachusetts, yet that if they had wronged him he should have justice, though if he seized any of their trading-vessels they would hold him answerable. In short, La Tour's petition was not granted.

D'Aunay, when in France, had pursued his litigation against his rival, and the royal council had ordered that the contumacious La Tour should be seized, his goods confiscated, and he himself brought home a prisoner ; which decree D'Aunay was empowered to execute, if he could. He had returned to Acadia the accredited agent of the royal will. It was reported at Boston that a Biscayan

June, "Our ayding of Latour was very grievous to many hereabouts, the design being feared to be unwarrantable by dyvers."

pirate had sunk his ship on the way; but the wish was father to the thought, and the report proved false. D'Aunay arrived safely, and was justly incensed at the support given by the Puritans in the last year to his enemy. But he too had strong reasons for wishing to be on good terms with his heretic neighbors. King Louis, moreover, had charged him not to offend them, since, when they helped La Tour, they had done so in the belief that he was commissioned as lieutenant-general for the king, and therefore they should be held blameless.

Hence D'Aunay made overtures of peace and friendship to the Boston Puritans. Early in October, 1644, they were visited by one Monsieur Marie, "supposed," says the chronicle, "to be a friar, but habited like a gentleman." He was probably one of the Capuchins who formed an important part of D'Aunay's establishment at Port Royal. The governor and magistrates received him with due consideration; and along with credentials from D'Aunay he showed them papers under the great seal of France, wherein the decree of the royal council was set forth in full, La Tour condemned as a rebel and traitor, and orders given to arrest both him and his wife. Henceforth there was no room to doubt which of the rival chiefs had the king and the law on his side. The envoy, while complaining of the aid given to La Tour, offered terms of peace to the governor and magistrates, who replied to his complaints with their usual subterfuge that they had given no commission to those who had aided La Tour, declaring at the same time that they could make no treaty without the concurrence of the commissioners of the United Colonies. They then desired Marie to set down his proposals in writing, on which he went to the house of one Mr. Fowle, where he lodged, and drew up in French his plan for a treaty, adding the proposal that the Bostonians should join D'Aunay against La Tour.

Then he came back to the place of meeting and discussed the subject for half a day, sometimes in Latin with the magistrates, and sometimes in French with the governor, that old soldier being probably ill versed in the classic tongues. In vain they all urged that D'Aunay should come to terms with La Tour. Marie replied that if La Tour would give himself up his life would be spared, but that if he were caught he would lose his head as a traitor; adding that his wife was worse than he, being the mainspring of his rebellion. Endicott and the magistrates refused active alliance; but the talk ended in a provisional treaty of peace, duly drawn up in Latin, Marie keeping one copy and the governor the other. The agreement needed ratification by the commissioners of the United Colonies on one part, and by D'Aunay on the other. What is most curious in the affair is the attitude of Massachusetts, which from first to last figures as an independent state, with no reference to the king under whose charter it was building up its theocratic republic, and consulting none but the infant confederacy of the New England colonies, of which it was itself the head. As the commissioners of the confederacy were not then in session, Endicott and the magistrates took the matter provisionally into their own hands.

Marie had made good dispatch, for he reached Boston on a Friday and left it on the next Tuesday, having finished his business within three days, or rather two, as one of the three was "the Sabbath." He expressed surprise and gratification at the attention and courtesy with which he had been treated. His hosts supplied him with horses, and some of them accompanied him to Salem, where he had left his vessel, and whence he sailed for Port Royal, well pleased.

Just before he came to Boston, that town had received a visit from Madame de la Tour, who, soon after her husband's successful negotiation with Winthrop in the past year, had sailed for France in

the ship *St. Clement*. She had labored strenuously in La Tour's cause; but the influence of D'Aunay's partisans was far too strong, and, being charged with complicity in her husband's misconduct, she was forbidden to leave France on pain of death. She set the royal command at naught, escaped to England, took passage in a ship bound for America, and after long delay landed at Boston. The English shipmaster had bargained to carry her to her husband at Fort St. Jean; but he broke his bond, and was sentenced by the Massachusetts courts to pay her £2000 as damages. She was permitted to hire three armed vessels then lying in the harbor, to convey her to Fort St. Jean, where she arrived safely and rejoined La Tour.

Meanwhile, D'Aunay was hovering off the coast, armed with the final and conclusive decree of the royal council, which placed both husband and wife under the ban, and enjoined him to execute its sentence. But a resort to force was costly and of doubtful result, and D'Aunay resolved again to try the effect of persuasion. Approaching the mouth of the St. John, he sent to the fort two boats, commanded by his lieutenant, who carried letters from his chief promising to La Tour's men pardon for their past conduct and payment of all wages due them, if they would return to their duty. An adherent of D'Aunay declares that they received these advances with insults and curses. It was a little before this time that Madame de la Tour arrived from Boston. The same writer says that she fell into a transport of fury, "behaved like one possessed with a devil," and heaped contempt on the Catholic faith in the presence of her husband, who approved everything she did. And he further affirms that she so berated and reviled the Récollet friars in the fort that they refused to stay, and set out for Port Royal in the depth of winter, taking with them eight soldiers of the fort who were too good Catholics to remain in

such a nest of heresy and rebellion. They were permitted to go, and provided with an old pinnace and two barrels of Indian corn, with which, unfortunately for La Tour, they safely reached their destination.

On her arrival from Boston, Madame de la Tour had given her husband a piece of politic advice. Her enemies say that she had some time before renounced her faith to gain the favor of the Puritans; but there is reason to believe that she had been a Huguenot from the first. She now advised La Tour to go to Boston, declare himself a Protestant, ask for a minister to preach to his men, and promise that if the Bostonians would help him to master D'Aunay and conquer Acadia he would share the conquest with them. La Tour admired the sagacious counsels of his wife, and sailed for Boston to put them in practice, just before the friars and the eight deserters sailed for Port Royal, thus leaving their departure unopposed.

At Port Royal both friars and deserters found a warm welcome. D'Aunay paid the eight soldiers their long arrears of wages, and lodged the friars in the seminary with his Capuchins. Then he questioned them, and was well rewarded. They told him that La Tour had gone to Boston, leaving his wife with only forty-five men to defend the fort. Here was a golden opportunity. D'Aunay called his officers to council. All were of one mind. He mustered every man about Port Royal and embarked them in the armed ship of three hundred tons that had brought him from France; he then crossed the Bay of Fundy with all his force, anchored in a small harbor a league from Fort St. Jean, and sent the Récollet Père André to try to seduce more of La Tour's men, an attempt which proved a failure. D'Aunay lay two months at his anchorage, during which time another ship and a pinnace joined him from Port Royal. Then he resolved to make an attack. Meanwhile,

La Tour had persuaded a Boston merchant to send one Grafton to Fort St. Jean in a small vessel loaded with provisions, and bringing also a letter to Madame de la Tour containing a promise from her husband that he would join her in a month. When the Boston vessel appeared at the mouth of the St. John, D'Aunay seized it, placed Grafton and the few men with him on an island, and finally supplied them with a leaky sailboat to make their way home as they best could.

D'Aunay now landed two cannon to batter Fort St. Jean on the land side, and on the 17th of April, having brought his largest ship within pistol-shot of the water rampart, he summoned the garrison to surrender.¹ They answered with a volley of cannon-shot, then hung out a red flag, and, according to D'Aunay's reporter, shouted, "A thousand insults and blasphemies!" Towards evening a breach was made in the wall, and D'Aunay ordered a general assault. Animated by their intrepid mistress, the defenders fought with desperation, and killed or wounded many of the assailants, not without severe loss on their own side. Numbers prevailed at last; all resistance was overcome; the survivors of the garrison were made prisoners, and the fort was pillaged. Madame de la Tour, her maid, and another woman, who were all of their sex in the place, were among the captives; also Madame de la Tour's son, a mere child. D'Aunay pardoned some of his prisoners, but hanged the greater part, "to serve as an example to posterity," says his reporter. Nicolas Denys declares that he compelled Madame de la

Tour to witness the execution with a halter about her neck, but the more trustworthy accounts say nothing of this alleged outrage. On the next day, the 18th of April, the bodies of the dead were decently buried, an inventory was made of the contents of the fort, and D'Aunay set his men to repair it for his own use. These labors occupied three weeks or more, during a part of which Madame de la Tour was left at liberty, till, being detected in an attempt to correspond with her husband by means of an Indian, she was put into confinement; on which, according to D'Aunay's reporter, "she fell ill with spite and rage," and died within three weeks, after, as he tells us, renouncing her heresy in the chapel of the fort.

III.

Having triumphed over his rival, D'Aunay was left free to settle his accounts with the Massachusetts Puritans, who had offended him anew by sending provisions to Fort St. Jean, having always insisted that they were free to trade with either party. They on their side were no less indignant with him for his seizure of Grafton's vessel and harsh treatment of him and his men.

After some preliminary negotiation and some rather sharp correspondence, D'Aunay, in September, 1646, sent a pinnace to Boston bearing his former envoy, Marie, accompanied by his own secretary and by one Monsieur Louis.

It was Sunday, the Puritan Sabbath, when the three envoys arrived, and the pious inhabitants were preparing for the

¹ The site of Fort St. Jean, or Fort La Tour, has been matter of question. At Carleton, opposite the present city of St. John, are the remains of an earthen fort, by some supposed to be that of La Tour, but which is no doubt of later date, as the place was occupied by a succession of forts down to 1763. On the other hand, it has been assumed that Fort La Tour was at Jemsec, which is about seventy miles up the river. Now, in the second mortgage deed

of Fort La Tour to Major Gibbons, May 10, 1645, the fort is described as "*situé près de l'embouchure de la rivière de St. Jean.*" Moreover, there is a cataract just above the mouth of the river, which, though submerged at high tide, cannot be passed by heavy ships at any time; and as D'Aunay brought his largest ship of war to within pistol-shot of the fort, it must have been below the cataract.

afternoon sermon. Marie and his two colleagues were met at the wharf by two militia officers, and conducted through the silent and dreary streets to the house of Captain, now Major Gibbons, who appears to have taken upon himself in an especial manner the office of entertaining strangers of consequence.

All was done with much civility, but no ceremony, for the Lord's Day must be kept inviolate. Winthrop, who had again been chosen governor, now sent an officer with a guard of musketeers to invite the envoys to his own house. Here he regaled them with wine and sweetmeats, and then informed them of "our manner that all men either come to our public meetings or keep themselves quiet in their houses." He then laid before them such books in Latin and French as he had, and told them that they were free to walk in his garden. Though the diversion offered was no doubt of the dullest, since the literary resources of the colony then included little besides arid theology, and the walk in the garden promised but moderate delights among the bitter pot-herbs provided against days of fasting, the victims resigned themselves with good grace, and, as the governor tells us, "gave no offence." Sunset came at last and set the captives free.

On Monday both sides fell to business. The envoys showed their credentials, but as the commissioners of the United Colonies were not yet in session nothing conclusive could be done till Tuesday. Then, all being assembled, each party made its complaints of the conduct of the other, and a long discussion followed. Meals were provided for the three visitors at the "ordinary," or inn, where the magistrates dined during the sessions of the General Court. The governor, as their host, always sat with them at the board, and strained his Latin to do honor to his guests. They, on their part, that courtesies should be evenly divided, went every morning at eight o'clock to the

governor's house, whence he accompanied them to the place of meeting; and at night, he, or some of the commissioners in his stead, attended them to their lodging at the house of Major Gibbons.

Serious questions were raised on both sides, but, as both wanted peace, explanations were mutually made and accepted. The chief difficulty lay in the undeniable fact that, in escorting La Tour to his fort in 1643, the Massachusetts volunteers had chased D'Aunay to Port Royal, killed some of his men, burned his mill, and robbed his pinnace, for which wrongs the envoys demanded heavy damages. It was true that the governor and magistrates had forbidden acts of aggression on the part of the volunteers, but, on the other hand, they had had reason to believe that their prohibition would be disregarded, and had taken no measures to enforce it. The envoys clearly had good ground of complaint, and here, says Winthrop, "they did stick two days." At last they yielded so far as to declare that what D'Aunay wanted was not so much compensation in money as satisfaction to his honor by an acknowledgment of their fault on the part of the Massachusetts authorities; and they further declared that he would accept a moderate present in token of such acknowledgment. The difficulty now was to find such a present. The representatives of Massachusetts presently bethought themselves of a "very fair new sedan" which the viceroy of Mexico had sent to his sister, and which had been captured in the West Indies by one Captain Cromwell, a corsair, who gave it to "our governour." Winthrop, to whom it was entirely useless, gladly parted with it in such a cause, and, the sedan being graciously accepted, the discussion ended. The treaty was signed in duplicate by the commissioners of the United Colonies and the envoys of D'Aunay, and peace was at last concluded.

The conference had been conducted

with much courtesy on both sides. One small cloud appeared, but soon passed away. The French envoys displayed the fleur-de-lys at the masthead of their pinnace, as she lay in the harbor. The townsmen were incensed, and Monsieur Marie was told that to fly foreign colors in Boston harbor was not according to custom. He insisted for a time, but at length ordered the offending flag to be lowered.

On the 28th of September the envoys bade farewell to Winthrop, who had accompanied them to their pinnace with a guard of honor. Five cannon saluted them from Boston, five from "the castle," and three from Charlestown. A supply of mutton and a keg of sherry were sent on board their vessel, and then, after firing an answering salute from their swivels, they stood down the bay till their sails disappeared among the islands.

La Tour had now no more to hope from his late supporters. He had lost his fort, and, what was worse, he had lost his indomitable wife. Throughout the winter that followed his disaster he had been entertained by Samuel Maverick at his house on Noddle's Island. In the spring he begged hard for further help, and as he begged in vain he sailed for Newfoundland to make the same petition to Sir David Kirke, who then governed that island. Kirke refused, but lent him a pinnace and sent him back to Boston. Here some merchants had the good nature or folly to entrust him with goods for the Indian trade to the amount of £400. Thus equipped, he sailed for Acadia in Kirke's pinnace, manned with his own followers and five New England men. On reaching Cape Sable, he conspired with the master of the pinnace and his own men to seize the vessel and set the New England sailors ashore, which was done; La Tour, it is said, shooting one of them in the face with a pistol. It was winter, and the outcasts roamed along the shore for

a fortnight, half frozen and half starved, till they were met by Micmac Indians, who gave them food and a boat, in which, by rare good fortune, they reached Boston, where their story convinced the most infatuated that they had harbored a knave. "Whereby," solemnly observes the pious but much-mortified Winthrop, who had been La Tour's best friend, "it appeared (as the Scripture saith) that there is no confidence in an unfaithful or carnal man."

When the capture of Fort St. Jean was known at court, the young king was well pleased, and promised to send D'Aunay the gift of a ship; but he forgot to keep his word, and requited his faithful subject with the less costly reward of praises and honors. After a preamble reciting his merits, and especially his "care, courage, and valor" in "taking by our express order, and reducing again under our authority, the fort on the St. John which La Tour had rebelliously occupied with the aid of foreign sectaries," the king confirmed D'Aunay's authority in Acadia, and extended it on paper from the St. Lawrence to Virginia, empowering him to keep for himself such parts of this broad domain as he might want, and grant out the rest to others, who were to hold of him as his vassals. He could build forts and cities at his own expense; command by land and sea; make war or peace within the limits of his grant; appoint officers of government, justice, and police; and, in short, exercise sovereign power, with the simple reservation of homage to the king, and a tenth part of all gold, silver, and copper to the royal treasury. A full monopoly of the fur trade through all his dominion was conferred on him, and any infringement of it was to be punished by confiscation of ships and goods and 30,000 livres of damages. On his part, D'Aunay was enjoined to "establish the name, power, and authority of the king, subject the nations to his rule, and teach them the

knowledge of the true God and the light of the Christian faith." Acadia, in brief, was made a hereditary fief, and D'Aunay and his heirs became lords of a domain as large as a European kingdom.

D'Aunay had spent his substance in the task of civilizing a wilderness. The king had not helped him; and though he belonged to a caste which held commerce in contempt, he must be a fur trader or a bankrupt. La Tour's Fort St. Jean was a better trading-station than Port Royal, and it had woefully abridged D'Aunay's profits. Hence an ignoble competition in beaver skins had embittered their quarrel. All this was over. Fort St. Jean, the best trading-stand in Acadia, was now in its conqueror's hands, and his monopoly was no longer a mere name, but a reality.

Everything promised a thriving trade and a growing colony, when the scene was suddenly changed. On the 24th of May, 1650, a dark and stormy day, D'Aunay and his valet were in a birch canoe in the basin of Port Royal, not far from the mouth of the Annapolis. Perhaps neither master nor man was skilled in the management of the treacherous craft that bore them. The canoe overset; D'Aunay and the valet clung to it and got astride of it, one at each end. There they sat, sunk to the shoulders, the canoe, though under water, having buoyancy enough to keep them from sinking farther. So they remained an hour and a half. At the end of that time D'Aunay was dead, not from drowning, but from cold, for the water still retained the chill of winter; the valet was alive. And in this condition they were found by Indians and brought to the north shore of the Annapolis, whither Father Ignace, the superior of the Capuchins, went to find the body of his patron, brought it to the fort, and buried it in the chapel, in presence of his wife and all the soldiers and inhabitants.

The father superior highly praises the dead chief, and is astonished that the earth does not gape and devour the slanders who say that he died in desperation, as one abandoned of God. He admits that in former times cavaliers might have found wherewith to accuse him, but declares that before his death he had amended all his faults. This is the testimony of a Capuchin, whose fraternity he had always favored. The Récollets, on the other hand, whose patron was La Tour, complained that D'Aunay had ill used them, and demanded redress.

The dead chief seems to have been a favorable example of his class; he was loyal to his faith and his king, tempering pride with courtesy, and generally true to his cherished ideal of the *gentilhomme français*. In his qualities as in his birth he was far above his rival, and his death was the ruin of the only French colony in Acadia that deserved the name.

At the news of his enemy's fate a new hope possessed La Tour. He still had agents in France interested to serve him, while the father of D'Aunay, who acted as his attorney, was feeble with age, and his children were too young to defend their interests.

There is an extraordinary document, bearing date February, 1651, less than a year after D'Aunay's death. It is a complete reversal of the above-named decree in his favor. La Tour suddenly appears as the favorite of royalty, and all the graces before lavished on his enemy are now heaped upon him. The lately proscribed "rebel and traitor" is confirmed as governor and lieutenant-general in New France. His services to God and the king are rehearsed "as of our certain knowledge," and he is praised with the same emphasis and almost in the same words as those used towards D'Aunay in the decree of 1647. The paper goes on to say that he, La Tour, would have converted the Indians

and conquered Acadia for the king if D'Aunay had not prevented him.¹

Unless this document is a fabrication in the interest of La Tour, as there is some reason to believe, it suggests strange reflections on colonial administration during the minority of Louis XIV. Genuine or not, La Tour profited by it, and after a visit to France, which proved a successful and fruitful one, he returned to Acadia with revived hopes. The widow of D'Aunay had eight children, all minors, and their grandfather, the octogenarian René de Menou, had been appointed their guardian. He sent an incompetent and faithless person to Port Royal to fulfill the wardship of which he was no longer capable.

The unfortunate widow and her children needed better help. D'Aunay had employed as his agent one Le Borgne, a merchant of Rochelle, who now succeeded in getting the old man under his influence and inducing him to sign an acknowledgment, said to be false, that D'Aunay's heirs owed him 260,000 livres. Le Borgne next came to Port Royal to push his schemes, and here he inveigled or frightened the widow into signing a paper to the effect that she and her children owed him 205,286 livres. It was fortunate for his unscrupulous plans that he had to do with the soft and tractable Madame D'Aunay, and not with the high-spirited and intelligent Amazon, Madame La Tour. Le Borgne now seized on Port Royal as security for the alleged debts, while La Tour, on his return from his visit to France, induced the perplexed and helpless widow to restore to him Fort St. Jean, conquered by her late husband. Madame D'Aunay, beset with insidious

enemies, saw herself and her children in danger of total ruin. She applied to the Duc de Vendôme, grand master, chief, and superintendent of navigation, and offered to share all her Acadian claims with him, if he would help her in her distress; but from the first Vendôme looked more to his own interests than to hers. La Tour was not satisfied with her concessions to him, and perplexing questions rose between them touching land claims and the fur trade. To end these troubles she took a desperate step, and on the 24th of February, 1653, married her tormentor, the foe of her late husband, who had now been dead not quite three years.² Her chief thought seems to have been for her children, whose rights were guarded, though to little purpose, in the marriage contract. She and La Tour took up their abode at Fort St. Jean. Of the children of her first marriage, four were boys and four were girls. They were ruined at last by the harpies leagued to plunder them, and sought refuge in France, where the boys were all killed in the wars of Louis XIV., and at least three of the girls became nuns.

Now follow complicated disputes without dignity or interest, and turning chiefly on the fur trade. Le Borgne and his son, in virtue of their claims upon the estate of D'Aunay, which were sustained by the French courts, got a lion's share of Acadia; a part fell also to La Tour and his children by his new wife; while Nicolas Denys kept a feeble hold on the shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence as far north as Cape Rosiers.

War again broke out between France and England, and in 1654 Major Robert Sedgwick, of Charlestown, Massa-

the legal paper entitled *Mémoire in re Charles de Saint-Étienne, Seigneur de la Tour (fils), et ses Frères et Sœurs*, 1700. This *Mémoire* is in the interest of the heirs of La Tour, and is to be judged accordingly.

² Rameau, i. 120. Menou and Moreau think that this marriage took place two or three years later.

¹ Confirmation de Gouverneur et Lieutenant Général pour le Roy de la Nouvelle France, à la Coste de l'Acadie, au Sr. Charles de Saint-Étienne, Chevalier de la Tour, 27 Février, 1651. A copy of this strange paper is before me. Count de Menou, and after him his follower, Moreau, doubt the genuineness of the document, which, however, is alluded to, without suspicion, in

chusetts, who had served in the civil war as a major-general of Cromwell, led a small New England force to Acadia under a commission from the Protector, captured Fort St. Jean, Port Royal, and all the other French stations, and conquered the colony for England. It was restored to France by the Treaty of Breda, and captured again in 1690 by Sir William Phips. The Treaty of Ryswick again restored it to France, till in 1710 it was finally seized for England by General Nicholson.

When, after Sedgwick's expedition,

the English were in possession of Acadia, La Tour, not for the first time, tried to fortify his claims by a British title, and, jointly with Thomas Temple and William Crown, obtained a grant of the colony from Cromwell, though he soon after sold his share to his copartner, Temple. He seems to have died in 1666. Descendants of his were living in Acadia in 1830, and some of his race may probably still be found there. As for D'Aunay, no trace of his blood is left in the land where he gave wealth and life for France and the Church.

Francis Parkman.

COUNT RUMFORD.

IN 1871, I prepared for the American Academy of Arts and Sciences a Memoir of Count Rumford, to accompany an edition of his writings. During the twenty years which have elapsed since its publication very many interesting additional papers have come into my hands, either written by or relating to Count Rumford, some of which I may now put to use. As this article, however, may find readers who know little or nothing about the remarkable man here recalled, it may be well to inweave the new material into a summary of his life.

Our concern is with Rumford first as Benjamin Thompson. He came of the yeoman stock of the first company of the Massachusetts colonists under the lead of Winthrop. He was born March 26, 1753, under his grandfather's roof, in a modest but substantial farmhouse, still standing, in what is now North Woburn. His father died when he was but twenty months old, and when he was three years old, his mother marrying again, he was taken to his stepfather's home. There he was treated even indulgently, with wise and friendly oversight and guardianship. His early lot was that

of the children of farmers with frugal means, whether orphaned or not, who, as soon as they could do any kind of helpful work about house or farm, did it as a matter of course. The law, in those simple times, in our village communities, took wise heed for the fatherless and the widowed, and secured to them kindly provision even from slender inheritances. Through the many years of separation from his mother, whom he never saw after he left her in early manhood, he preserved for her the tenderest affection, writing to her as a grateful child, and, through an early friend with whom he was in correspondence in his prosperity, sending to her the most generous remittances for her comfort and ease. Like all Massachusetts boys, he was entitled to and received "a grammar school education," which was supplemented not only by private tuition, which he paid for by labor in the woods, but by kindly offices of many friends whom he won to himself. For from his boyhood he showed the proclivities of genius in some erratic eccentricities, in discursive reading, in a keen inquisitiveness, and in ingenuity with tools and experiments. He put

every one around him who could add to his gain of knowledge to some helpful service to him. He was soon found to be fitted for something better than the "chores" of a farmhouse, and in his thirteenth year was apprenticed for three years, 1766-69, to Mr. John Appleton, of Salem, a merchant in the miscellaneous local traffic of those days. Here, as at home, he was something of a puzzle to observers, as he busied himself, under the counter as well as upon it, with his fiddle and his experiments, once receiving severe injuries from the explosion of some rockets which he was making. Here, too, as at every period of his earlier life, his affable, engaging, and inquisitive traits won him friends. The minister of Salem fostered and aided him.

Among the papers which have come to my hands since I first wrote the Memoir of Count Rumford are some relating to this period in the life and work of the future count. They were found among the papers of Dr. Levi Hedge, professor in Harvard College 1811-27, the father of the late Dr. F. H. Hedge, and they show the interest attaching here to the early years of Rumford when his fame had been established in Europe.

SALEM, 25 March, 1817.

LEVI HEDGE, ESQ.:

MY DEAR SIR, — You have probably learned the death of my aged and very worthy father. It took place on the 4th inst.

Benjamin, Count Rumford (family name Thompson) was, while a lad, a clerk in my late father's store. Enclosed are a few papers relative to that circumstance, and as he is called a liberal benefactor to Harvard University you may think them worthy of being preserved among its curiosities.

Your friend, etc., etc.,

J. SPARHAWK APPLETON.

You know that Count Rumford's first wife was the widow Rolfe, Paul's mother.

On the cover of a "Memorandum Book of Goods," in Thompson's own hand, is written, "B. Thompson came to Mr. J. Appleton's to Apprentice, Oct. 14, 1766."

BOSTON, 11th October, 1769.

MR. JOHN APPLETON.

I understand that you have had a young Ladd not long since, that lived with you named Benja. Thompson. He now offers himself to live with me, saying that he was sick was the occasion of his coming away from you, and that now Business is Dull you don't want him. I should be greatly obliged to you if you will Inform me by the first opportunity. If he be clear from you or not, if he is, please to give me his True Character, as to his Honesty, Temper and Qualifications, as a Shop-Keeper. Such a Ladd will suit me if he can be well Recommended, and as he is a Stranger to me, I know of nobody Else that can be so good a Judge of him as you: Which I hope you will favour me, till which I am your most obedient Humble Serv^t

HOPESTILL CAPEN.

The writer dealt as a merchant in miscellaneous traffic in Union Street, Boston. It appears by the letter of the "Ladd" which follows that he received a good character, and was taken into service by Capen. He was there a fellow-apprentice with Samuel Parkman, afterwards a most prosperous Boston merchant, who left a numerous progeny of Tuckermans, Blakes, Sturgises, and Shaws. The boy's spelling and punctuation are retained in this letter, addressed to "Mr. John Appleton, Merch't, Salem."

Boston, Oct. 19th, 1769.

SIR, I take this opportunity to inform you that I am come to Live with Mr. Hopestill Capen. I like him and his Family very well as yet. I am Greatly obliged to you for your kind Recommendation of me to Mr. Capen, and

shall always retain a Gratefull Sense of the many other Kindnesses I always Received whilst I remained with you. Never shall I live at a place again that I delighted so much as at your house, nor with a Kinder Master. My Guardian says he will come to Salem and pay you some money very soon, which he expects dayly. Sir, I would beg of you not to Give yourself any Concern or Trouble about it, as you may depend upon having the Money very soon.

Sir, if you would give yourself the Trouble to send Round my things that remain at your house, I shall [be] obliged to you, and if you will send down the 2 trunks which I improved whilst at your house and charge them to me I will send you the money; please to put up all my small things you can find, viz: scales, paint-box, some Blue paper, a box of Crayons, or dry Colours, some Books, together with all my things remaining at your house; please to stow them in the Trunk that stands in the Kitchen Chamber, and please to put that, that stands in the Garret on Board Mr. West with it, and desire him to bring them down on the first opportunity. I shall come to Salem the first that I can be spared. Heartily Wishing you all Prosperity and Happiness, I remain your much obliged Humble Servant,

BENJAMIN THOMPSON.

It must have required some time and patience on the part of Mr. Appleton to hunt up and pack the curious gathering of tools, implements, artistic and scientific materials, which this volatile and inquisitive boy had collected when he was in his earliest teens, and which he had left behind when going home. The minister of Salem and his son, the school-master, discerning the gifts and zeal of the youth, had initiated him in algebra, geometry, astronomy, and the higher mathematics. While at Mr. Capen's, Thompson took lessons in French.

It is evident that the situation of a

shopboy was not suited to the fancy or the health of the youth, so in 1771 we find him at home, absorbed in very many tentative occupations. He made an electrical machine. He studied anatomy and medicine, and obtained permission to attend the philosophical lectures of Professor Winthrop, walking to and from Cambridge. His companion and friend in these walks and in all his diverse ingenuities was Loammi Baldwin, afterwards the eminent civil engineer, who was also his devoted admirer and correspondent through his later life.

Thompson's strange versatility and restlessness made him a perplexity to his guardian and his rural associates. But he was never idle, however inconstant in his scattering occupations. While not eighteen years old, he was probably better fitted than his competitors for the employment which engaged him for two years as a teacher in two or three country schools. His good reputation led to his being invited to a higher and permanent position as such to the then flourishing town, now the capital of New Hampshire, which at various periods in its history has borne the names of Penacook, Rumford, and Concord. It was from the second of these names, given to it by some of its early settlers coming from Rumford in England, that Thompson, from a prompting of gratitude, chose his title when ennobled by the elector of Bavaria. In Rumford he had found his start in life.

The two foremost men in the town were the Reverend Timothy Walker, its first minister, an able man, distinguished for public service, and Benjamin Rolfe, the squire of the village, the wealthiest citizen, with a large estate, who built, in 1764, a fine provincial mansion, still standing. Rolfe had married the daughter of Walker, half his own age, and in two years had left her a widow with a son to inherit his property. His wife died in his house in January, 1792, at the age of fifty-two, but not as his widow.

The young schoolmaster, handsome and of winning manners, found the way made easy for him by the widow of one year, and, as he afterward stated the case, "she married him rather than he her" in November, 1772. He had not reached his twentieth year, and she was thirty-three. A daughter, Sarah, afterwards allowed to take the title of countess, was born October 18, 1774. After several visits to and residences in Europe, she returned to die in the house in which she was born. She had become the heiress of her childless stepbrother, Paul Rolfe, who died in 1819.

Of course the young husband dropped his school-teaching, and gave himself for two happy years to the oversight of a large farm and other property. But with his prosperity began his troubles, which were those of the distracted Revolutionary times.

Thompson, with his fine presence, had the manners and polish of a gentleman, and his acquisitions gave him superiority over most of those around him. After his engagement and before his marriage, Mrs. Rolfe had taken him on the sixty-mile journey to Boston, in the curricule of her late husband, the only one in the village, sharing the hospitality of friends on the way. In the town she purchased for him the outfit of a gentleman, putting him in the hands of hairdresser and tailor, who set him in gay array, his favorite color being scarlet. On the return journey, the pair stopped at the house of Thompson's mother in Woburn. She, not being aware of the relation into which her son had entered, looked somewhat dubiously upon the lady, and chided her son thus: "Why, Ben, my son, how could you go and lay out all your winter's earnings in finery?" The bridal tour was made to agree with a military display in Portsmouth, then a wealthy and flourishing place, where the wife had acquaintances. The royal governor of the province, Wentworth, struck by the fine appearance of the young man

on horseback, and pleased with his address on an introduction, at once took a fancy to him, and by mere favoritism commissioned him as major in a vacancy in the second provincial regiment. This was the beginning of Thompson's woes, as it at once roused against him the pique, jealousy, and enmity of veterans, his superiors, proud of their rank and titles, as this seeming upstart, who in their view "put on airs," was not of legal age, and had no military training and experience. Thus began an intimacy with the royal governor which proved prejudicial to Thompson in the breach soon to open; for though the governor had strong sympathies with the patriot cause, he remained loyal to his king.

In the summer of 1773 and for the year following, Thompson devoted himself to experimental farming, sending to England for seeds. Like many older and wiser men than himself, he looked dubiously upon the vigorous outbursts and measures, especially the mobs and riots evoked by the rising spirit of liberty; and by word or deed, though no particular charges in either case are on record, he had evidently laid himself open to suspicion and distrust. One of the more characteristic incidents in the fomenting of the opening acts of our Revolution was the coming into prominence in political and social influence of popular leaders, so called, a class of persons in private, generally in humble life, not before noticeable in public affairs, but who suddenly and spontaneously asserted themselves; and the method then imposed by popular tribunals for clearing a suspected person from the charge of enmity to the cause of liberty was very humiliating to one of an independent spirit. The only offense on record against Thompson is one that might easily have been misunderstood and exaggerated. While carrying on his farm in the summer of 1773, among the laborers he employed were four deserters from the British army in Boston, who

he found were very desirous of getting back into the ranks. With his wife he had made occasional visits to Boston, and had shared the hospitality of Gage and other British officers. He solicited the general to allow these deserters to return unharmed, concealing, however, his agency in the matter. When challenged for this act, he justified it on the ground of simple humanity. But the time had come when neutrality or any friendly relations with the enemy, open till the closing in of Boston by the siege after the affairs of Concord and Lexington, were unallowable.

In the summer of 1774, Major Thompson was summoned before a self-constituted committee in Concord, and charged with being "unfriendly to the cause of liberty." He denied the charge, and as no proof was alleged he was dismissed. But he was still under a cloud; for in November, 1774, his house was surrounded by a mob with threatening demonstrations. Having been warned of this proceeding, he had just left the town, and his wife and brother-in-law addressing the mob, it dispersed. The experience was harassing and irritating to this young man of twenty-two. He looked for a speedy subsidence of the excitement, and offered to return home if he could be assured against indignity and violence. In the mean while he went to his mother's in Woburn, where his wife with her infant joined him temporarily. During her visit occurred the skirmishes at Concord and Lexington. Thompson was occasionally with friends in Charlestown, busying himself with military affairs as a study. But suspicion and odium still pursued him. In May, 1775, he was put under arrest at Woburn, and, courted a free public examination, passed through the process under a committee which in form, but not effectually, acquitted him; his friend Baldwin standing loyally by him, and endeavoring, at his request, to obtain service for him in the patriot army, but in vain.

Thompson, wounded in spirit and exasperated as he was, still showed nothing of vengefulness. It would seem that as he soon left Woburn it was without any settled plan for the future. He was to be guided by circumstances. Those circumstances, rather than a purpose, led him to commit himself to the side of the king. He remained in Woburn two months after he had determined to leave the country, paying dues and collecting debts, taking leave of neighbors and making deliberate preparations for his departure. On October 13, 1775, in a country vehicle, accompanied by a fondly attached stepbrother, son of his mother by her second husband, he was driven to the shore of Narragansett Bay, and taken by a boat to the British frigate *Scarborough*, in Newport harbor. Thompson's friends were for a time uncertain of his whereabouts, till a rumor came in February, 1776, that he was acting as clerk to some military officer in Boston. Doubtless, with his ability and activity, he made friends, but he could not have been in the town quite four months before its evacuation by the British army, of which humiliating event he carried the official tidings to Secretary Lord George Germaine, May 3, 1776. Thompson was proscribed as a refugee by the New Hampshire legislature in 1778, and his little property in Massachusetts was confiscated.

The marked characteristic of this seeming adventurer all through his remarkable career was his facility in turning opportunity to the best account. His first interview with Germaine made an impression which put him at once upon eminent and rewarding service. Floundering in bewildered ignorance as British officials, civil and military, then were as to the conditions of the warfare they had undertaken against the colonies, they gladly welcomed and availed themselves of any seemingly trustworthy information coming thence at first hand. The affability, self-possession, intelli-

gence, and ready communicativeness of Thompson at once won him attention, confidence, and further opportunity. A place was found for him in the secretary's office as a clerk, and all his faculties and accomplishments were at once engaged in advancing, by some form of appreciated service, the situation secured by the hap of having made a pleasant impression. There were much wiser men in London than he, who could have given the wholly incompetent secretary judicious advice and useful information, but the charming manners of his clerk led to his rapid advancement in position and influence. He took his meals at the lodgings of Germaine in the city, and was a favored guest at his country house. The worst advisers which the secretary and the administration had, and whose advice, though misleading, had a prevailing influence, were some of the Crown officers and other refugees who cherished a vengeful spirit from having been driven with insults from the colonies, with confiscation of their estates. Many of these had held the highest social position. Thompson's official position and known influence naturally brought him into embarrassing and often delicate relations with many of these importunate refugees, who came to him for sympathy, advice, or direct help, though very few of them could have been personally known to him. They were variously received, and the estimate which they formed of the sympathy or sincerity of this always affable if sometimes plausible young man depended for the most part upon the pecuniary result of their appeals. I have given in the *Memoir* of the count some individual cases of his intercourse with these keen solicitants. One of them, perhaps the only one who had had personal acquaintance with Thompson, was the melancholy exile Judge Curwen, of the admiralty in Salem, who, in his journal, which when published attracted the notice of Dickens, quaintly refers to Thompson as once a shopboy in the store of his

neighbor Appleton. In the recently published journal, written in England, of the greatly misjudged Governor Hutchinson of Massachusetts, are references to his intercourse with Thompson. In the additional papers which have come to my notice are some which reflect severely upon Thompson. Among the Trumbull Papers in the Massachusetts Historical Society are some letters written to his father by the painter Colonel John Trumbull, who in 1777 had resigned in the American army an office corresponding to that held in the British army by the unfortunate Major André. Having sailed from America on a French armed ship in May, 1780, he had ventured to make his way to London, to become a pupil in art of Benjamin West. He says he had secured through his friend Sir John Temple, British consul in New York, an assurance from Lord George Germaine that if he chose to visit London for purposes of art, though he would be carefully watched, his military career would be unnoticed, and he would not be molested if he abstained from all political intermeddling. He was occupying in London lodgings with a fellow-passenger, Major Tyler, of Boston, also of the American army, when tidings came, November 15, 1780, of the execution of Major André. Intense excitement and passion followed. The jealousy of some of the resident refugees had already been turned against the immunity of the two lodgers, and Germaine was warned of the presence of a plausible and dangerous man, "doubtless a spy," in the person of Tyler, who was arrested. Trumbull charges that Thompson gave additional information against him as perhaps the more dangerous of the two. His papers were therefore searched, and on a Sunday, at midnight, he was committed to a lock-up, sleeping in the same bed with a highwayman. Frankly avowing, on his examination, who he was, and referring to his understanding with Germaine, he most unwisely, in his indigna-

tion, threatened that Washington would retaliate on some in his power for any ill treatment of himself. He was kept in prison for seven months. Benjamin West interceded in his behalf with the king, who, though expressing pity on his account, and promising safety to his life, said the law must take its course. Finally, through the influence of powerful friends, including Fox, Burke, Rockingham, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Copley, he was liberated by warrant, June 12, 1781; West and Copley giving bonds for £200 that he should leave the kingdom in thirty days. Trumbull accuses Thompson, "a Woburn lad," with stopping and reading his letters to Germaine, with trying to prevent his being set at liberty, and with telling West that he was injuring himself by his interference. After his release he says, "I remained only ten days to settle my affairs, in which time I saw Mr. Thompson, who treated me now with as much politeness as he had insolence before, and returned me most of my papers."

In the mean while, the "Woburn lad" had been made secretary of the province of Georgia. He steadily pressed himself into personal, social, and professional relations with persons of acquirements and station. He drew notice to himself for that interest in science and philosophy which had been so helpful to Franklin, the most distinguished of all Americans in Europe. He busied himself with economical, utilitarian, and military investigations in naval artillery and naval architecture. He introduced bayonets for the fuses of the horse guards, experimented in explosives, and devised a system of sea signals. He made himself favorably known by communications to Sir Joseph Banks, president of the Royal Society, of which, as a result, he was chosen a Fellow in 1779, as "a gentleman well versed in natural knowledge and many branches of polite learning." This was good advancement for one twenty-six years of age. He constantly

attended the meetings, and was a zealous working associate.

In 1780 Thompson was made under-secretary of state for the Northern Department, in which office, signing all official papers, he continued for thirteen months, in charge of all details for recruiting, equipment, transport, and victualing of the British forces. He was never charged with greed or accumulation, was economical and simple in personal habits, and lavishly generous with his honest means.

The blunders and failures in the conduct of the war foreboded the disaster which closed it. Germaine, now Lord Sackville, about to fall from place and power, finding Thompson desirous of doing military service (he had always retained his title of major), obtained for him a commission as lieutenant-colonel in command in America of a body of provincial loyalists, with the purpose of raising a cavalry corps of such on Long Island. Thompson's pay was to be twenty-four shillings and sixpence a day. We have no space and little interest to follow him in this bootless and one might wish to believe uncongenial errand in behalf of an object already doomed to failure. The surrender of Cornwallis, which substantially closed the war, occurred while he was on his passage here, and became known to him on his arrival at Charleston, South Carolina, in January, 1782, where he performed some desultory but useless service. This was continued in that and early in the following year, till peace came, on Long Island. The distance of three thousand miles which had separated him from his deserted family and friends was reduced while he was here to less than three hundred, but there is no evidence that he opened any communication with them, withheld either by indifference or alienation. Resumption of intercourse, and that of the heartiest kind, was to be left to a later and more serene period of his life. He had so approved himself to General Carleton, in

command at New York to close up the strife, as to obtain from him leave of absence, April 11, 1783, to return to England, with high recommendations to the king. He was advanced to a colonelcy on the permanent British establishment, from which he drew half-pay for the remainder of his life.

Having conceived a temporary ambition for military service, even if under another power, he obtained special permission from the king to visit the Continent, September, 1783, with a view to be a volunteer in the Austrian army in a war against the Turks. With the singular felicity of what seemed luck in so many incidents of his extraordinary career, while attending a military parade at Strasburg he drew the notice, the curious interest, and then the proffer of hospitality, of the French field marshal, Prince Maximilian of Deux-Ponts, in 1799 made elector, and in 1805 king, of Bavaria. This was the decisive hour in Thompson's splendid fortune. The prince asked him to visit Munich with a letter to his uncle, Elector Charles Theodore, who proved, till his death in 1799, the devoted admirer, constant friend, and grateful patron of Thompson. The elector invited the handsome and accomplished officer of the age of thirty years, trained in workshop, cabinet, and field, to enter his service, both military and civil, at a most critical period in the condition of Bavaria, which was a prize in contest by the then contending imperial Continental powers. Thompson needed to obtain the permission of his sovereign, and, on a visit to England for the purpose, he not only received it, but also the honor of knighthood, February 23, 1784. With the prestige of honors, title, and his half-pay, this soldier of fortune, in the best sense of the epithet, returned to Bavaria; his abilities, marvelous versatility, and high ambition, accompanied by fidelity and unwearied zeal in most exacting labors for works of reform and improvements, adapting him

to the elector's pressing needs in his own imperiled and convulsed dominion. It may be that Thompson had the repute of the then deceased Franklin to inspire him, if he needed anything beyond the capacities and purpose found in himself. Radical and extensive reforms, all excellent in intent and effect; sage devices and schemes of homely benevolence curiously connected with severely scientific inventions and experiments; shrewdly sagacious measures for grappling with the evils and frauds of tramps and mendicancy and the mischiefs of a standing army; the invention and first practical and successful trial of plans for dealing with poverty and almsgiving, which have since been adopted, and are now followed to such purpose in every well-ordered community, — these, briefly and most inadequately stated in condensed summary, were the directions of Thompson's zeal and transcendent success. To these he gave eleven years of the closest application, exhaustive of his own fine constitution, before he made another visit to England. He mastered the French and German languages, was regarded as a man of rare and universal accomplishments, and by his prudence and affability conciliated the jealousy of those who might grudge the trusts and honors bestowed on a foreigner. The elector's confidence and gratitude knew no bounds. He gave Thompson a palatial edifice, a military staff, servants and blood-horses, and constituted him major-general of cavalry, privy counselor, chamberlain, and head of the war and police departments. When, in an interval of vacancy, the elector was Vicar of the Empire, he made Sir Benjamin Count of the Holy Roman Empire, with the order of the White Eagle. It is pleasant to repeat that Thompson, whom we must now call Count Rumford, should have chosen for title the name of the modest New England village where his first advancement came to him as a rural schoolmaster. He was also laden with titular, civic, and academic honors.

As he was exhausted by his manifold and severe labors, the elector released him for sixteen months of travel on the Continent in 1793-94, in which he visited and introduced his ingenuities and improvements in many cities, as in Verona, Naples, and Florence.

Among other employments, Thompson had written, in Munich, his first series of essays. By leave of the elector, — to whom he most gratefully dedicated them, — he left Munich in September, 1795, to publish them in England, where, his fame and success being widely current, they gained popularity and interest.

It is cheering, at this point, to renew the connection of this eminent man with his deserted American home, where his signal career and honors were well known. There are evidences that, availing himself of some transient visitors, he had sent messages and pecuniary remittances to those whom he had not forgotten. He was now in correspondence, most hearty and genial on both sides, with his early and ever-constant friend Baldwin, through whom he made generous provision for his again widowed mother, with four additional children. For her he expressed the very tenderest affection and gratitude. His wife, at Concord, having died in 1792, he had sent for his motherless daughter, at the age of twenty-two, to meet him, as she did, on this his visit to London. The meeting was at first rapturous, and more than satisfactory on both sides; but the satisfaction was largely qualified, also on both sides, on intimate relations and intercourse revealing each to the other their very marked individualities and idiosyncrasies. The daughter accompanied her father back to Munich, and, having spent three and a half years abroad, returned home, to join him afterwards under changed circumstances.

During this errand to England, which occupied less than a year, the count's presence was marked in the honors and

visits which he received, and in the exercise of his benevolent and ingenious activity. He regulated hundreds of smoking chimneys and ill-devised kitchens for hospitals and for nobles and peasants, and gave directions for the preparation of economical and nutritive food, even himself assuming the garb and functions of a cook. His most signal service, which will always perpetuate his fame as a man of science and a philanthropist, was the endowment of the Royal Society of London and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences each with a fund of \$5000, the income to be awarded, in premium or medal, once in two years to him who, on either continent or its islands, should make and publish an invention or discovery in the application of light or heat to useful ends. It should be mentioned here that during the count's absence from Munich, and without his knowledge, his grateful and admiring friends had erected that fine monumental tribute to him, of such interest to American visitors, in the "English Gardens," or Park, which Rumford had deemed from a bog.

In August, 1796, the count and his daughter, by a circuitous route, and with many embarrassing difficulties and annoyances, reached Munich. The whole continent was distracted by war. Bavaria was endeavoring to maintain its neutrality between the French and the Austrians. The elector himself, abandoning his capital, left all the measures for its defense in the hands of the count, whom he put in command of the military. By his successful strategy the count saved the city, increasing the gratitude of the elector, but drawing upon himself the jealousy and enmity of others in place and power which finally impaired his popularity and influence. For two years and a half father and daughter lived here together, indulging their quite different tastes and habits, and learning, without conforming themselves to, each other's strong wills and alienating tem-

peraments. The count seemed intent, by espionage and discipline, on guarding his daughter from some of the dubious conformities in which he himself indulged. Her most frank and communicative journal, from which I have drawn largely in the Memoir, has in it many charming touches, naive and suggestive, of the qualities of her early girlhood, as she was trying to get used to certain "ways of the world" around her. She gives us what we have from no other source, curious disclosures of her father's private habits, his martinet stiffness of order and discipline, his domestic routine, and the formalities and dignities of his official administration. He detected, or at least suspected, some gallantries of intercourse between her and a nobleman, one of his aids, for which, she tells us weepingly, he "boxed her ears," and sent off the aid to other service.

The daughter, meanwhile, was having her full share in the game of life. She was allowed to take the title of countess, and received a life pension of about £200 a year. She had learned some things which she ought not to have known, and perhaps was glad, though with the renewed difficulties and annoyances of travel, through scenes of war, to return with her father to London in September, 1798. The count had been appointed by the elector his minister to the British court, but was most grievously and bitterly disappointed that, being a British-born subject, the king would not receive him in a diplomatic capacity. But he found a most congenial and exacting subject for his untiring zeal in inventiveness and large schemes for extended usefulness, and in planning and establishing what he regarded as the great enterprise of his life, the Royal Institution of London, which has now for nearly a century been a centre of diffusive influence in the highest ranges

of science and popular advancement. The conception of this Institution had been formed by him in Munich, and he had corresponded concerning it with those in London whose coöperation he desired.

While giving his energies of ingenuity and practical scheming to the Institution, and seeing it generously supported, chartered, and beginning most hopefully its work, the count provided a residence for himself and daughter at Brompton, near London. This private dwelling became an object of curious interest to visitors. It was planned by the count, and in all its details, architectural, domestic, ornamental, and in all the materials, shapes, and devices of its furnishing, and especially its culinary arrangements, it showed the ingenuity, the love of method and order, and, it must be added, the eccentricities of the count.¹

Sarah, during this last year of the three and a half years of her first visit to her not always approbatory father, was finding high enjoyments of her own in social intimacy with people of rank. She had another suitor in Sir Charles Blagden, a friend and correspondent of her father and herself, then and after her return to America. Many of the letters are in my hands. But the count, not approving, told Sarah something which, though not revealed in her journal, had the effect of a warning. She was then twenty-five years of age.

Before leaving Munich the count had a vague intention of visiting America, and even of providing for himself a residence there. Afterward, when he was in England, a rumor had been spread that he had left the service of Bavaria, and had been invited by the United States government to return to his native country, with the promise of official position there. By the action of both New Hampshire and Massachusetts, Rumford

¹ There has come into my possession a little book, written by his own hand, containing a full inventory of every article in this house, and in

itself also an inventory of many of the qualities and notions of the count.

was a proscribed and banished citizen. Although, smarting under his rejection as the minister of Bavaria, a visit to America might have been agreeable to him, his absorption in his Institution precluded it. By an initiative letter of Rumford to his friend Rufus King, our minister in England, and by subsequent correspondence with officials of our government, the way had been made easy and attractive to the count to return and find honored employment in the United States. Rumford sent some valuable military models to our Secretary of War, and had many correspondents in this country. Recalled by necessary business to Munich, and not wishing to take his daughter there again, he parted with her the last of August, 1799, and sent her home. Twelve years were to elapse before she should, under quite different circumstances, rejoin him in Europe. In the interval, father and daughter were in frequent correspondence. But she had in this interval a most wise and faithful counselor in her unsuccessful suitor, Sir Charles Blagden. Though from some real or fancied ill treatment Blagden afterwards ceased all intercourse with the count, he took the place of a guardian and most discreet adviser to the daughter, wholly disinterested and sincere, and gave her cautious counsels as to some of her many suitors of whom she wrote him. I cannot but infer from letters in my hands that he was a more judicious guide than was her father.

Leaving Munich after discharging his public duties there and renewing order in his various establishments, which had suffered from the lack of his close supervision, the count made his first visit to Paris in October, 1801. He was received in Paris with warm and demonstrative enthusiasm, and was visited and applauded by men of science and the highest of the nobility, which of course ministered to whatever of weakness of vanity and self-conceit was justly charged against him. Here, too, he first met

the lady, the rich, accomplished, and admired widow of the eminent chemist Lavoisier, with whom his subsequent married life was to prove so uncongenial. During the earlier years of the count's residence in Paris, when both the non-intercourse between England and the Continent enforced by war and the honors paid in France to Rumford roused suspicions and ill feelings in his English associates, his course seemed inexplicable. In occasional letters, which with difficulty crossed the sea, he had expressed his desire and intention to return to England and look to his Institution. While the Memoir was in progress, the writer, having knowledge that the count retained his friendly relations with Sir Joseph Banks, inferred that letters to him from the count would probably explain what was mysterious or suspicious in this matter. These letters, not then within my reach, have since become available, and yield the desired information. It seems that Bonaparte had given Rumford permission to reside in France, and had allowed him to retain his Bavarian pension of £1200, on condition of his keeping aloof from all political intermeddling.

I copy here a letter of the count to Banks:—

HOTEL DE CARAMAN, PARIS,
November 11, 1801.

MY DEAR SIR JOSEPH,—I arrived here from Munich about a fortnight ago, and I purpose staying here three weeks longer. My reception has been very flattering, and I find many interesting objects of curiosity that engage my attention. I have already made the personal acquaintance of most of the men of eminence in science, and I have attended several of the meetings of the National Institute. At the last meeting of the mathematical and physical class the First Consul came in, and, fortunately for the complete gratification of my curiosity, he happened to come and seat himself very near me. One person only

(Lagrange) was between us. He stayed about an hour, — till the meeting was over. Volta read a memoir on galvanism, and explained his theory of the action of the voltaic pile or battery. His opinion is that all the appearances that are called galvanic are owing to the action of an electric fluid, and he says that the simple tact of two metals — silver and zinc, for instance — is sufficient to set the electric fluid in motion; and if the metals are insulated, one of them will become electrified positively, and the other negatively. This assertion was proved by an experiment which was made before the assembly, and this fact is the foundation on which his explanation of the phenomena of the galvanic pile is established. After Volta had finished his memoir, the First Consul demanded leave from the president to speak, which being granted, he proposed to the meeting to reward M. Volta with a gold medal, and to appoint a committee to confer with M. Volta on the subject of his experiments and investigations respecting galvanism, and to make such new experiments as may bid fair to lead to further discoveries. He delivered his sentiments with great perspicuity, and displayed a degree of eloquence which surprised me. He is certainly a very extraordinary man, and is possessed of uncommon abilities. The expression of his countenance is strong, and it is easy to perceive by his looks that he can pronounce the magic words "*Je le veux*" with due energy. I was presented to him by the Bavarian minister at his last public audience, and was received by him with marked attention. He gave me to understand that he knew me by reputation very well, and intimated that the French nation had adopted several of the improvements I had recommended. A few minutes after I came home from the audience, I received a note from him, inviting me to come and dine with him that day. The foreign ministers dined with him, but no other stranger except myself was in-

vited; consequently, my being invited was considered as a marked distinction. It was the next day that I saw him again at the National Institute.

I have had opportunities of making the acquaintance of several of the most distinguished characters now in power in this country. I am very intimate with Chaptal, the Minister of the Interior, and frequently see Talleyrand, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. I have dined with both of them, and visit them often. La Place and Berthollet are very civil and attentive to me, and have each of them given me a dinner, where I met most of the men of science of the first distinction in Paris. Fourcroy has also given me a dinner. In short, I am treated with the utmost civility, and I spend my time very agreeably and very usefully.

I hope to see you in London about the 6th or 8th of December.

Ever yours most faithfully,

RUMFORD.

This was soon followed by another: —

PARIS, November 22, 1801.

MY DEAR SIR JOSEPH, — I do wrong, perhaps, but I cannot help telling you that your name is at the head of the list of those ten persons whom the class of mathematics and physics have resolved to present to the National Institute at their next general meeting, in order to their being elected foreign members of the Institute. You were proposed to the class by the section of botany. Your name is followed by those of Maskelyne, Cavendish, Herschel, Priestley, Pallas, Volta, and three others. I was present when the ballot of the class was taken, and had the satisfaction to see that all the votes agreed in placing your name at the head of the list. I was politely told that my name would have been near that of my friend, had it not been that the second class of the Institute had claimed me as belonging to them, and had placed

me on their list. The three first names on that list are, I am told, Mr. Jefferson, President of the United States, Count Rumford, and Major Rennell; the others I did not learn.

I was proposed to the class by the section of political economy. The classes propose to the Institute, and the Institute elects at a general meeting. The number of foreign members is limited to twenty-four. As the election will not take place for some weeks to come, I beg you would make the most prudent use of the information I have given you. I shall not mention the subject to anybody but yourself.

I hope to see you in London in about three weeks from this time.

My health is much improved, and is still improving every day. My stay in Paris has afforded me much amusement, but I begin to be impatient to see my friends in England. I hope everything is going on well at the Royal Institution.

I am, my dear Sir Joseph, with unalterable esteem and attachment, yours most faithfully,

RUMFORD.

After this pleasant life in Paris, the count returned to his home in Brompton, December 20. He left England, for the last time, as it proved, May 9, 1802. From this date, the count's interest and concern in the Institution, for which he had labored with such energy and zeal, of which he had been the master spirit and acknowledged head, and which had been so richly endowed, popular, and successful, with noble and fashionable patrons, ceased, though the Institution had passed but two years of its existence. The matter seems inexplicable. But there were reasons that throw light upon it. His daughter, in her infirm old age, destroyed a large package of letters from her father, written during this period, and giving full details of the opposition and conflicts which he had encountered. But we have glimmers of light from other

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sources. The plan of the Institution, from its first working, proved impracticable, because of its combination of purely scientific with mechanical and utilitarian objects, mechanism, model rooms and workshops. The scheme was too comprehensive and diffusive. A genius like Davy, in his conspicuous and wonderful service of it, though he was put in place by Rumford, turned it within the two years from its original design. Then, too, friction, lack of harmony, variance of purpose soon rising to discord, alienated from Rumford, one by one, nearly all his first associates. His temperament and proclivity led him to wish to be not only leader, but dictator. He was opinionative and imperious. Though he had exercised such almost absolute authority and individual administrative power in Bavaria, he could not, even with his affability and persuasiveness, override the differing judgments of men socially influential and individually tenacious of their own rights and opinions. His best friends began at this time to allege that he was irritable and irascible. Of this something may be said in extenuation. His bodily health and vigor were now seriously and, as it proved, hopelessly impaired. He was dyspeptic, splenetic, and consequently regarded as hypochondriacal. He was abstemious, notional, and whimsical in his self-imposed regimen and diet. It was a matter of marvel, and even of humor, among his intimates, that one who had written with such minuteness of detail and with such Apician skill about relishing and appetizing food as, it was said, provoked a craving for banqueting in his readers, would never partake of such viands, nor more than raise his glass to his lips. Visiting watering-places, he made that morbid study of symptomatic feelings and those testing experiments in dieting which seem about equally to indicate and to induce a failure of healthful vitality. This irritability of temper first manifested itself under the disappointment and mortification of

his rejection as Bavarian minister to England. It may have been that the extreme prostration which he had suffered from overwork and exhaustion at Munich, when he himself expected that his life was closing, had caused a chronic cerebral weakness. Nor was the count, laden as he had been with success, eulogy, and applause, by any means insensible to the stings of ridicule to which he and his scientific associates were mischievously subjected. As the Royal Society had, from its origin through its subsequent course, been the butt for all sorts of satires, gibes, and badinage, for the freaks of nature and oddities in its collections, and for its unintelligible scientific discussions, so the Royal Institution furnished rich provocatives to such merriment. Gillray, perhaps the most ingenious of England's unbroken line of caricaturists, made frequent sport of the Institution. In his number 459, issued June 12, 1800, is a plate, the indecency of which will not allow of its description, in which Rumford figures in an experiment on air, with the following text: "It is hardly necessary to state that Count Rumford is one of the most remarkable pretenders to science of his time, though not deficient in ingenuity, as his stoves and his various contrivances for the improvement and simplifying of kitchen operations proved. Peter Pindar has well recorded his fame:—

'Knight of the dish-clout, wheresoe'er I walk,
I hear thee, Rumford, all the kitchen talk:
Note of melodious cadence on the ear,
Loud echoes, "Rumford" here, and "Rumford" there.
Lo! every parlor, drawing-room, I see,
Boasts of thy stoves, and talks of naught but thee.'

It was said that "this portrait of the titled inventor of stoves gave great amusement to the original." This statement may be doubted, for Rumford was extremely sensitive and "touchy." The caricature number 520, issued May 23, 1802, is, "Scientific Researches! New Discoveries in Pneumatics! Or an Ex-

perimental Lecture on the Powers of Air." This is a burlesque on the Royal Institution. Many figures are the portraits of the more distinguished members. The gentleman ludicrously and indecently experimented upon is Sir J. C. Hippesley; the operator is Dr. Garnett; young Humphry Davy holds the bellows; Count Rumford, D'Israeli, Earl Gower, Lord Stanhope, Earl Pomfret, etc., appear. I find in one of Rumford's letters to Banks from Paris that the latter had sent this coarse caricature to the count, drawing from him the following reply: "The print you sent me has afforded me much amusement, and, even more than that, it has given me real satisfaction. It is just that 'those who take up the sword should perish by the sword.' I never had a doubt who was the author of another print which certainly was not designed to give me pleasure. Although it has long been said, and I believe with truth, that those who render themselves conspicuous by their superior genius, their talents, and above all by their usefulness to society must necessarily be exposed to the shafts of envy and to the hatred of all bad men; yet, much as I am desirous of deserving the approbation of mankind, so far from feeling any secret satisfaction at seeing myself distinguished by those miscreants who may justly be considered as the vermin of society, I lament that I am not permitted to finish my days in peace and quietness. But the established order of things cannot be changed and I must endeavor to support with patience and dignity all those evils which cannot be avoided."

He speaks in this letter of the many objects of pleasure and interest which he finds in Paris, and of the congenial and instructive delights which are afforded him by his membership and attendance upon the meetings of the Institute. Of one of these occasions, the subject being a proposed canal from Cambay to St. Quentin, he says: "The First Consul was present, and took a very

active part in the debate. He displayed very uncommon abilities. He is indeed a very extraordinary man. He hears with patience and with the utmost attention every argument opposed to his own opinions, and he states the question in dispute in so clear a light, and divests it so completely from every consideration that is not essential, that every difficulty seems to be removed, and the decision rendered quite plain and obvious. I was at the public audience on the 14th of July, and dined with the First Consul, and also stayed and spent the evening at the Tuileries. We sat down to table about two hundred and forty persons, and about sixty or eighty of the company stayed and spent the evening. There were a few card-tables, not more than four or five. The First Consul did not play, but walked about and talked to the company. He went out two or three times upon an elevated terrace to see the illuminations of the gardens. As often as he appeared the crowd below saluted him by clapping hands. He went to the opera the next evening, and instead of occupying his private box, which is *grillé*, he went and took his place in front of Madame Bonaparte's box, where he was exposed to the view of the whole house. The applause he received was quite enthusiastic, and lasted near a quarter of an hour. 'Vive Bonaparte!' was heard from every part of the theatre, and the actors were obliged to stop for some time. He came to the meeting of the Institute on Saturday without any guards," etc.

I have letters from Sir Charles Blagden — not yet alienated from the count — in which he informs Banks of their visit in company to Bavaria, and of the "respect and affection with which Rumford is treated by all ranks of people. I do not mean to say that he is without enemies, for surely he has many, but all, as far as I can learn, from envy, jealousy, or competition of interests. The great mass of the people consider him as

a public benefactor, and would rejoice to see the government of the country thrown into his hands. We called at a convent in Bavaria, and it was surprising to see how much attachment the monks show to him, though they must consider him as a heretic. In spite of the religious differences, he has found the means to persuade them of his general good intentions. The elector and every person in his family behave to the count with great respect," etc. Blagden says the count declined all public trusts, and wished to be "simply the elector's friend." This elector was the nephew of the count's original and deceased patron.

The count still professed his intention of returning to England to look after his Institution. He wrote from Bavaria that he had been refused permission to go there through France. Blagden says that this was through fear "that he would act the spy," a charge that had been alleged against Blagden. I suspect that the breach between the two once-attached friends arose from Blagden's suspicion that the count had not effectually vindicated him from this charge.

Through the whole period of the count's agreeable experiences in France and Bavaria, as well as in the sharp domestic troubles which followed, he continued diligently and ardently his studies and experiments in light and heat, and his economical and benevolent ingenuity and zeal in a large variety of subjects. While on a tour in Switzerland he wrote his paper on the Glaciers of Chamouni.

It would be pleasant if one might here close a sketch of the career of this remarkable man. In 1804 the new elector had settled upon him an additional pension, and though his health and flesh and cheerfulness were reduced by his splenetic habit, he seemed to have the prospect of many years of usefulness and enviable privileges. As already stated, among the strong attachments felt by the count

on first coming to Paris was that for Madame Lavoisier, whom he then described in glowing terms, even if she was not to be regarded as handsome. Four years were to pass before they were married. In the interval, by constantly increasing intercourse and intimacy, and by making the tour of Switzerland together, he had had the fairest and fullest opportunity for understanding as well as appreciating her brilliant qualities, her tastes, habits, and views of life, and for knowing her strong social cravings and preferences in entertaining at dinner and tea parties and in her Salon men and women of talents and distinction. His own letters and those of Sir Charles Blagden, — who seems at the time to have been keeping a close watch on him, — written to the daughter and preserved by her, are now before me. Blagden did not believe the intimacy would result in a match, and he regarded ominously the consummation, for he well understood the peculiarities and the self-assertive imperiousness of the count, fixed in his temperament and in his independent bachelor life. Even the count, in his first infatuation, although avowing his admiration of the lady in the warmest terms, gave expression to some misgivings as to the wisdom and the possible results of the venture. The marriage took place October 24, 1805, he being fifty-two and she forty-seven years of age. The count's first prompting was to send for his daughter to make her home with him. "But madame did not wish to have a stepdaughter." She sent Sarah some very rich and costly presents of jewelry and laces, which are still to be seen. Only two months had passed when the count informed his daughter that he feared he had acted unwisely. On June 30, 1809, three and a half years after the marriage, a period shorter than that of the previous

acquaintance of the discordant couple, an amicable separation was arranged by friends, though occasional intercourse was maintained between them by visits. On each anniversary of their wedding, till the rupture, the count wrote an especial letter to Sarah, in which, with increasing bitterness of tone and with sharply ob-jurgatory epithets, he relates his miseries and wrongs in a "hornet's nest," tormented by "a female dragon."

Among the materials which have come to my hand since the composition of the Memoir is the charming autobiography of the eminent botanist De Candolle.¹ In this there is a piquant reference to Count Rumford, both while living with and after his separation from madame. De Candolle was interested in the same inventive and philanthropic objects as the count, for whom, he says, he had conceived the highest admiration and veneration, as a philosopher and benefactor. On his arrival in Paris, De Candolle and his friend Delessert eagerly sought out Rumford. "The sight of him," writes De Candolle, "very much reduced our enthusiasm. We found him a dry, precise man, who spoke of beneficence as a sort of discipline, and of the poor as we had never dared to speak of vagabonds."² It was necessary, he said, to punish those who dispensed alms; we must compel the poor to work, etc. Our amazement was great on hearing such maxims. M. de Rumford established himself in Paris, where he married Madame Lavoisier, the widow of the celebrated chemist. I had relations with each of them, and never saw a more bizarre connection. Rumford was cold, calm, obstinate, egotistic, prodigiously occupied with the material element of life and the very smallest inventions of detail. He wanted his chimneys, lamps, coffee-pots, windows, made after

¹ Mémoires et Souvenirs de Augustin-Pyramus de Candolle, etc. Genève, Cherbuliez, 1862.

² This reproach of the count is in keeping

with the seemingly paradoxical estimate of him pronounced by Guizot, that though Rumford's life was devoted to beneficence, he had acknowledged that he did not love his fellow-men.

a certain pattern, and he contradicted his wife a thousand times a day about the household management. Madame Lavoisier-Rumford (for so she was called during his life, and did not begin to bear the name of Rumford till after his death) was a woman of a resolute and willful character. A widow during twelve or fifteen years, she had the habit of following her own inclination, and with difficulty bore opposition. Her spirit was high, her soul strong, her character masculine. Her second marriage was very soon vexed by the most grotesque scenes. Their separation was more of a blessing to both of them than was their union."¹

The lady outlived her husband twenty-two years, continuing her former mode of life as the centre around which gathered a distinguished circle, charmingly described by Guizot. She died in 1836, aged seventy-eight.

Before purchasing a house at Auteuil, the count had intended to return to England, to his house at Brompton, which had been leased. His wife released her legal rights in that estate in favor of his daughter. But the war impeded his movements, and even interfered with the regular transmission of his half-pay. So he wrote to his daughter to join him at Auteuil. She gladly responded, and, facing the perils of the sea with the added dangers of war and capture upon it, sailed from New York on July 24, 1811. The vessel, being captured as a suspected blockade runner, was carried into Ply-

mouth, England, September 7, the countess being deprived of her jewels and other property. Sir Charles Blagden came to her advice and relief. After many difficulties, she reached Auteuil in December, 1811. She had a qualified comfort and happiness with her father in his pleasant surroundings, and formed cordial relations with his "separated wife." The father had his changing moods, and continued to make elaborate communications to the Institute and the Royal Society. But his life was soon to close, for he died August 21, 1814, his daughter being absent at the time. The many tributes, with a variety of tone and estimate, paid to him are given in the Memoir. In view of the many conspicuous services he had rendered to Bavaria, King Maximilian, at his own charge, erected in 1867, in the finest street in Munich, a superb bronze statue in commemoration of the count.²

The countess remained abroad in England and France till 1844, when she returned to America. I recall her, from occasional interviews with her, as an interesting rather than an attractive person. Though burdened with infirmity, she had been making preparations again to visit Europe, when her life closed, December 2, 1852, in her seventy-ninth year. She died in the house in which she was born, and which now, with an adequate fund for its support, provided in her will, serves as the "Rolfé and Rumford Asylum" for the poor, especially women and girls.

George E. Ellis.

¹ Another very serviceable reference to husband and wife I have found in an Autobiography of A. B. Granville, M. D., F. R. S., being Eighty-Eight Years of the Life of a Physician. King & Co., London, 1874.

² The noble public library in the city of Woburn stands in a park which seems to invite a memorial of the most eminent person born in

that place. By proper application to the authorities at Munich, I had sought and had obtained permission for a replica of that statue, which was to be provided for by a generous citizen, whose sudden death occurred as he was about to execute his will. It is to be hoped that the project will yet be successful.

THE EAVESDROPPER.

In a still room, at hush of dawn,
My love and I lay side by side,
And heard the roaming forest wind
Stir in the paling autumntide.

I watched her earth-brown eyes grow glad
Because the round day was so fair;
While memories of reluctant night
Lurked in the blue dusk of her hair.

Outside, a yellow maple-tree,
Shifting upon the silvery blue
With small innumerable sound,
Rustled to let the sunlight through.

The livelong day the elvish leaves
Danced with their shadows on the floor;
And the lost children of the wind
Went straying homeward by our door.

And all the swarthy afternoon
We watched the great deliberate sun
Walk through the crimsoned hazy world,
Counting his hilltops one by one.

Then, as the purple twilight came
And touched the vines along our eaves,
Another Shadow stood without
And gloomed the dancing of the leaves.

The silence fell on my love's lips;
Her great brown eyes were veiled and sad
With pondering some maze of dream,
Though all the splendid year was glad.

Restless and vague as a gray wind
Her heart had grown, — she knew not why.
But hurrying to the open door,
Against the verge of western sky

I saw retreating on the hills,
Looming and sinister and black,
The stealthy figure swift and huge
Of One who strode and looked not back.

Bliss Carman.

ALEX RANDALL'S CONVERSION.

MRS. RANDALL was piecing a quilt. She had various triangular bits of calico, in assorted colors, strung on threads, and distributed in piles on her lap. She had put on her best dress in honor of the minister's visit, which was just ended. It was a purple, seeded silk, adorned with lapels that hung in wrinkles across her flat chest, and she had spread a gingham apron carefully over her knees, to protect their iridescent splendor.

She was a russet-haired woman, thin, with that blonde thinness which inclines to transparent redness at the tip of the nose and chin. and the hand that hovered over the quilt patches, in careful selection of colors for a "star and chain" pattern, was of a glistening red, and coarsely knotted at the knuckles, in somewhat striking contrast to her delicate face.

Her husband sat at a table in one corner of the spotless kitchen, eating a belated lunch. He was a tall man, and stooped so that his sunburned beard almost touched the plate.

"Mr. Turnbull was here," said Mrs. Randall, with an air of introducing a subject rather than of giving information.

The man held a knife-load of smear-case in front of his mouth, and grunted. It was not an interrogative grunt, but his wife went on.

"He said he could 'a' put off coming if he 'd known you had to go to mill."

Mr. Randall swallowed the smear-case. His bushy eyebrows met across his face, and he scowled so that the hairs stood out horizontally.

"Did you tell him I could 'a' put off going to mill till I knowed he was coming?"

His thick, obscure voice seemed to tangle itself in the hay-colored mustache that hid his mouth. His tone was tantalizingly free from anger.

"I wish you would n't, Elick," said his wife reproachfully; "not before the children, anyway."

The children, a girl of seven and a boy of four, sat on the doorstep in a sort of dazed inertia, occasioned by the shock of the household's sudden and somewhat perplexing return to its week-day atmosphere just as they had adjusted themselves to the low Sabbathic temperature engendered by the minister's presence.

The girl had two tightly braided wisps of hair in varying hues of corn silk, curving together at the ends like the mandibles of a beetle. She turned when her father spoke, and looked from him to her mother with a round, blue-eyed stare from under her bulging forehead. The boy's stolid head was thrown back a little, so that his fat neck showed two sunburned wrinkles below his red curls.

His gingham apron parted at the top-most button, disclosing a soft, pathetic little back, and his small trousers were hitched up under his arms, the two bone buttons which supported them staring into the room reproachfully, as if conscious of the ignominy of belonging to masculine garb under the feminine eclipse of an apron.

Mrs. Randall bent a troubled gaze upon her offspring, as if expecting to see them wilt visibly under their father's irreverence.

"Mary Frances," she said anxiously, "run away and show little brother the colts."

The girl got up and took her brother's hand.

"Come on, Wattie," she said in a small, superior way, very much as if she had added: "These grown people have weaknesses which it is better for us to pretend not to know. They are going to talk about them."

Mrs. Randall waited until the two little

figures idled across the dooryard before she spoke.

"I don't think you ought to act the way you do, Elick, just because you don't like Mr. Turnbull; it ain't right."

The man dropped his chin doggedly, and fed himself without lifting his elbows from the table.

"I can't always manage to be at home when folks come a-visiting," he said, in his gruff, tangled voice.

"You was at church on Sabbath when Mr. Turnbull gave out the pastoral visitations: he knew that as well as I did. I could n't say a word to-day. I just had to set here and take it."

"No, you did n't, Matilda: you did n't have to stay any more than I did."

"Elick!"

The woman's voice had a sharp reproof in it. He had touched the Calvinistic quick. She might not reverence the man, but the minister was sacred.

"Well, I can't help it," persisted her husband obstinately. "You can take what you please off him. I don't want him to say anything to me."

"Oh, he did n't *say* anything, Elick. What was there to say?"

"He does n't gener'ly keep still because he has nothing to say."

The man gave a muffled, explosive laugh, and pushed back his chair. Mrs. Randall's eyelids reddened. She laid down her work and got up.

"I guess I'll take off this dress before I clear up the things," she said, in a voice of temporary defeat.

Her husband picked up the empty water-pail as he left the kitchen, and filled it at the well. When he brought it back there was no one visible.

"Need any wood, Tildy?" he called toward the bedroom where she was dressing.

"No, I guess not." The voice was indistinct, but she might have had her skirt over her head. Alex made a half-conciliatory pause. He preferred to know that she was not crying.

"How you been feelin' to-day?"

"Middlin'."

She was not crying. The man gave his trousers a hitch of relief, and went back to his work.

There had been a scandal in Alex Randall's early married life. The scattered country community had stood aghast before the certainty of his guilt, and there had been a little lull in the gossip while they waited to see what his wife would do.

Matilda Hazlitt had been counted a spirited girl before her marriage, and there were few of her neighbors who hesitated to assert that she would take her baby and go back to her father's house. It had been a nine days' wonder when she had elected to believe in her husband. The injured girl had been an adopted member of the elder Randall's household, half servant, half daughter, and it was whispered that her love for Alex was older than his marriage. Just how much of the neighborhood talk had reached Matilda's ears no one knew. The girl had gone away, and the community had accepted Alex Randall for his wife's sake, but not unqualifiedly.

Mrs. Randall had never been very strong, and of late she had become something of an invalid, as invalidism goes in the country, where women are constantly ailing without any visible neglect of duty. It had "broke her spirit," the women said. Some of the younger of them blamed her, but in the main it was esteemed a wifely and Christian course that she should make this pretense of confidence in her husband's innocence for the sake of her child. No one wondered that it wore upon her health.

Alex had been grateful, every one acknowledged, and it was this fact of his dogged consideration for Matilda's comfort that served more than anything else to reinstate him somewhat in the good opinion of his neighbors. There had been a good deal of covert sympathy for Mrs. Randall at first, but as years went

by it had died out for lack of opportunity to display itself. True, the minister had made an effort once to express to her his approval of her course, but it was not likely that any one else would undertake it, nor that he would repeat the attempt. She had looked at him curiously, and when she spoke the iciness of her tone made his own somewhat frigid utterances seem blushing warm and familiar by contrast.

"It would be strange," she said, "if a wife should need encouragement to stand by her husband when he is in trouble."

Alex had hated the minister ever since, and had made this an excuse for growing neglect of religious duties.

"It is no wonder he dreads to go to preachin', with that awful sin on his conscience," the women whispered to one another. They always whispered when they spoke of sin, as if it were sleeping somewhere near, and were liable to be aroused. Matilda divined their thoughts, and fretted under Alex's neglect of public service. She wished him to carry his head high, with the dignity of innocence. It appalled him at times to see how perfectly she apprehended her own part as the wife of a man wrongfully accused. He was not dull, but he had a stupid masculine candor of soul that stood aghast before her unswerving hypocrisy. She had never asked him to deny his guilt; she had simply set herself to establish his innocence.

Small wonder that she was tried and hampered by his failure to "act like other people," as she would have said if she had ever put her worry into words. It had been one of many disappointments to her that he should go to mill that day, instead of putting on his best coat and sitting in sullen discomfort through the pastor's "catechising." She had felt such pride in his presence at church on Sabbath; and then had come the announcement, "Thursday afternoon, God willing, I shall visit the family of Mr. Alexander Randall." How au-

sterely respectable it had sounded! And the people had glanced toward the pew and seen Alex sitting there, with Wattie on his knee. And after all he had gone to mill, and left her to be pitied as the wife of a man who was afraid to face the preacher in his own house!

Matilda slipped the rustling splendor of her purple silk over her head, and went back to the limpness of her week-day calico with a sigh.

When Alex came in for the milk-pail, she was standing by the stove, turning the long strips of salt pork that curled and sizzled in the skillet. Her shoulders seemed to droop a trifle more in her working-dress, but her face was flushed from the heat of the cooking.

"There was n't any call to get a warm supper for me, Tildy. I ain't hungry to speak of."

"Well, I guess anyway I'd better make some milk gravy for the children; I did n't have up a fire at noon, see'n' you was away. It ain't much trouble."

Her voice was resolutely cheerful, and Alex knew that the discussion was ended. But after the supper things were cleared away, she said to Mary Frances, "Can't you go and let your pa see how nice you can say your psa'm?"

And the child had gone outside where Alex was sitting, and had stood with her hands behind her, her sharp little shoulders moving in unison with her sing-song as she repeated the verses.

"That man hath perfect blessedness
Who walketh not astray
In counsel of ungodly men,
Nor stands in sinners' way,
Nor sitteth in the scorner's chair:
But placeth his delight
Upon God's law, and meditates
On his law day and night."

The child caught her breath with a long sigh, and hurried on to the end.

"In judgment, therefore, shall not stand
Such as ungodly are;
Nor in th' assembly of the just
Shall wicked men appear."

For why? The way of godly men
 Unto the Lord is known;
 Whereas the way of wicked men
 Shall quite be overthrown."

Then she stood still, waiting for her father's praise.

He caught her thin little arm and drew her toward him, where she could not look into his face.

"You say it very nice, Mary Frances, — very nice indeed."

And Mary Frances smiled, a prim little satisfied smile, and nestled her slim body against him contentedly.

Ten years drifted away, and there was a new minister in the congregation at Blue Mound. The Reverend Andrew Turnbull had died, and his successor had come from a Western divinity school, with elocutionary honors thick upon him. Under his genial warmth the congregation had thawed into a staid enthusiasm. To take their orthodoxy with this generous coating of zeal and kindness and graceful rhetoric, and know that the bitterness that proclaimed it genuine was still there, unimpaired and effective, was a luxury that these devout natures were not slow to appreciate. A few practical sermons delivered with the ardor and enthusiasm of a really earnest youth stamped the new-comer as a "rare pulpit," and a fresh, bubbling geniality, as sincere as it was effusive, opened a new world to their creed-encompassed souls. Not one of them thought of resenting his youthful patronage. He was the ambassador of God to them, and while they would have been shocked beyond measure at his appearance in the pulpit in a gray coat, they perceived no incongruity between the brightness of his smile and the gloom of his theology.

This man came into Alex Randall's house with no odor of sanctity about him, and with no knowledge of an unhappy past. Matilda had grown older and stooped more, and her knot of sandy hair was less luxuriant than it

had once been, but there were no peevish, fretful lines on her face. It began to grow young again now that she saw Alex becoming "such friends with the minister." Mary Frances was a tall, round-shouldered girl, teaching the summer school, and Wattie was a sturdy boy in roundabouts, galloping over the farm, clinging horizontally to half-broken colts, and suffering from a perpetual peeling of the skin from his sunburned nose. Matilda was proud of her children. She hoped it was not an ungodly pride. She knelt very often on the braided rug, and buried her worn face in the side of her towering feather bed, while she prayed earnestly that they might honor their *father* and their mother, that their days might be long in the land which the Lord their God had given them. If she laid a stress upon the word "*father*," was it to be wondered at? And the children did honor their father so far as she knew. If he would only join the church, and share with her the responsibility of their precious souls! It had been hard for her, when Wattie was baptized, to stand there alone and feel the pitying looks of the congregation behind her. Her pulse quickened now at every announcement of communion, and she listened with renewed hopefulness when Mr. Anderson leaned forward in the pulpit and gave the solemn invitation to those who had sat under the kindly influence of the gospel for many years untouched to shake off their soul-destroying lethargy, and come forward and enroll themselves on the Lord's side.

It was the Friday after one of these appeals that Alex came into the kitchen and said awkwardly, —

"I guess I'll change my clothes, Matildy, and go over t' the church this afternoon and meet the session."

She felt the burden of years lifted from her shoulders. She said simply, —

"I'm real glad of it, Elick. You'll find two shirts in the middle drawer. I think the under one's the best."

Matilda went back to her work, and thought how the stain would be wiped away. "They'll have to give in that he's a good man now," she said to herself. She fought with the smile that would curve her lips. The minister would announce it on Sabbath. "By letter from sister congregations," and then the names; and then, "On profession of faith, Alexander Randall." She tried to stifle her pride. It must be pride, she said, — it must be something evil that could make her so very, *very* happy.

It was late when Alex came home, and he did the chores after supper. Mary Frances and Wattie had gone to singing-school, and Matilda was alone in the kitchen when her husband came in. He sat down on the doorstep, with his back to her and his head down, and stuck the blade of his jackknife into the pine step between his feet. There was a long silence, and when he spoke his voice had a husky embarrassment.

"There's something I suppose I'd ought to have talked to you about all this time, Matildy, but somehow I could n't seem to do it. I had a talk with Mr. Anderson, and he brought it up before the session, and they did n't seem to think anything more need to be said about it. It's all dead and gone now, and of course you know I've been sorry time and time and again. I don't suppose I ought to say it, but it was n't altogether my fault. She never did act right, but then, of course" —

"*Elick!*"

The man heard his name in a quick gasp behind him. He turned and looked up. Matilda was standing over him, with a white, distorted face.

"Do you mean — to tell me — that it was *true*?"

She got the words out with an effort. Her chin worked convulsively. She looked an old, old woman.

"True?"

The man lifted a dazed, questioning

face to hers. He groped his way back through twenty years. This woman had believed in him all the time! He saw her take two or three steps backward and fall into a chair. They sat there until the room grew dark. The wind began to blow through the house, and Alex got up and put out the cat and shut the door. Then he went to his wife's side.

"Don't you think you'd better go to bed, Matildy?"

She shook her head.

"I suppose there's such a thing as repentance," he went on, with a rasp in his voice, "and a blotting out of sins, is n't there, Matildy?"

She put out her hand and pushed him away. He went into the bedroom and shut the door.

She could hear him pulling off his boots on the bootjack. Then he walked about a little in his stocking feet, and presently the bed-cord squeaked, and she knew he was in bed. Later, she could hear his heavy breathing. She sat there in the dark until she heard Wattie whistling; then she got up and lit a candle, and opened the door softly. The boy came loping up the path.

"Mary France's got a beau!" he broke out, with a little snort of ridicule.

His mother laid her hand on his arm.

"Wattie," she said, "I want you to go out to the barn and harness up old Doll and the colt. I want you to go with me and Mary Frances over to grandfather Hazlitt's."

The boy's mouth and eyes grew round.

"To-night?"

"Yes, right away. I don't want you to ask any questions, Wattie. Mother never yet told you to do anything wrong. Just go out and get the team, and be as quiet as you can."

The boy "hunched" his shoulders, and started with long, soft strides toward the barn. His mother heard him begin to whistle again and then stop abruptly. She stood on the step until she heard voices at the gate, and Mary Frances

came up the walk between the marigolds and zinnias and stood in the square of light from the door. She met her mother with a pink, bashful face.

"I want you to go upstairs, Mary Frances, and get your other cloak and my blanket shawl. Wattie's gone to fetch the horses. You and him and me's goin' over to grandfather Hazlitt's."

"To grandfather Hazlitt's this time o' night! Is anybody sick?"

"No, there's nobody sick. I don't want you should ask any questions, Mary Frances. Just get on your things, and do as mother says; and don't make any more noise than you can help."

The young girl went into the house, and came out presently with her mother's shawl and bonnet. They could hear the wagon driving around to the gate.

Matilda went into the kitchen and blew out the candle. Then she closed the door quietly, and went down the walk with her daughter.

Matilda Randall was not at communion on the next Sabbath. She was "down sick at her father's," the women said, and they thought it hard that she should be absent when Alex joined the church.

"I don't doubt it's been quite a cross to her, the way he's held out," one of them remarked, "and it seems a pity she could n't have been there to partake with him the first time."

But the weary woman, lying so still in her old room in her father's house, had a heavier cross.

Her mother tiptoed into the room, the morning after her arrival, and stood beside her until she opened her eyes.

"Elick is outside, Matildy. Shall I tell him to come in?"

She shook her head, and closed her eyes again wearily.

The old woman went out, and confronted her gray-haired husband helplessly.

"It beats me, Josiah, what he could 'a' said or done that she's took to heart so, after what she's put up with all these years."

Mr. Anderson preached the funeral sermon very touchingly, when it was all over. The tears came into his young eyes, and there were treacherous breaks in his rhetoric as he talked.

"This sister in Israel, whose lovely and self-sacrificing life has just ended so peacefully, lived to see the dearest wish of her heart gratified, — the conversion of the husband of her youth to the faith of her fathers. We are told that some have died of grief, but if this frail heart ceased to beat from any excess of emotion, it must have been, my friends, from the fullness of joy, — the joy 'that cometh in the morning.'"

But Alex Randall knew better.

Margaret Collier Graham.

THE COURAGE OF A SOLDIER.

"Ay, by my valor!" quoth the belted knight. It was his favorite invocation, whether he were one of Arthur's table round or hieing him to Syria for the last crusade. In this invocation was comprised all that he held most dear, as well as all that his companions did most value in him; while for the defeated there was but one phrase expressive of

human sympathy without the withdrawal of respect; it was, "All's lost but honor." It meant, "All that courage could do has been done; the rest is with fate."

When the followers of William Penn gave utterance to the belief that now the words of their Master, the Prince of Peace, should find literal interpretation in that the blessed peacemakers should

inherit the earth, little they thought how a century or so later the Pennsylvania mother in Quaker garb would be sending forth her sons to battle for a cause, while the tremulous blessing which fell from her faltering voice to the gesture of uplifted hands was couched in the "plain language."

The appreciation of courage has no era, and is of all nationalities. There is probably no race of savages that we know of which does not assign a high place to this most needful virtue, while the most mawkish French novel seeks to vindicate its right to serious consideration by making its scorbutic villain die game in the inevitable French duel.

The art of war, although the oldest of which we have any record, and although its progressiveness as an art has been most certain and inevitable, is yet singularly primitive in its methods and its practices. The column closed in mass is scarcely much of an improvement upon the Macedonian phalanx. The mysteries of the commissariat have evolved only the meat sausage within twenty years! Anything more ineffective than the shelter tent could hardly have been devised by Xerxes himself; while at critical moments it has been a favorite device to ignore Friar Bacon, and "give 'em the steel," as at Inkerman and Magenta, — in which latter juncture, it may be remarked, the bayonet is a poor substitute for the lance. But through all these changes, backwards as well as forwards, one absolutely necessary qualification has held the foremost place among the requirements of war, — the courage of a soldier.

The question is often asked, Are people less brave now, in these advanced times, than formerly, or is civilization on the whole inimical to the warlike spirit, and inclined to view with distrust any victories except those of peace? Individual gallantry must play a less conspicuous part in the colossal wars which now decide the destinies of nations than

was the case in the olden days when the struggle was hand to hand and man to man, before the invention of gunpowder. All that part of physical courage which consisted of conscious strength coupled with a firm reliance upon defensive armor must be of little use to a man who seldom sees his enemy; who fires always at the smoke of his adversary's guns. It is easy to see that as the range of warlike projectiles increases, the fighters will by natural law be farther and farther apart. It has been remarked that the Spaniards were the bravest and best soldiers in Europe so long as weapons were made of steel and wielded by strong arms; but when the introduction of firearms forced a respect and consideration for unseen influences, the sceptre passed from the Spaniards to other hands, and in due time their own colonies declared independence, and successfully revolted.

We are told by that ruthless cynic, — who so often proves to be right, — Rochefoucauld, that jealousy lives on doubt, and dies upon a certainty. Whether this statement be true or not, it is quite certain that fear thrives upon suspense. I have more than once seen a man whose agony of terror when under fire was most pitiful stand up calmly to be shot on execution, the latter being a certainty. Indeed, I fail to recall any notable exhibition of fear at a military execution, of which I have witnessed many. We are told that even Admiral Byng, of the British navy, who was shot for cowardice, met his fate with composure. Desperation of the most reckless kind and of a sincerity that travesties bravery is often only a temporary reaction against the dominion of terror. One night, on the picket-line, a stolid-looking German soldier showed such signs of apprehension at the picket-firing as to draw a sharp reprimand from his captain, who had forced him back to his place on the line. On making the rounds an hour later, this man was found dead at his post. He had taken off his shoe,

and had pulled the trigger of his musket with his toe, having taken the muzzle into his mouth. This man preferred a certainty.

One may be courageous because, from temperament, he feels no fear; another, because his morale keeps down the rising tide of apprehension. I have in mind a celebrated Federal officer, of great military endowment, who was obliged to benumb a too sensitive organization by the use of opium, under the influence of which he faced the greatest danger coolly, and preserved intact the presence of mind as well as the tactical proficiency that eventually made him deservedly famous. This officer was never known to resort to the device mentioned except on occasions of unusual peril, and he even learned to apportion the dose to the need of the hour. Some who were in the secret were wont to stigmatize the habit as a proof of timidity. Others, knowing how deliberately his purpose was maintained, how unflinchingly the awful risk was assumed, regarded the artifice as showing the highest order of courage. It may be added that the dignity of his character and the severity of his habits precluded the usual slang about "Dutch courage."

There are those who assert that physical courage is only deficient imagination. To this conclusion they are misled, doubtless, by the occasional coincidence of recklessness and shiftlessness. They would argue that a brave man is one who takes no thought for the morrow, or, as D'Artagnan puts it, "A man is brave because he possesses nothing." They conclude hastily that a lack of anxiety as to the future must be an inherent quality in one who, having no imagination, can picture to himself no alarms nor impending dangers. Many, indeed, when the inexorable logic of events has shown that, instead of a heart of steel, they possessed but the usual measure of chronic apprehension, have laid the foregoing consideration as a flattering unction to their souls.

The interests of truth, as well as justice to the many brave men who have written poems and painted pictures, require that this fiction be disallowed. Biography is frequent and eloquent in their vindication. What true boy has not thrilled with admiration at the youthful prowess of the daring Defoe, the future author of Robinson Crusoe? Was not the most noted characteristic of young Keats his remarkable courage as a boy? Has not the same characteristic been imputed, and with reason, to Byron and Burns and Scott, and even to Tom Moore when he stood up before Jeffrey's pistol, which was not leadless, like his own? The highest order of courage, that which combines the moral and physical, is attributed to Shelley. The picturesque figure of Daniel O'Connell, whose imagination so often fired the Irish heart, is frequently cited to prove the converse of all this; yet although his valor was questioned in one of the best epigrams in the English language, and although he was elsewhere alluded to as one who "showed more appetite for words than war," be it remembered he stood up before the deadliest pistol in Europe, that of D'Esterre, and to some purpose. When Goethe rode upon the skirmish-line in battle, he analyzed his sensations, but felt no fear. Körner, one of the noblest of lyrists, met his death in battle; and in most of those struggles for liberty which form the staple reading of history some young poet has sung of the sword and perished by the sword. To pass to the poets of earlier days, Caldeyron, Lope de Vega, and Cervantes were all soldiers, and honored ones. Camoëns lost an eye in the service of his king as gallantly as Cervantes lost a hand at Lepanto. It is an undisputed fact that during the siege of Paris there was scarcely a painter or poet or sculptor or musician who did not enlist in the army and do battle for his country at bitter need, and that, too, in the gay, indolent, self-indulgent capital of France.

On one occasion, when I had been rather discouraged to find how few they were, the smoky and dusty handful remaining after an assault, I went for sympathy and counsel to the ablest soldier I knew. He had been an officer of great renown in the Mexican war, where he had served on General Scott's staff, and army gossip credited him with numerous feats of successful daring in actions where his companions were Robert E. Lee, Peter G. Beauregard, George B. McClellan, and others of equal fame. As, in addition to sound claims of a military character, this man was reputed to be shrewd and to possess an abundance of common sense, I felt the more confidence in his views. He heard me with an indulgent smile, and replied as follows: "My boy, you will find that in an assault men are damned cowards" (I am afraid he said *all* men), "and you were lucky if you could get a third of your men up at all." Somewhat taken aback, I ventured to question further, when there fell from the lips of this military pessimist such a tale of hurried pedestrianism and frequent retreat in Mexico as made my blood run cold. "Why, did we not conquer?" "Yes, in the long run, thanks to our flying artillery and the masterly strategy of Scott; but the federal army did a deal of tall running which never got into the newspapers." Somewhat bewildered by the pessimistic views of my informant, I proceeded to ask if he considered the Mexicans braver than our men. "In many respects," he replied. "A Mexican or an Indian is more ready to risk his life than any of our folks. A contempt for human life or human suffering — their own and others' — is the chief virtue of the sincere among them, and the affectation of all others; and it may be that people who have so little to lose may be readier for the risk." I thought of Machiavelli, who attributes the same sentiment to Castruccio-Castracani; also of the wholesale

abandonment of human life which characterized the closing scenes in the Spanish conquest of Mexico.

The phrase *nascitur non fit* is of course applicable to many arts besides that of poetry, — indeed, probably to all; and yet I think its illustration is always a surprise. A very large proportion of those whose physical courage has been of service to the state have acquired that valor which makes their uniform sit jauntily upon them by the combined influences of several moral and some physical agencies.

Self-respect has a great deal to do with a soldier's willingness to stand fire. The scene in which he is an actor, even if a subordinate one, is to him not only a stage, but all the world. The first sweets of fame, those slight rewards for good conduct and proficiency in military exercise, are very dear to him because of the increased consideration he enjoys thereby among his fellow-soldiers. This consideration will become still further increased if he can add to his other claims a reputation for coolness under fire. The morale of English or American armies does not often require at the hands of any individual evidences of extravagant daring or dramatic recklessness; but it does require that he shall do his duty. English literature, especially that part of it which deals with Jack Tar and Tommy Atkins, is *piqué* with allusions to Nelson's favorite signal. For all purposes of garrison duty, for the march, or even for a stray skirmish here and there, this merely staple quality of courage will usually suffice. But when the exigencies of the service require a call for volunteers to attempt some desperate deed, whose failure would smell like murder, and whose success would seem nearly as fatal, then comes an opportunity for the "born" soldier. At this time, there will arise from unexpected places, nay, even from the purlieus of the non-combatants, — the meek-eyed denizens of the commissariat, from hos-

pital or wagon-train, — men who will offer their lives so freely and so inexplicably that one is led to suspect they have waited for the occasion. A reputation for bravery once established is reluctantly foregone, a fact which many leaders of men have used for their own purposes. Such was the policy of Napoleon, whose custom it was to decorate his heroes liberally, praise them unstintedly, and keep them so busy fighting that promotion was frequent, for vacancies came thick and fast.

Why are guards so often selected for their stature? This preference for large and strong men is most easily understood as regards warriors of a former day. That such should have been the case before steel was superseded by gunpowder would seem natural enough; whereas now that a large, powerful frame only incurs the greater risk of being killed, the selection must be accounted for on the score of survival of tradition. Yet not only do kings and their congeners derive great comfort and moral stay from the presence of a body-guard of giants, as witness Russia and England, but the admiration for large men has passed into English literature, especially, as shown by authors of the unwarlike sex. I fail to recall a fiction hero of woman's make, from Adam Bede to Ouida's Stalwarts, who would not be an ornament to the Broadway squad of police.

At sea it has always been a maxim that for all purposes of seamanship the middle-sized man is the best, and the preference for a figure which, as Cooper states it, is a happy combination of activity and strength would seem most reasonable, when the object of such choice is to battle with the elements on swinging cordage and slippery decks. Likewise, it seems to me, the hulking giant must be at a disadvantage either in the McClellan saddle, or when ploughing through muddy roads or powdering over dusty ones. As for the dwarf, he is ruled out

by that inexorable statute of limitations, the standard of height.

Well, then, if we cannot tell a brave man by his stature, are there any signs by which he may be recognized, or at least inferred as a probability? Marveling upon this theme, I one day attended a festival at Harper's Ferry, near the close of the war. General Sheridan had ordered that on this occasion all who had captured battle flags or performed any remarkable feat of daring should repair to the parade ground to receive such decoration as they deserved; which was done to the accompaniment of martial music and many cheers. I looked with great pride upon the motley collection of the bravest of braves, and with no little interest; for I hoped to discern among the elect some sign which would segregate these companions-in-arms from their congeners of lesser renown. Alas! they were of every hue and shape, and almost of every nationality, the American types predominating (for we were four to one against all other nationalities). They were for the most part a quiet-looking body of young men, displaying as much coolness in this the supreme hour of triumph as had been shown on the occasions which had led to it. One type of soldier was conspicuous by its absence, — I mean the stalking, self-conscious, more-than-erect sort of person, having the practiced frown and quick flash of the dark eye, the ideal soldier in time of peace. But there were present some picturesque-looking fellows of the Buffalo Bill kind, presumably from the plains. All were clad in Uncle Sam's uniform of blue and Virginia's uniform of swarthy tan. All looked hardy and weather-worn, and, as they passed in review before General Max Weber's headquarters, the one distinguishing characteristic of these youths was expressed by a Virginia lady who stood near me, and who, as the reigning belle of Harper's Ferry, doubtless considered that she spoke *ex cathedra*: "What a handsome group of boys,

Yanks though they be!" Not many moons before this, a writer who sees so clearly that his veriest prose knocks at our hearts with the magic privilege of poesy, had remarked upon the woman's mouth so often found upon the face of the youth whose courage made sure martyrdom. Yes, the French philosopher has with truth said that where bravery amounts to madness there is always something womanish about the face and bearing. I bethink me now of the masculine comeliness of our own Argonauts of '49, so much insisted on by Bret Harte, and I can only repeat what I said then, "Is this all?"

That human courage has no nationality, but is to be found in every clime and often in most unexpected places, must be freely admitted; but the differentiation as to the varying qualities of the same, as well as the widely diverse ways dissimilar peoples have of displaying their warlike qualities, has passed into a proverb. Some who find comfort and finish in the tripodal form of this condensed wisdom are wont to say, "Spaniards to build a fortress, French to attack it, and English to defend it;" and that proverbial pluck varies in different nationalities I shall endeavor to illustrate.

During the last days of the occupancy of Malvern Hill and Harrison's Landing, the Irish brigade was found posted on an extreme outpost, in view of the church steeples of Richmond. It was drawn up in skirmishing order near a small brook, on the other side of which crouched the pickets of the enemy. The younger officers of this brigade were wont to while away the hours of enforced idleness by a rather dangerous pastime, by them called "bantering." This was a momentary exposure of the person to the rifles of the watchful foe. They would carry on this amusement all the afternoon, enjoying with boyish glee the occasional sensation of a stray bullet through the hair or uniform or canteen. They were seldom wounded, and appeared to experience the

gay delight of schoolboys who, during a thaw, venture farther and farther, in emulative bravado, upon what they call rotten ice, until somebody "slumps in." A little to the left, I noticed some officers of a Massachusetts regiment similarly disposed along the bank. These lay still, anxious, pale, discontentedly resolute, and I could see the cold sweat of something worse than anxiety trickle down the faces of several of them; casual death from a sharpshooter, death without the *éclat* of intrepid daring, they evidently dreaded. This serious behavior was in marked contrast with the boyish levity displayed by the men before mentioned. That night there was a sudden and fierce attack on this position, and while the "boys" of the Irish brigade fled precipitately, and were with difficulty reformed, the men of the Massachusetts regiment grimly held their ground. A few days later, the men of both organizations stood side by side under a shattering fire, with equal fortitude and suffering an equal mortality.

A writer well skilled in the recital of all the accidents that pertain to the chances of war avers that "all large-brained races are superstitious," especially their soldiers and sailors. As he fails to tell us whether he refers to the gamblers' superstitions which deal with the proverbial blindness of Fortune, or to the larger fatalism of those who complain of strange prodigies, we are forced to refer the answer to a committee on definitions. Certain it is, however, that the soldier derives great comfort from his cheerful fatalism. I well remember how, one beautiful September day, which was devoted to one of the fiercest battles as yet known, the color-guard of a conspicuous regiment had been repeatedly shot down and replaced, until sixteen men had fallen, most of them mortally hurt. At this juncture, a captain of gigantic stature, the largest among ten thousand men, seized the colors, and continued to wave them defiantly until the

position was carried. He escaped untouched, even to his uniform, while away in the rear rank, in the least exposed position on the line, a little Irish fish-peddler, known as "Mickey the fish," received two serious wounds. Mickey was a dwarf, whose enlistment had been regarded as a capital joke, and whose immunity was taken for granted. Somewhat puzzled by the elation shown by the comrades of giant and dwarf, I inquired concerning their blithe confidence, and found that they regarded the double event as clear proof that all casualties were foreordained; and I am well assured that out of this tranquilizing belief grew a great peace in many hearts, which served them well when the storm of battle shut out all ordinary means of refuge. In illustration of a kind of fatalism more serious than the foregoing, I will relate the following.

We were at Snicker's Gap. The eighth corps, under the White Wolf (as the Indians loved to call General Crook), had crossed the Shenandoah at Island Ford. No serious opposition was encountered,—a fact which was viewed with suspicion by those who knew what was in front of us. The water was little more than waist-deep most of the way over, as just at this place the river wound around an island. A goodly portion of the afternoon was spent in effecting a crossing, which was cautiously done, although it seemed impossible that any considerable force could be in front of us. It was a beautiful summer afternoon in July, breezy and cool for that climate, and the many hundreds who then looked their last upon the sunlighted landscape certainly witnessed as enchanting a spectacle as wood and mountain, river and sky, could afford even in that most picturesque region. The sun went down in a sea of delicious crimson, and even the most cautious were so influenced by the metaphor of peace suggested by the heavenly stillness that they began to regard as needless the precautions taken by our

chief, the White Wolf. Fires were lighted on the river bank; coffee, the soldier's elixir of life, was prepared and drunk. The twilight crept slowly on, and was deepening into the gloaming, when a staff officer rode down from an old farmhouse in front of us with a report that General Gallatin Jenkins was advancing upon us with a heavy force. A few minutes later, there was a scattering fire as of pickets, and a mounted officer was ordered to call in our skirmish-line. Just before mounting, the young fellow detailed for that purpose turned to me, saying: "I feel strangely to-day. I wish you'd do this for me. I cannot explain my reluctance; but none who know me will think me afraid." His face was ashy white; his lips looked dry. I saw that he was ill. Mounting his horse, I rode rapidly to the skirmish-line and gave the order to fall back. On my return, I found this young officer seated at the foot of a tree, propped up against it. His eyes were fixed on the sky above him, and between his parted lips was a bubble of crimson foam. A bullet had passed through his chest, and he had but a few moments to live. What premonition had possessed him, from what mistaken motive he had chosen this place of safety, which proved so treacherous, will never be known. He was killed by a sharpshooter from such a distance that his death might be considered accidental.

Meanwhile, the sounds of strife increased, and in the deepening darkness could be seen the flashing of musketry fire seemingly all around us; for the enemy had crossed the river both above and below, with the purpose of cutting off all the fugitives. Soon the reverberations of cannon on both sides added terror to the scene; for the sixth corps, having come up on the heights behind us, were cannonading our position, being unable, amid the deepening night, to discriminate friend from foe. The loyal Virginia regiments under Crook and

Thoburn now formed behind a stone wall which skirted the river, and these, with stubborn courage, for a time seemed to stem the torrent of attack, until a goodly proportion of the forces were conveyed across the river in orderly retreat. Just as the crash and chaos of the scene were at their height, I noticed a soldier stealing from the rear rank and making for the river. The eyes of his captain discovered the movement, and, catching the fugitive by the neck, he dragged him back to his place on the line, with a bitter expletive, exclaiming, "You deserted us once in Baltimore; you sha'n't do it again." The youth stood still for a moment, and I noticed in the gathering gloom that his eyes had a wild look, which I attributed to fear. He began to tremble, and, dropping his musket, fell forward slowly on his face. On attempting to raise him, I perceived that he was hurt. He sank back to a kneeling position, muttering some incoherent words, while with his right hand he fumbled in the breast-pocket of his blouse, from which he presently drew a handful of torn paper, already soaked with clotted blood. "Dear captain," said he hoarsely, "this is my bounty. I'm afraid it's too far gone to pass. Throw it away. Good-night." And a little fainter came, "This desertion is none of my doing. So long." Then came the "Rebel yell," the too familiar sounds of a successful charge, and we were all swept into the river, a bleeding, struggling, writhing mass. And now it was dark.

The question is frequently asked, "Why do not men more often acknowledge the fact of fear? Why must it nearly always be inferred from circumstantial evidence or unintentional admission?" The reply is simple. Such is the popular admiration of courage, especially in time of war, that no brave man can find it to his profit to confess what every coward will deny, namely, that all men are more or less frightened when the

danger is imminent and real. That all soldiers are at some time liable to panic was often asserted by Napoleon, and as often proved by the "Brigands of the Loire" who served under him. Both he and Cæsar needed the force of example to reinforce the *vergüenza negra* which kept the Spanish knight from retreating. A frequent remark of our own day (in confidence) was, "I was badly scared, but did n't dare to run." And indeed it would require a certain amount of moral courage to enable one to face the obloquy which would follow the act of desertion in the presence of comrades. Most persons would prefer a moderate risk of sudden death to the certainty of the contempt of all among whom they were obliged to live.

A few, a very few men may be found who are wholly without either enthusiasm or apprehension of any kind; to whom bereavement brings nothing but loneliness, and to whom the most violent of deaths is a mere tragic inconvenience. Some there are who affect to feel — some, moreover, who really do feel — on the subject of death the insatiable curiosity, the morbid interest, cultivated by the agnostics among the German students. Even Shelley, when he speaks of the "slow necessity of death," in *Queen Mab*, depicts the subject of such necessity as

"Calm as a voyager to some distant land,
And full of wonder, full of hope as he."

I am by no means sure that it is always a normal sign to be without some mild measure of apprehension when under the menace of serious danger. Sailors tell us that perfect immunity from seasickness is rarely enjoyed by persons whose health is perfect, while consumptives and most other sufferers from mortal disease seldom experience this malady; in short, it would seem that it is natural and wholesome for one to be seasick when the centre of gravity is constantly being disturbed. May we not likewise safely infer that it is an

indication of a healthy, if not of an heroic organization, when the hesitation to encounter unknown peril can be put aside only by some moral effort? The risking of life wantonly and for no cause beyond the gratifying of personal vanity has long been held to be the characteristic of a very dubious civilization; and the gentleman who in his country's Senate asserted that he "was born insensible to fear" betrayed more of the provincial rhetorician than of the bravo, even if he spoke the truth.

All the world wondered when a regiment which represented the rampant rowdyism of New York city broke and ran at the first fire. Another force of pseudo-bravaes, made up of professional criminals, behaved similarly in Santa Rosa Island. But grateful as are these facts to those who would fain regard physical courage as a manly virtue, the possession of which would imply noble and heroic qualities, nevertheless it would be folly to deny that the vast hordes of military adventurers and soldiers of fortune who inundate history are usually made up of men possessed of no virtues save those which go to strengthen courage and to maintain a merciless energy; while a goodly proportion of those braves who defend our frontier, and of the toughs who adorn our cities, are deficient in no vice save that of cowardice. The sententious inhibition imposed by Sir Lucius O'Trigger on the sentiment of Ireland, "Never turn your back on a friend in distress nor on a foe in fight," might, if put in coarser garb, be cited as the decalogue of the dangerous classes; and indeed, I am told by one much experienced in that kind of folk lore that ingratitude and fear are the only two faults to which a convict will plead guilty never! Is the creed of our red man much broader?

In conclusion, we must infer that courage is a certain hardihood of spirit, a quality quite by itself; at least not of necessity implying the possession of any other admirable traits. More than one

person whose bravery is the property of history has shown that this gift can stand unaided by kindred virtues, and is quite often the accompaniment of much unscrupulousness, perfidy, and every cowardly vice.

In all these considerations concerning the influence of courage upon the understanding and conduct of life, the most of our illustrations have been drawn from the barrack and the camp fire. The every-day *régime* of the army when at rest is monotonous, the chief ills with which men in these situations are afflicted being camp fever and homesickness; that is to say, after the first novelty of out-of-door life, picnicking and roughing it, has worn off, people are apt to turn with something like regret to thoughts of home and that security which comes of a regular life. I will not stop to speak of *Heimweh*, that homesickness of the soul which even affects the body, and makes some melancholy-mad. The military romance is so much taken up with the jollity of the mess-room, the picturesqueness of the march, and the drama of battle that those who are experiencing their first campaign find themselves in an unknown world, concerning the dreary details of which literature is silent. The wearisome miseries of a soldier's life, when actually encountered, are apt to strike the recruit with surprise. You never know how much it rains the year round until you come to live without shelter. You never know how much tough meat there is in the world until you bring a soldier's appetite to bear; you never know, indeed, how little meat a man can live upon until, during some hunger-bitten campaign, you are compelled to chew bitter leaves to assuage your hunger, as I have often done. You never know what thirst is like until you take your place, with battered canteen, among hundreds who are struggling for a dip in the muddy pool, and scrambling like beasts for a drop of the water.

I have seen a squad of cavalry fight their fiercest with a small force of the enemy (simply because that enemy was in possession of water), until, as one grim enumerator remarked, "there was a dead man for every quart that we obtained." The mere recruit could scarcely divine that in the sunny South, during the fighting season, the thermometer was 90° in the shade, and we were always in the sun! Nor could he divine that on the march or the picket, almost everywhere during the campaign, the soldier

"sleeps with head upon the sword
His fevered hand must grasp in waking," —

which merely means that the accoutrements must be placed where you can find them in the dark. The common soldiers, of the same necessity, sleep by order, their heads within or against the musket-stocks. From all is required not reasonable, but implicit obedience; hence small tyrannies are a matter of course. When at last, after much tribulation, the enemy is sighted and the column halted, let us see what the soldier will be called upon to face, and what will be the strain imposed upon his courage and his fortitude. I will now state what for the first two years of the war was a frequent, in fact an almost invariable experience, even where the total result was a victory for our side, — the manner of an attack and a retreat.

On the morning of the battle the soldiers are wakened very quietly by the non-commissioned officers. The long roll and the other signals are limited to safety camps and bomb-proof positions in the rear. Everything is done with secrecy, silence, and dispatch, the purpose being to conceal our movements and all sign thereof from the enemy. Slowly and noiselessly the men form in line, and proceed along the dusty country road in a sort of oppressive silence. The moral atmosphere is murky with misgiving; the officers of the higher rank have a troubled look, and are anx-

iously scanning the horizon with field-glasses. The column halts frequently. Presently, having gone so far without accident that we are beginning to feel reassured, there comes the heavy boom of a cannon; a score of voices, mostly those of the younger officers, exclaim, "The ball is open!" The cavalry, who have hitherto preceded us, begin to pass to the rear, filling the air with yellow dust. There is a halt. The fences are thrown down, and the infantry begin to file off over the field to the right and left of the road. Orders are given with a certain concentrated, hushed intensity. Gaudily dressed aids-de-camp galloping over the ground in many directions add life and color to the scene: they are mostly West Point officers, just graduated, possessing all a boy's enthusiasm for the romance of war. Watching the faces of the men, you will see but little of that delighted enthusiasm and *gaudia certaminis* which are so universal in military novels. Depend upon it, the soldier of real life loves battles no more than the sailor (out of a novel) loves storms. Some of them — many, indeed — are affected physically, violent cramps being a prominent symptom. Almost all are more or less nervous; and in the pinched features, white lips, and wandering eye of even the brave who stand fast you will see evidence of much perturbation. The surgeon is usually beset with applications for tonics and other remedies. The officers busy themselves with the details of their charges, with ill-concealed anxiety, but as if glad to have something to do. Presently there is a crash of many wheels, a rush, and the artillery is hastening up to take position on a hill near by.

After the noise of the cannon has become continuous, its effects are better borne, to use a medical phrase; and here let me remark that the artillery, according to the observations of the most experienced veterans I have met, did comparatively little damage to the *phy-*

sical foe, but the noise which accompanied it was found to be exceedingly demoralizing. The cavalry trusted even more to moral influences, as is shown by the fact that all through the war a sabre wound was a curiosity in a military hospital. After several hours spent in loitering and wondering and speculating, a staff officer gallops along the line enshrouded in a cloud of dust, and, in a voice as hoarse as his young throat can command, orders up some particular battalion or brigade. By this time the men are somewhat seasoned, and while here or there may be observed the wandering eye and haggard look of one brave on principle only, in the main the men have come to accept fate with reasonable cheerfulness. If a shell happens to drop near us, throwing up the earth and frightfully mutilating a dozen or more of our comrades, there is a sickening pause, relieved by the hoarse call of the sergeants to "close up." We pass on, and the maimed are left behind. Our movements are nearly always made running, — what the soldiers call "on the double-quick," celerity being a prime necessity on the field, — the commanding officers being on horseback. When the allotted position is reached, we are told to lie down. We never see the enemy. When we fire, we fire at the smoke two or three fields away. We continue firing "by file," as it is called, in contradistinction to volley; all the time wondering how many are in front of us, what we are going to do next, and what will be the outcome of all this.

While waiting for the firing to commence, I notice many of the young men taking from their breast-pockets letters or other tokens, frequently photographs. The soldier in line being usually a boy in his early twenties, it is his mother whose photograph is drawn from his breast. The field officer, who, a little farther back, sits on his horse, is an older man, and it is his children whose pictures are taken out and furtively kissed.

Meanwhile, the booming of the cannon has changed in position, and is farther off. We are told to rise and advance. There is again a whirl of wheels; the battery is being established, and we are told to support it. We lie down, while the bullets sing and whistle as they pass over us, for at this juncture we are but little exposed. More hours of this dreary lying in the dust, waiting for we know not what, while one by one our comrades are carried softly to the rear, bleeding and moaning. A few refuse to leave the line, though wounded, and remain where they are, with a handkerchief knotted sternly over the maimed limb. After some hours, the delirium, or intoxication, which has made us willing victims seems to have spent itself. The noise of conflict draws nearer; the enemy's cannon seem to have got our range, and every discharge pours destruction upon our battery. There is a faint cheer; the men grow whiter; a staff officer gallops up with orders for us to "limber up." A confused noise as of many voices comes now to be mingled with the heavy boom of the artillery, which is in front of us and drawing nearer. There are a few moments of bewildering suspense; at last we see that for some time the men of our battalion have been dropping to the rear, — some on the pretense of carrying wounded comrades, some going for water, some feigning to be, and some really, sick. The field behind us grows black with fugitives. Presently we hear the command to "fall back," which gives to the brave, who stood fast, the warrant to follow the example of the fugitives. Then comes the awful scene of a retreat, a panic, in which our whole army, or what we can see of it, seems stricken with the storms and thunderbolts of inevitable destruction. Now fear becomes canonized! Men who but a few hours ago had nerved themselves for death can be seen lost to all sense of shame, conscious of nothing but the overpowering

sense of deadly peril, fleeing disunitedly, officers and all. Here and there an effort is made to halt the panting fugitives and re-form the shattered lines, — an effort seldom successful, the most that can be hoped being the preservation of some form of organization, and a remnant of the discipline which but this morning was so absolute. Yet at times, after all this storm of disaster, after having been driven for miles upon miles, our forces have been grasped by a strong hand and led back to overwhelming victory. So frequent and inexplicable are the alternations of advance and retreat, so incessant is the commotion, that to the dizzied eyes of the common soldier or the subaltern there seems to be nothing in defeat but ruinous flight, nothing in victory but the beginning of another march.

Whether the young patriot has served his country as Jacob served for love of Rachel, or whether the sense of patriotic duty enlisted him for "three years or the war," when peace is declared and he sets his face homeward, he must not be disappointed to learn that the enthusiasm of his friends at home is somewhat war-worn; to find that those subjects so long of vital importance to him have lost interest for the non-combatant, who, by the way, has been replacing him in

every field of industry. He will return in faded uniform, listless from malaria, only too happy if he find that his place is not wholly filled, and content that the honor of saving the republic must be divided with thousands of his countrymen who carried arms, and with many and many who did not. He will remember that the State owes him nothing, can owe him nothing, for he was a volunteer. The name and number of his regiment will soon cease to be; and some years later he will be a sadder man to know that, although at Gettysburg some five thousand New Yorkers perished, the only monument erected to the New York soldiers is dedicated to a militia regiment that never fired a shot. But the soldier has merged his individuality for the general good, and that element of the heroic which has been made his own by hunger and vigil and danger must now be ignored by him almost as completely as by the comrade left upon the field of battle.

"And when the wind in the treetops roared,
The soldier asked from the deep dark grave,
'Did the banner flutter then?'
'Not so, my hero,' the Wind replied:
'The fight is done, but the banner is won;
Thy comrades of old have borne it hence, —
Have borne it in triumph hence!'
Then the soldier spake from the deep dark grave,
'I am content.'"

S. R. Elliott.

WHITE MOUNTAIN FORESTS IN PERIL.

AN area of mountain and forest in the northern part of New Hampshire, commonly called the White Mountains, is rightly described as the Switzerland of America. East of the Rocky Mountains there are many noteworthy high peaks and clusters of peaks in the Alleghany Range, but there is no group, from Texas to Maine or from the Rockies to

the Atlantic, that presents the same attractions, unique and individual, that are furnished by the White Mountain region. These peaks are clothed with forests, which in many cases cover their summits, though the peaks that reach above the tree line, like Mounts Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Lafayette, and Moosilauke, are so high that their sum-

mits rise above the limits of vegetation. By common consent, great numbers of people turn yearly to this region for the enjoyment of natural scenery, and for free recreation among the eternal hills. It is easily accessible from all parts of the country, and is the leading feature of the great national park which Mr. Murray has outlined as the future resort of the American people. It comprises an area of thirty square miles, and a large part of it is still a virgin forest. In 1867, Governor Harriman was induced to part with this domain, then in the possession of the State of New Hampshire, for the paltry sum of twenty-six thousand dollars. It was bought by speculators, who have used the forests for the cutting of the mature lumber, in order to pay taxes and obtain a proper interest upon the investment, and a large part of the region has hardly changed hands since the State disposed of it; but in recent years the increasing scarcity of spruce lumber and the existing tariff on building materials have brought such pressure to bear upon those who own this property to cut the trees below the line of their maturity that, though extensive lumbering operations have been going on all through the section for the last half-century, there has been no time when these mountain forests were threatened with extermination to the extent that they are threatened now.

Besides the temptations already mentioned, the manufacture of paper from wood pulp has induced some owners of the forest adjacent to the White Mountain district to cut down the spruce-trees as well as the poplar and the birch to mere saplings, so that the forest will require at least twenty-five years to renew itself; while other owners have cleared off the trees so entirely that, after the fire has run over the denuded forest, not only is all vegetation consumed, but the vitality of the soil to reproduce trees is also destroyed. A ready illustration of these methods of lumbering is furnished

to any one who goes from Fabyan's to the base of Mount Washington, and overlooks what was once a magnificent wilderness, but where now the axe and the fire have combined to leave what looks like a frightful desolation. All along the banks of the Ammonoosuc, from its rise in the Presidential Range until it flows into the Connecticut, one sees the same frightful slaughter of forest, the trees cut off entirely, and the land growing up with birch and cherry bushes, which show that the soil has been ruined, and that what ought to be enchanting scenery along a great railway has been ruthlessly laid waste by the lumbermen and by fire. If you take the Wing road, and go up to Whitefield, and thence to Jefferson, you find that the entire stretch of lowland in this region — soil that is comparatively worthless for any other purpose — has been despoiled of its forests. The Brown Lumber Company has cut off the trees as the locusts in Egypt destroyed the blades of grass in the days of Pharaoh. There is nothing left; and in Gorham, which is described by Starr King as one of the loveliest sections of the White Mountains, and around Berlin Falls, which is in the same region, the destruction of the forests is equivalent to the desolation of the country. It looks as if it had been forsaken and condemned. The condition of the Zealand valley is as striking an instance as can be named of unwise and barbarous lumbering in this region. Mr. Henry and his sons, who have reduced this section to its present desolation, were the first to cut off the marketable timber. Then they started coal kilns, and consumed the remaining trees which could not be cut up and sold for firewood in the towns below. The result was a clean sweep; and later a disastrous fire — not Mr. Henry's fault, but his misfortune — broke out, and burnt up everything that was left, including the soil. The youngest child of to-day will be gray or in his grave before this section is reafforested.

These are well-known instances in the cutting of the forests where destruction has been the result. The evident aim was to wrest the last dollar from the land and leave it barren. It is hardly worth paying the taxes on for many years to come.

The present condition of these forests indicates that the lumbermen are taking yearly about six hundred million feet of rough timber from the White Mountain region and the sources of the Connecticut. Either every valuable tract of timber land has been bought by lumbermen, in order to take from it all its valuable spruce timber, or it is held by the original owners who have signed contracts for the cutting of the timber under certain conditions of stumpage. The hotel landlords have protected the mountain scenery within view of their hotels from molestation by actual purchase, but under present circumstances there is not a stick of timber of marketable size that is likely to escape cutting. The lumbermen have had their eyes upon every valuable and available tract, and are competing as eagerly for the ownership of these sections as operators in Wall Street are watching for opportunities to make a corner in stocks. This is one of the great forest regions which is within easy reach of the market, and, until the duty is taken off from Canadian lumber, a strong temptation is forced upon the great owners of forests in New Hampshire to push their best lumber into the market with all possible speed. No one can blame them for this; but, under the constant cutting, the forest trees in the State are unable to grow timber fast enough to supply what is taken away. This is the land for the growing of trees, and there is no such thing as the entire denuding of the mountains; but it is freely admitted by the inhabitants of the region and by the lumbermen that within a dozen years they will be so badly hacked that one will hardly know them as they exist to-day.

Mr. Henry and his sons, who with Mr.

George Van Dyke are the largest owners in the forest district, have purchased the very heart of the mountain region, one hundred thousand acres of forest, embracing the finest timber lands, as yet untouched, within the inside range of the mountains, and including at least one slope of all the great peaks from the base of Mount Washington to the open country at North Woodstock, and taking in the entire sweep of the Pemigewasset wilderness. They have it in their power, if they shall cut this forest as they have cut the forest in Zealand valley, to spoil the whole White Mountain region for a period of fifty years, to dry up the east branch of the Pemigewasset, to reduce the Merrimac to the size of a brook in summer, and to bring about a desolation like that which surrounds Jerusalem in the Holy Land. It is not intimated that Mr. Henry and his sons intend to do this. It will take them twenty years to go over this extensive domain and cut off the available timber; but it is what they possess the right to do, though it is believed that they would gladly submit to certain restrictions of stumpage, if the State should adopt a forestry law that applied equally to all the White Mountain lands. Even the lumbermen who have done most to destroy these noble forests have a certain sentiment with regard to them, and are not to be counted as entirely outside of sympathy with the present efforts for their protection and preservation. They have looked at them chiefly on their financial side, and have been compelled to use measures to turn them into money; but they are as ready as any to accept or devise measures which may be agreed upon for their protection. Beyond this tract which Mr. Henry and his sons now own, the Russell Paper Company has bought the forests in the town of Waterville, with the intention of cutting nothing below twelve inches at the butt; extensive lumbering operations are going on in the Albany Intervale along the Swift River; the

Saco Valley Lumber Company has purchased the right to cut down to ten inches at the stump in the Mount Washington valley; and there are perhaps from fifty to a hundred firms engaged in lumbering in smaller ways in different parts of the White Mountain region. Wherever a stick of timber larger than twelve inches in diameter at the butt is to be found, it is almost certain to be cut down. It is the same passionate desire to whack at trees that formerly possessed the inhabitants of Nantucket. When nearly all the original trees on the island had been cut off, the selectmen ordered that the few remaining out on the sand-mole protecting the harbor should be allowed to remain, imposing a heavy fine on any one who destroyed them. This so aroused the people as an infringement upon their liberty that they quickly cut them down in the night-time, out of spite to the authorities. The same resistless spirit of destruction seems to possess the people who own the White Mountain forests. They are eager to cut down all the spruce timber to be found, utterly regardless of the fact that spruce is becoming daily more expensive and more valuable for the building of houses; that, with the limited supply now left in the country, it is more likely to increase in value than any other product of the forest; and that the careful cutting of the spruce timber, so that the younger trees shall not be destroyed, is the only wise course to be taken. Some of the large forest owners are beginning to see this, and will not allow their woodlands to be cut at a point below the size of twelve inches at the stump.

The situation has so far been described chiefly as it is related to the lumbermen and their interests, and in the light in which they regard it; but every New Englander has a wider interest in this matter. It is a question with some whether the continual and rapid removal of the forest trees does not decrease the rainfall and the supply of water to the

streams. Where the trees grow thickly together, as the spruces and the pines do, the soil beneath is porous, like a sponge, and soaks up a great deal of water from the showers and the melting snows, which trickles down into the streams drop by drop when the showers are over and the snows have disappeared. This sponginess of soil is not retained when the sunlight strikes through the foliage and dries it up. The rainfall may be the same, but the power of the soil to hold the water is impaired. Then, again, if the woods are open, the ground freezes early, and when the heavy storms come the water rushes down in torrents over this hard surface into the streams below, and becomes a freshet; but if the forests are left practically in their original condition, the freshet will be greatly lessened, and a continuous water supply from the forests covering the watersheds can be maintained. It is in this light that the cutting of heavy timber in the White Mountain forests ought to be regarded. The Saco has been so much diminished by the cutting of the forests near its source that the ability of the land to hold the water back has been lessened within the memory of the oldest inhabitants. Even the mill owners along the Merrimac have been obliged to build a dam, at a heavy expense, at Lake Port, to hold back the water supply of the Winnepesaukee, in order to be sure of a proper supply for the summer season; and fifty years hence, when Boston goes to this lake for its water supply, the demands upon it will be so extensive that its tributary streams in the White Mountains will be among the most valuable property in the country. It is only when one takes into view these growing interests of the future that the New Hampshire forests, even in the light of our industries and utilities, assume their proper importance.

The outside interests in the White Mountains have been quite too much overlooked by tourists and pleasure-seek-

ers, who fail to recognize that these forests belong to other people, and that the use of them is a privilege which they have enjoyed "without money and without price." It is plain that in the future, if these great domains are to be maintained in their substantial integrity and wholeness, there must be some other arrangement for their protection and preservation than now exists, so that the charm of the region as a great national park may not be lost, and the rights of private owners, who have purchased this property in good faith and are entitled to revenues from it, may be preserved. The question is, What shall this protection be? and it is more easily asked than answered. It is rather for the forest owners to reply than for the summer tourists; at the present time the lumber barons are the only persons who hold the decision in their hands, and the only straight reply is that nothing can be done until every stick of marketable timber has been cut throughout the whole of the White Mountain region. This seems like a sweeping statement, but it is limited by what these land owners may be induced to agree upon as the limitation of their cutting of the trees. Under favorable conditions, the forest reproduces itself in twenty-five years. In the present condition of the ownership, it is for the proprietors to consent to an arrangement by which the trees shall not be cut below a designated size; this means the retention of trees which have a certain market value as wood, and all the young growth. Much is yet to be learned in this matter. In many cases, the proprietors have yet to be made to understand that it is quite as profitable to take out the ripe timber and leave the younger trees to grow up to maturity as it is to strip the forests clean and let the future take care of itself. The State of New Hampshire is without a single line on its statute book relating to the wooded districts. It is the same as if they did not exist; and although there has

been a Forestry Commission for about ten years, neither in its report in 1885, nor its second report in 1891, has there been anything beyond excellent essays on the different conditions of the mountain forests. They have supplied important information, but they have contributed almost nothing to the solution of the question. This has been, not from the lack of ability to deal with the issue, but from a lack of authority. The commission has been without power, and it has not gone beyond its limitations.

The time has come for something more definite and more practical, which shall not only initiate the efficient protection of the forests in New Hampshire, but shall treat them constructively. It has been generally agreed by all parties that the first thing to be done is to secure the appointment of a permanent Forestry Commission. At a meeting of persons interested in forestry, held in Concord, New Hampshire, in December last, it was agreed that this commission should consist of five members, of whom the acting governor should be chairman; and that it should be a body with powers to investigate forest conditions, to purchase lands under advisement, to act in the interest of the State if necessary, and to receive trust funds for the purchase of forest lands in the mountain region and around the head-waters of the streams. It is essential that such a commission should represent the interests of the State in dealing with the whole forest country, — not simply the White Mountain region, but the forests around the head-waters of the Connecticut; and that, while it should not be allowed to commit the State to heavy expenditures, it should have certain discretionary authority to enable it to act with decision and promptness in important matters. This is the starting-point of any adequate protection of the forests. It is necessary that this body of men should be very carefully chosen, with a view to the highest interests of the State, and entirely outside

of any political considerations. They must be men who know New Hampshire thoroughly, who have experience in forestry matters, and who have as much regard for the lumbering interests as they have for the national position of New Hampshire, which has done more than anything else to give this problem a unique and special character. No subject has come up in New Hampshire with a larger outreach, or that more requires far-sighted men to handle it properly. This commission must not only take into consideration all the interests concerned, but must devise a *modus vivendi* by which the forests may be preserved, the rights of the lumbermen protected, and the State prevented from the wasteful investment of the public funds in forest lands where the timber has been partially removed.

The question of a forestry law is beset with many difficulties. How can the State of New Hampshire regulate the cutting of the trees in the great forests, when it does not own a single acre of land? In Canada, the government refuses to allow the trees to be cut below ten inches in size at the stump; but the government owns the forest lands, and sells the right to cut at its own will. There is no one to question the constitutionality of its regulation. But in New Hampshire the passage of a forestry law forbidding the cutting of trees below ten inches would interfere with private rights. Thousands of farmers would say that it prevented the clearing of their land, and even the cutting of firewood, and many of the great lumber owners would say that it interfered with their business, and prevented the securing of such a profit from the forests as they had arranged for. No such law could be enacted without compensatory grants to those who are injured by it from the limitations introduced into fresh contracts; but in a reasonably short time such a regulation would naturally adjust itself, and neither buyers nor sellers of

forest timber would receive any injury from its limitations. They would make all their arrangements under the conditions of this regulation. The result would be that the forests would be maintained in nearly their full foliage, that the streams would be but slightly diminished in their supply of water, and that the spongy soil in the dense thickets would still retain its moisture, and allow the water to trickle down the hills as before. This arrangement would not be the seizure of the forest lands by the right of eminent domain; it would not hinder the lumbermen from their customary work; it would not greatly injure the mountain scenery; and it would be a bond of obligation that would preserve these great domains in their integrity, without depriving their owners of the freedom to deal as they pleased with their own property.

The condition is a little peculiar; the position of these forest lands is a unique one. There is a public interest in them throughout the nation which is not to be denied, and is not likely to grow less, and the demand exists that the White Mountain region shall be in some way regarded as public property. No forestry law can be adopted without the yielding of some points on the part of the lumber barons, or without the willingness of the American people to recognize and respect the private ownership of these domains. When looked at in a wider sense, the lumber barons have quite as much at stake in preserving or protecting the forests as they have in cutting them off. In a larger light, the White Mountains with their forests are worth infinitely more for the purposes of a great national park than for the temporary supply of lumber which they may furnish to the market. The railroads have a deep interest in this question. Originally, they were extended to the mountains in order to carry the lumber to the market. Quite incidentally they have become the carriers of the

American people to this section as pleasure-seekers; and in the time to come the winter business of transporting lumber will be less and less, while the summer business of transporting travelers will be more and more. The railroads have a personal interest in preserving the forests in their integrity, and the only way in which this can be done is to introduce a limitation of the cutting of trees, so that the mountain scenery shall not be impaired by the operations of the lumbermen. Some of the paper companies, who are compelled to look out for supplies for their pulp mills for years to come, have been forced to adopt the highest principles of forestry simply as a part of the wise administration of their business. The Russell Paper Company, which owns the mountains that slope into the valley of Waterville, enforces the regulation that no tree shall be cut below twelve inches at the butt, and it proposes to cut the forests so carefully that a yearly supply of lumber shall be furnished to their mills without in any way impairing the integrity or the beauty of the landscape.

If Mr. Henry and his sons, who hold the future treatment of the White Mountain region in their hands, should see their way to adopt a similar regulation with their hundred thousand acres, which they do not expect to cut short of twenty years, they would render the greatest possible aid to the adoption of a wise forestry law that could be applied to all the great forest districts of New Hampshire. If Mr. George Van Dyke, who is regarded as the largest lumber dealer in New Hampshire, should accept a regulation for limiting the size of the lumber, for all the operations which he now controls, it would practically settle the whole matter. There might be some individual owners who would stand out in the interests of personal obstinacy, if any protective measure should be adopted; but if the permanent Forestry Commission were created by the legislature, and

the chief lumbermen should rise to the wisest consideration of this question, there is no doubt that the State of New Hampshire would soon be in a position to act intelligently and wisely for the protection of that portion of its domains which is the joy and pride of the whole nation.

This ought not to be a difficult matter to arrange, but no settlement is likely to be made that is unfair to any party. The forest owners are not to be interfered with except on principles of justice; the people of the State are not to be taxed in order to provide a tramping-ground for the tourists of the country; the mill owners, who have invested millions of capital with the understanding that the streams shall not be tampered with, are not to be deprived of the supplies of water on which they depend; and the tourists, who think the White Mountains furnish the most attractive scenery in the United States, should not be unwilling to make a proper compensation for the privileges which they demand. It is a matter of kindly agreement all around, and he will be a wise man and a considerable statesman who shall take these interests in hand and formulate a rule of action that shall be recognized as fair and just to all parties. One who has given this subject more careful thought than perhaps any one else, and who is in a position to deal fairly with all the interests involved, and who has not a penny at stake in the result, suggests the following regulation as perhaps nearer to a settlement of the issue than anything which has yet been devised. In his view, it is for the State to reach a final point of arbitration that shall stop the destruction of the forests, and give them the protection which is essential to their preservation; and this is to be done by purchasing an agreement with the present owners of the lumber regions that neither they nor their heirs nor their assigns shall ever cut a tree of less size than that deter-

mined on. It would be understood, in that case, that the State acquired no title to the land, that the owner reserved to himself all the mature timber that might ever grow upon it, that the State had no other care for the forest than to see that the contract was executed, and that thereby the reservoirs of the streams and the attractiveness of the scenery would be preserved. This could be done at a less sum than the State would expend if it sought the same object in any other way.

It is a practicable plan, and it could be entered upon at once; it does not require the immediate expenditure of large sums of money, and it can be greatly assisted by means of personal contributions. To purchase at once the right of control would require, no doubt, not less than two or three million dollars; but the passage of such a law as we have outlined would arrest immediately nearly all the dangers which now threaten the simultaneous cutting of the forests at a hundred different points in the White Mountains, to their injury. It is not necessary that this sum should be raised immediately, and there is no reason why it should not be assisted by private subscriptions, by which parties who are interested in preserving sections that have great natural beauty might purchase this right and hold it as a lasting bond of protection. The State could grant from year to year certain donations to be used for this purpose, and many of the original owners would be glad to contribute their share to extend over the whole region the protection which such an agreement would insure. Undoubtedly this plan has its defects, but it goes far to make possible a plan of protection that would combine two features essential to its success: it would unite state aid and authority with individual benefactions. The State would have a certain right of control, and could devise a more efficient system of fire wardens than could be obtained by any private arrangement. While the personal ownership of these

lands would not change, the owners themselves, under such a provision, would feel that their property was even more secure from fire than it is now, and that their control of the property for business purposes was not in the least impaired. There might be nearly as much lumbering in northern New Hampshire as there is now, but it would be conducted on the principles of wise forestry, and in the end the owners of this property would probably find that their gains were quite equal to what they are now.

These White Mountain forests have the nature of a perpetual estate. They must be preserved, like the old farmhouse, like ancient traditions, and it is possible, by some such arrangement as this, to maintain them in their integrity, and still insure to their owners an excellent return on the investment, without impairing their value to the State or the nation. It is of the greatest importance that interested parties should study them in an unselfish light; not putting forward one consideration to the exclusion of another, but so playing off the one against the other that the subject may be seen in all its varied aspects and regarded as a consistent whole. Much depends upon the attitude of outside people toward the White Mountain region. If the public spirit of men of wealth should be aroused, and large contributions should be made to secure the protection of these forests for all time, it might result in a popular movement that would not only preserve the integrity of these mountain forests, but make them immensely more popular to multitudes of people than they have ever been before. But the time has come when these different measures require immediate action, when some one must espouse them, when the New Hampshire legislature must take the initiatory steps in legislation, when a permanent Forestry Commission must be empowered to mediate between different parties and formulate action on constructive lines. The recent agitation of this sub-

ject in the daily press has been timely and judicious. It has not presented an overdrawn picture of the dangers, and it has not failed to point out how the solution of the problem may be reached. It is a far larger subject than it appears to be when first considered, and unites so many and so varied interests that no drastic measures for the protection of the forests can be adopted with success. The New Hampshire people have washed their hands of all responsibility in the matter since Governor Harriman bargained the birthright of the commonwealth for a handful of lintels, but the time has now come when the sturdy farmers of the State, its capitalists, and all the people who possess public spirit ought to unite in methods which shall protect and preserve the forests at the same time that they protect the interests of those who have put their money into them. The more one studies this forestry problem, the more he sees the variety of its interests and realizes the possibility of their fair adjustment. The dangers which threaten the forests can be overcome, and the people of New Hampshire should be the first to remove them.

The forestry question in that State is in some respects not different from what it is in other States, in or out of New England, and the call for a New England Forestry Commission is not unwise or incapable of realization. Maine is as reckless in the destruction of its great forests as New Hampshire is, and

Massachusetts is just beginning to realize that certain public reservations are closely connected with the welfare of its different communities. In Vermont the forestry question may be in present abeyance, but with the farms growing up into woodland, and these woodlands constantly acquiring larger value as forests, there is need of forestry laws both for their preservation and for treating them to advantage. New Hampshire enjoys the unique distinction of having a domain which nature has pointed out for a great public park; not a sportsman's preserve, such as Mr. Austin Corbin has established in New Hampshire as a private inclosure, but a people's hunting and tramping ground, where the domain is as free as the air, and where every American feels that the endowments of nature are as permanent and secure as the Constitution. It is this great and noble domain that is to-day in the hands of the spoiler; and though nature has decreed that when a tree is cut down another shall take its place, it is not able to resist when the will and the greed of man have it in their power to add slaughter and fire to the ordinary agencies of destruction. The White Mountain forests constitute one of the finest natural preserves on this continent, and the appeal goes forth to every patriotic American that their beauty and utility and integrity shall be kept inviolate amid all the dangers which threaten their existence.

Julius H. Ward.

HEGESIAS.

THE soul of its own sorrow crucified,

The universal sorrow shall not wound :

No home grief slays the soul that hath descried

The total grief which wraps this earth around.

Edith M. Thomas.

SHAKESPEARE AND COPYRIGHT.

PROBABLY the majority of students of Shakespeare have been curious to know why his plays were entered on the Stationers' Register when they were printed. Who were the Stationers? What was their Register? Did it afford any protection like copyright to the author? If not, did he have protection from any other source for his productions? This article will try to answer some of these questions as simply as possible.¹

Copyright had its origin, not in any desire to protect the rights of authors, but simply in a device of the Tudors to maintain a strict censorship of the press, which they did by establishing a monopoly of printing in the hands of a corporation called the Stationers' Company.

The first book printed in England was struck off in 1471. Prior to that time copyright was of no value, owing to the great expense of reproducing manuscripts; but with printing came cheaper books, and with cheaper books more readers and a demand for more books, so that very shortly the right to print certain classes of books which were in great request became valuable.

In 1518, for the first time, a book was published "*cum privilegio*;" that is, the king forbade any one to reprint it in England for two years, or to import it from any foreign country. After this, the granting of such privileges became quite common, and so monopolies were frequently given to different printers of producing certain classes of books, especially Bibles, prayer-books, and other volumes used in religious services; also translations of the classics.

¹ The following authorities, among others, have been consulted in gathering material for this inquiry: on questions of law and legal history, Morgan's *Law of Literature*, Drone on *Copyright*, and the well-known cases of *Millar vs. Taylor*, and *Donaldson vs. Beckett*; on matters especially relating to Shakespeare and

The next step was the monopoly granted to the Stationers' Company. In 1556 Philip and Mary issued a charter incorporating this company, by which ninety-seven persons, printers, booksellers, and others of kindred pursuits, were invested with the monopoly of printing in the realm of England, and in return for this privilege were authorized and enjoined to hunt up and destroy all heretical, seditious, or treasonable books, and all books not issued by the Stationers' Company. "The Company of Stationers," says Justice Yates in *Millar vs. Taylor*, "were made a kind of literary constables to seize all books that were printed contrary to the statute," etc., with a monopoly of printing for their reward. They kept at their hall, for their own use, a register containing the titles of books issued by themselves, the names of the respective proprietors (who must be members of the Company), and the successive transfers of ownership. This volume was the Stationers' Register. The increasing jealousy with which the government regarded the power and the freedom of the press caused further restrictive measures, which culminated in the Star Chamber decree of 1585, compelling the examination and licensing of all books before printing. This decree confirmed the printing monopoly of the Stationers' Company, but required that all books, before being printed, should be examined by the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Bishop of London, and by him licensed for publication. After this date, the Stationers' Register contains the titles of such books as were licensed, the names

his works, Halliwell's *Outlines*, Elze's *William Shakespeare*, and the various *Introductions to the Facsimile Quartos*; on other contemporaneous writers, Arber's *republications*, — to all of which I would fully acknowledge my indebtedness.

of the publishers, and the records of all transfers of ownership. Sometimes books were thus entered on the Register which were never printed; sometimes they were "stayed" after being licensed, — that is, held back by the authorities from publication.

This was the situation when Shakespeare entered the field of literature. No book could be printed in England except by the Stationers' Company, and then only after being licensed by the authorities. This monopoly constituted a sort of copyright, which, however, had to be in the name of some member of the Company, a printer or bookseller, and not of the author.

In 1593 Shakespeare wanted to publish his well-known poem *Venus and Adonis*, and made some arrangement with a printer named Richard Field, who is said to have come from Stratford-on-Avon. Field obtained a license from the Archbishop of Canterbury, entered the poem on the Stationers' Register "as his copy," and published it. The book bore no author's name on the title-page, but contained a dedication to Lord Southampton over Shakespeare's signature. From the scrupulous accuracy of the printing, it has been supposed that the author himself supervised the proof-reading. The next year Field assigned his interest in the work to "Master Harrison, Senior," which transfer also appears on the Register. The original entries are as follows (Halliwell's Outlines): —

Richard Field xviii^o Aprilis.
 Entred for his copie under
 thandes of the Archbisshop of
 Cant. and Mr. Warden Stirrop
 a book intituled *Venus and
 Adonis*.

Assigned over
 to Mr. Harrison
 Sen, 25 Junij
 1594.

"Copie" here means copyright, or the sole right to print, publish, and sell; "thandes" is a contraction for "the
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hands;" "intuled" is a clerical error for "intituled."

On the 9th of May, 1594, Master Harrison, Senior, "entered for his copy" Shakespeare's second poem, *Lucrece*, which also contained a dedication signed by the author, and was undoubtedly published with his consent, his friend Field being the printer of this as well as of the *Venus*. These two poems were perhaps the only portion of his works in whose publication he took any part.

Now, what personal rights or privileges, if any, had grown up in connection with these transactions? The first thing to observe is that the Star Chamber decree of 1585 was only a police regulation to check the publication of any kind of obnoxious books. It simply declared that all works, before being printed, must be licensed, and that when licensed they could be printed only by members of the Stationers' Company. It did not give the Stationer to whom the book had been licensed any exclusive right to print it. The law merely confined the right of printing to the Company, leaving that body to regulate the claims of its members, which seem to have been determined by custom, without any by-law or formal rule. From the time when the Company was organized and the Register first established, in 1556, it had been the invariable custom of the Company to recognize the right of copy as vested in those members in whose names a book was registered, and this practice continued after the licensing was made compulsory, in 1585. Such copyright could be transferred on the Register, which transfer was respected as a valid conveyance; and members violating these copyrights were punished by fines or otherwise.

In the great case of *Millar vs. Taylor* (1769), the verdict found, among other facts, that "it was usual to purchase from authors the perpetual copyright of their books, and to assign the same from hand to hand for valuable considerations, and

to make the same the subject of family settlements for the provision of wives and children." Justice Willes said, in his opinion: "Mr. Blackstone argued very materially from the books of the Stationers' Company, and read many entries. And from the extract of them it appears that there is no ordinance or by-law relative to copies till after the year 1640; and yet from the erection of the Company copies were entered as property, and pirating was punished. Their first charter was in 1556; their second in 1558. In 1558, and down from that time, there are entries of copies for particular persons. In 1559, and downward from that time, there are persons fined for printing other men's copies. In 1573 there are entries which take notice of the sale of the copy and the price. In 1582 there are entries with an express proviso 'that if it be found any other has right to any of the copies, then the license touching such of the copies so belonging to another shall be void.'"

In *Donaldson vs. Beckett* (1774) it is stated that "in 1681 a by-law [of the Stationers' Company] declares that where a book was entered to any member, such person, by ancient usage of the Company, has been reputed and taken to be the proprietor."

Now we are prepared to answer the questions raised above. When Field was licensed to print Shakespeare's *Venus*, the Star Chamber decree gave him no exclusive personal copyright. But here the ancient custom of the Stationers' Company stepped in to aid him; that custom recognized his ownership, and would have punished any violation of it. So much for Field's rights; now let us ask what rights or privileges Shakespeare had in the matter. None whatever. He could not appear in the transaction, for, not being a member of the Stationers' Company, he could not take out a license to print, and any benefit he might receive from the publication of his works could come to him only through a con-

tract with Field or some other member of the Company.

To understand the indifference shown in those times to the ownership of literary work, we must consider the historical surroundings. In the middle of the sixteenth century printing was new and books were expensive; literary works of considerable magnitude still circulated freely in manuscript, were copied from hand to hand, and went through a wide circle of readers in that form. Dr. Arber says, in a preface to Francis Meres's well-known sketch of English literature in 1598: "Many of the English works referred to in this sketch existed at the time only in manuscript. A number of them did not come to the press for years, some for many years afterwards, and some not at all, and are now lost."

This indifference to printing was regretted by Puttenham in his *Art of English Poesie* (1589). He says such of the nobility or gentry as are skilled in "poesie" have no courage to write; or if they have, yet they are loath to be known for their skill. "I know very many notable gentlemen in the court that have written commendably and suppressed it again, or else suffered it to be published without their own names to it; as if it were a discredit for a gentleman to seem learned and to show himself amorous of any good art." Literary gentlemen of that day wrote their songs and sonnets, their canzonets and eclogues, and allowed their friends to copy them from hand to hand, but forbade their publication. Anthologies were compiled from this material floating about in written form, such as *Tottel's Miscellany*, *England's Helicon*, and *Bodenham's Belvedere*, to which we are indebted for many literary gems which would otherwise have perished. Bodenham, giving the sources of his collection, mentions "private poems obtained by favor of copying;" and speaking of the well-known poets of the day, he says many of their works were "kept

in private" and "held back from publishing."

The Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt had been dead many years when Tottel, in 1557, brought out their poems in his *Miscellany*; and, coming down nearly to Shakespeare's time, Sir Philip Sidney's books circulated freely in manuscript, and were not printed for several years after his death, in 1586. His *Astrophel* and *Stella* remained unpublished till 1591, when it was surreptitiously printed by Thomas Newman, who testifies in his dedication that it had been "spread abroad in written copies and carried general commendation." So with Sidney's *Defence of Poesy*, which Professor A. S. Cook says must have been extensively circulated in manuscript before its publication in 1596, as many quotations from it are found in contemporary writers. His *Arcadia*, too, was copied freely in an imperfect form for years before it was printed, for which we have the testimony of his friend Fulke Greville.

Different motives may have contributed to this unwillingness to print. Men are the votaries of fashion, and the old established style of manuscript circulation among one's friends was still the time-honored custom, sanctioned by good society. Very likely, too, authors felt an aversion to encounter the attacks of the virulent critics and pamphleteers of that day. As printing became cheaper and more common, another sentiment came in to check a disposition to print: the very cheapness and commonness of a printed book gave it a plebeian air, and "the nobility and gentry," as Puttenham has it, shrank from being put on the level of the common herd. Besides this, printing smelt of the shop; there was a money profit in it, and the publisher was working for that. The dilettante gentleman of Elizabeth's time might write sonnets or poems for the delight of his friends, and loan them his manuscripts, but it was bad form to print them, and

called for some kind of apology. Thus, when Greville writes to Walsingham offering to superintend the publication of Sidney's *Arcadia*, he scorns the idea of any profit from what he calls "the mercenary printing." "Gain there will be no doubt to be disposed [of] by you; let it be to the poorest of his servants." This sentiment lingered in the realm of letters when the poet Gray left the profits of his poems to his publisher, and perhaps a trace of it may be seen in the case of Edward Fitzgerald.

The dislike to print had in a great measure worn away by the close of Shakespeare's life. The publication of the works of such men as Spenser, Sidney, and Shakespeare, and the remarkable group of minor poets and dramatists at the end of the sixteenth century, had removed the stigma connected with printing, while the mass of readers had become so large that it was an object worth catering for to meet their approval. In the mean time, however, there was an eager search in every direction for manuscript poems which were floating about, to put them into print. The publishers of those days were as anxious for literary novelties as are the men of to-day for the journal of the most recent African traveler or Tennyson's latest poem. Nor were they at all scrupulous about the feelings of the author; holding, perhaps, that the fact of circulation in manuscript justified printing. Whenever they could lay hands on such material, they snatched it up and printed it, utterly regardless of any claim of ownership on the part of the writer. Thus Newman's first edition of *Astrophel* and *Stella* was undoubtedly quite unauthorized by Sidney's friends, and moreover included thirty-five sonnets and songs by other persons, of which Daniel afterwards claimed and republished nineteen, complaining in the epistle prefixed to his *Delia* (1592) that his work had been confounded with that of other men, and his verses corrupted by

the carelessness of copyists. The second edition of Constable's *Sonnets* in 1594, itself unquestionably piratical, was made up of seventy-five sonnets, of which Sidney's friends afterwards laid claim to eight as his. W. Percy, in 1594, printed his *Cœlia* with a prefatory epistle to the reader, in which he says: "Whereas I was fully determined to have concealed my sonnets as things privy to myself, yet, of courtesy having lent them to some, they were secretly committed to the press and almost finished before it came to my knowledge. Wherefore making, as they say, a virtue of necessity," he submits to his fate. There may be some affectation in Percy's case, but it illustrates the prevailing feeling about this literary flotsam.

The instances above cited show pretty clearly what was the probable condition of Shakespeare's "sugred sonnets among his private friends," from the time when Meres wrote, in 1598, till the time of their publication, in 1609. They were copied and admired "among his private friends." Two of them fell into the hands of the piratical Jaggard, and helped to stuff out the meagre form of his *Passionate Pilgrim*. Finally Thomas Thorpe pounced upon them, and thought he could make a few shillings out of Shakespeare's popularity by printing them together with *The Lover's Complaint*; and Shakespeare seems to have had no remedy. However, but for Thorpe's unscrupulous disregard of the author's rights we probably should never have seen any of these well-known poems.

The case of the stage play was quite different. It was written for profit, and when finished was sold to the theatre manager. Indeed, most of the playwrights were directly connected with one of the leading theatrical companies in London. The same rigid censorship was maintained in the production of dramas upon the stage as in the printing of other literature. They must first be

subjected to the inspection of the master of revels and approved by him; after they had been shaped to suit his criticism, it was allowable to put them on the boards.

Perhaps, so long as the play was neither circulated in manuscript nor brought out in public, some right of ownership on the part of the author would be respected; but so soon as it appeared upon the stage, this was deemed a quasi-publication, which gave the bookseller a right to print whenever he could lay his hands upon it. The theatre manager had every motive to prevent its publication; for when it was once printed, his rivals, the other companies, could bring it out on the boards in opposition. The modern doctrine of "stage-right" had not been invented, under which a dramatist can produce a play on the stage, and copy out or even print it solely for stage use, without prejudice to his rights of ownership.

So, whenever a play proved to be popular, a contest arose at once for its possession. The managers would guard the manuscript with most jealous care, while the hungry publisher, eager for every novelty that would catch the public fancy, would try by all means, fair or foul, to procure a copy. Perhaps a servant of the theatre could be bribed to give him a sight of the manuscript; perhaps some faithless actor would give him a chance to copy his part; and when all other means had failed, the printer would send men to the theatre to take shorthand notes, and write up from these what purported to be a copy of the play. Publications of this kind were what the editors of the *Folio* of 1623 complained of as "diverse stolne and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthe of injurious imposters."

All these methods are matters of historic record, derived from the complaints of Elizabethan authors. Thomas Heywood says (1623):—

"Some by stenography drew
The plot, put it in print (scarce one word true),
And in that lameness it hath limped so long,
The author now, to vindicate that wrong,
Hath took the pains upright upon its feet
To teach it walk."

Later (1630) he repeats the same statement: "Some of my plays have (unknown to me and without any of my direction) accidentally come into the printer's hands, and therefore so corrupt and mangled (copied only by the ear) that I have been as unable to know them as ashamed to challenge them," etc. Heywood further declares that some authors, after selling their plays to the stage, made a second profit by a sale to the printer.

Against these schemes the managers used every device in their power to delay or prevent the printing of the plays they had purchased. They procured the intervention of their powerful patrons; and the lord chamberlain's influence was at times invoked to protect his company, of which Shakespeare was a member, from this appropriation of their property. Sometimes the printers were bribed to put off issuing a play from the press till its novelty on the stage had worn off. By these various means plays were sometimes "stayed" for two, four, or six months, occasionally for years, and some of those entered for publication were never brought out in separate form. On the other hand, it looks as though in some cases the managers, or perhaps the author himself (like Heywood, in the instance above), goaded to desperation by some mutilated issue of a play, consented to a second edition, printed from a perfect manuscript. Stevens suggests that "it seems to have been the practice of the numerous theatres, in the time of Shakespeare, to cause some bookseller to make immediate entries of their new pieces, as a security against the encroachments of their rivals," but this is hardly probable.

There are still many puzzling questions about these matters that perhaps will never be answered with certainty.

Sometimes the Register fails to show that a license was issued for the printing of some book that we have. For example, *Romeo and Juliet* was printed in 1597, and *Love's Labour's Lost* in 1598, though there is no record on the Register that either of them was ever licensed. This must be an error of omission from the Register, for in 1607 a transfer of the ownership of each of them is recorded.

Occasionally, too, the members of the Stationers' Company seem not to have had much respect for one another's rights. *Midsummer Night's Dream* was licensed to Thomas Fisher in 1600, and published by him; but the same year an unauthorized edition was brought out by James Roberts. This was probably one of those cases alluded to by Justice Willes, where fines were sometimes imposed on refractory members for piracy on the rights of their fellows.

By these various means no less than twenty of Shakespeare's plays, including *Pericles*, were printed separately during his life, and one more, *Othello*, in 1622, after his death; some of them going through several editions. Four among these appeared under different names from those they bear at present, and in many of the Quartos the text varies materially from our present versions. We have no positive knowledge how these plays were issued, except in the case of *Troilus and Cressida*, where the remarkable prefatory address of the publisher states distinctly that he printed it in defiance of the owners, — the "grand possessors," as he calls them, — and he claims the thanks of the reader for so doing. And after all, the world owes a certain debt of gratitude to these pirates, for we have many Elizabethan plays and poems which would have utterly perished but for them. On the other hand, a good stage-right law would have given us as perfect a text of Shakespeare's plays as we now have of his poems. It is a melancholy thought that,

with all the pleasure the reading public has derived from the printing of these dramas, it is not likely that the author himself ever received a penny for their publication.

We will now consider the publication of the Folio of 1623 in the light of the copyright question. This precious volume, containing thirty-six plays, was issued seven years after the death of Shakespeare. Of these plays, sixteen were new to the press, and were licensed to Ed[ward] Blount and Isaac Jaggard; the remaining twenty had presumably been printed before, and for that reason required no license. The book was edited by Heminge and Condell, Shakespeare's fellow-actors and personal friends, members of the King's Company, and perhaps at that time shareholders of the Blackfriars and Globe theatres; and it was printed, says the title-page, at London by Isaac Jaggard and Ed. Blount, 1623, while, according to the note on the last page, the work was done "at the charges of W. Jaggard, Ed. Blount, J. Smithweeks, and W. Aspley." It was a great undertaking for the time, and two editors, four publishers, and two printing-houses shared in the work. The sixteen new plays must have been furnished by Heminge and Condell from the collection of manuscript dramas in the library of the King's Company, and were licensed to Blount and Isaac Jaggard in the following terms: "Master William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories and Tragedies, so many of the said copies as are not formerly entered to other men;" then follows a list of the sixteen new ones. The publishers of the volume must also have gathered into their possession the copyrights of all the plays which had been previously printed, thus gaining the right to issue the entire volume. *Pericles* had been already printed in Quarto form, but was left out of the Folio, possibly because its authorship was doubtful, or perhaps the pub-

lishers could not obtain the right to reprint it.

Such were the conditions of copyright under which Shakespeare's various works were first printed. The only protection enjoyed by authors was through the printing monopoly held by the Stationers' Company. Probably the only profit the poet ever derived from the sale of his printed works was through his contracts for the publication of *Venus and Lucrece*. The printing of the Quartos during his life may have been actually an injury to him in so far as it destroyed the stage monopoly of the plays held by the King's Company, of which he was a member.

It only remains to say that the licensing regulations lapsed in 1594, and a few years later, in 1710, the first English copyright statute was passed by Parliament, giving the author control over the publication of his works for a specified number of years, which limited form of ownership has prevailed in Europe and America till to-day.

It will be observed that the question of the author's common law right to his work—that is, the absolute ownership of his literary productions in perpetuity, like any other property—has not come up in the foregoing pages. This point seems never to have arisen in Shakespeare's time. Nearly two centuries later it came before the courts, when the copyright of Thomson's *Seasons* expired, and his representatives tried to prevent its publication by other parties. When the question was brought before the court of King's Bench in *Millar vs. Taylor*, the court decided by a vote of three to one, Lord Mansfield being one of the majority, that the copyright of a book belongs to the author at common law, and that this right was not taken away by the statute of 1710. The matter came before the House of Lords on an appeal from a decree of the court of Chancery founded upon this judgment, and in the great case of *Donaldson vs.*

Beckett the Lords held, first, by a vote of eight to three, that the author of any literary composition had the sole right of first printing and publishing the same for sale, and might bring an action against any person who printed, published, and sold the same without his consent; second, by seven to four, that the common law did not take away this right upon his printing and publishing such literary composition; third, by six to five, that such action at common law was taken away by the statute of 8th Anne, and the author was precluded by the said statute from every remedy except on the foundation of the statute and on the terms and conditions prescribed thereby; or, in other words, the court held that after the passage of the statute the author's ownership was changed from a perpetuity under the common law to an ownership limited to a term of years under the statute. It had been contended on behalf of the author that his right of property in his composition was a perpetuity; that the statute merely gave him an additional protection for a term of years, and when that expired his common law rights still remained. But the court held the contrary view, that the statute terminated the common law perpetuity.

Lord Mansfield, being a peer, did not vote. Had he voted, it would have stood six to six on the third proposition, and the legal estimate of authors' rights under the statute might have been materially changed.

The arguments of the justices favoring the rights of authors were based upon two grounds:—

First, the moral ground, that men should have the same unrestricted right of ownership in their literary works as in any other form of human productions.

Second, the historic precedent, asserting that ever since 1558 rights of property in literary compositions had been re-

cognized. Now, it is true that copyright in literary compositions had been recognized as property ever since 1558, but it was through the customs and by-laws of the Stationers' Company, and not by the statutes and the courts; and these rights were vested in the Stationers, and not in the authors. The facts cited in the foregoing pages show conclusively that the piratical printers of Elizabeth's time regarded with contempt any supposed right of ownership outside of their own number, and were in the habit of printing manuscripts that fell into their hands without any concern for the common law rights of the author.

The truth is that respect for literary ownership is a thing of comparatively modern growth. As the literature of England increased in volume and value, that value demanded recognition and received it, first in the laws of the Stationers' monopoly, then in the copyright statute of 1710, then in partial recognition of the common law right by the courts in 1774. Since the passage of the statute of 8th Anne, this protection has been extended to music, drawings, painting, and statuary; stage-right has been introduced in the case of plays; and last of all, international copyright has been obtained. The rights of authors rest, not upon historic precedent, but upon the growth of public sentiment; it is a matter of evolution rather than of history.

It is easily within the range of possibilities that the growing public sentiment in favor of literary ownership may by and by be strong enough to overturn that interpretation of the law in 1774 adopted by the narrow vote of six to five (which even then would not have prevailed but for the unfortunate courtesy of Lord Mansfield in withholding his vote), and may establish the principle that authors should own their productions in perpetuity, the same as other property.

Horace Davis.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

THE greatest achievements in poetry have been made by men who lived close to their times, and who responded easily to their environment. Not that Taine was altogether right in his climatic theory. The individual counts for much, and his output is really the result of the combined action of two influences, his personality and his surroundings, — a sort of intellectual parallelogram of forces. Nor is great poetic accomplishment necessarily a sympathetic expression of contemporary tendencies. On the contrary, it may often antagonize them. But whether it antagonize or approve, it is apt to be vitally related to them. No man ever set his face more strenuously against the trend of his age than Dante, nor denounced its manners and morals more severely; yet Dante was directly concerned in the practical affairs of his day, and his epoch is epitomized in his poems. Of course, great poetry bases itself below the shifting surfaces of eras and nationalities upon the immovable bed-rock of our common humanity; and so the greatest poets, the poets who express life most fundamentally, come to have a certain likeness to one another, even though they be as widely separated in time and space as Homer and Shakespeare. But the poet must learn his human lesson at first hand; he must find the essential realities of life where he can see them with his own eyes, under the transitory garments which they wear in his day; and to do this he must be interested in his day.

There have been now and again, however, certain poets who seem to have been born out of due time. They have not been opposed to their age so much as apart from it. The Hamlets of verse, for them the time has been out of joint, and they have not had the intensity or the resolution to strive to

set it right. Thrown back upon themselves by an environment which was distasteful to them, but which they lacked either the force or the inclination to wrestle with and overcome, they have necessarily had little to say. But on that very account they have frequently given more thought to the purely artistic side of their work than more copious writers. Such men were Collins and Gray, and afterwards Landor, men whom we admire more for the classic beauty of their style and for other technical qualities than for the scope of their imagination or the penetration of their insight. Of this class of poets, and with no mean rank among them, was Thomas William Parsons.

Beginning to write contemporaneously with the earliest American poets, at a time when only the veriest doggerel had yet been perpetrated in this country, he felt keenly the sense of isolation which it was the lot of men of letters in those days to experience, — an isolation the reality of which the younger generation finds it difficult to appreciate. This is the excuse, though it is certainly not a justification, for the deprecatory and provincial tone which characterizes what are probably the earliest of his poems that have been preserved, the Letters which stand at the beginning of his first volume. Not Dickens himself was more flippantly scornful of America and the Americans than is Parsons in these Letters; and though in the preface to them he attributes the sentiments they contain to an imaginary "wandering Englishman," thus disclaiming them as personal, he shows even in doing so something more than a dramatic sympathy with the attitude they portray. This provincialism Parsons soon outgrew, but he never came to be in perfect touch with his country, nor to have that sense of

easy security with regard to her which should mark the citizen of a nationality fully mature.

Yet even in these presumably juvenile verses there is much vigorous writing and some genuine humor. This on Boston, for example: —

"This town, in olden times of stake and flame,
A famous nest of Puritans became:
Sad, rigid souls, who hated as they ought
The carnal arms wherewith the devil fought;
Dancing and dicing, music, and whate'er
Spreads for humanity the pleasing snare.
Stage-plays, especially, their hearts abhorred,
Holding the muses hateful to the Lord,
Save when old Sternhold and his brother
bard
Oped their hoarse throats, and strained an
anthem hard.
From that angelic race of perfect men
(Sure, seraphs never trod the world till then!)
Descends the race to whom the sway is given
Of the world's morals by confiding Heaven."

There was always a strain of true religious feeling in Parsons, which deepened at the last into something rapt and intense; but Puritanism never ceased to be hateful to him, and this antagonism contributed to make him feel that his footsteps were on alien soil. An artist first of all, he was drawn more toward the services of the ancient Church, for whose adornment art has so bountifully poured out its treasures, than to any balder form of worship. To him the world was a problem in beauty and emotion. He was not incommoded with a message, as so many of his contemporaries were. This has been, perhaps, to the detriment of his reputation in the past; it may be to its advantage in the future. The man who speaks too consciously a message to his own time is apt to have none for any other. Parsons wrought from first to last in the true artistic spirit, and it is not unlikely that his chief claims to the recognition of the future will be found in qualities of form and style.

Not the least among these qualities will be that sturdy literary independence which, amid the widespread æsthetic re-

vival of this century, achieved a success of a purely æsthetic nature on lines entirely unaffected by the contemporary fashion. In a time of metrical experiment and of the new and strange harmonies of Rossetti and Swinburne, he alone of the artistic school of poets, uninfluenced even by Coleridge or Shelley, worked in the severe methods of an earlier day. Dryden and Pope seem to have been his earliest masters, but not for long. The versification of Dryden, which Keats learned to appreciate at its true value, remained always to some extent a factor in Parsons's art, but he soon threw over the jingle of Pope's measure for the fuller, statelier, and in truth simpler manner of Collins and Gray. Yet his matured style is neither that of Collins, with whom he had close resemblances, personal and poetical, nor that of Gray, though unquestionably akin to both. Parsons had, besides, a certain bent for plain words and homely images that sometimes became Dantesque. Indeed, the lifelong study which he gave to Dante could not be without its influence on his own expression, — an influence potent for strength and directness.

Parsons was probably Gray's inferior in point of taste, for otherwise we can hardly understand how he could put forth in the same volume, and sometimes in the same poem, such inequalities as he permitted himself. Yet it must be said, as an offset to this, that he seldom made himself responsible for a poem by publishing it. He occasionally had verses in the magazines, and even, if the whim took him, in the newspapers; but only twice in his life did he bring the question of his critical judgment fairly within the scope of comment by issuing a volume to the public. The first of these volumes, which contains the famous *Lines on a Bust of Dante*, may perhaps rely upon the youth of its author as an explanation of its unevenness. The other, *Circum Præcordia*, published in the year of his death, and con-

sisting of a versification of the collects of the Church together with a few original poems of a religious character, is of even and sustained excellence, though rising to the level of his best work only in its concluding poem, *Paradisi Gloria*. Mrs. Parsons had several other volumes printed for private circulation only, but of these the author frequently knew nothing until the bound copies were placed in his hands. What he would himself now select to give to the world no one can tell; possibly as carefully edited a volume as even that of Gray.

Such a volume would, I believe, be one of the treasures of American verse, — a book that lovers of poetry would carry with them as they would similar thin volumes of Herrick, Marvell, Collins, or Landor. The lyrics addressed to Francesca are true Herrick for grace and daintiness, and there is nothing in Landor finer than such passages as this:

"His heart was written o'er, like some stray
page
Torn out from Plutarch, with majestic names;"
or these, from *Francesca di Rimini*: —

"Be it some comfort, in that hateful hell,
You had a lover of your love to tell."

"But he whose numbers gave you unto fame,
Lord of the lay, — I need not speak his
name, —
Was one who felt; whose life was love or
hate.
Born for extremes, he scorned the middle
state,
And well he knew that, since the world began,
The heart was master in the world of man."

I have referred to the *Paradisi Gloria*. This poem, with one unwisely altered line restored to its original reading, is one of the few faultless lyrics in the language; and the following stanza, with which it begins, is, I submit, as felicitous as anything Gray ever wrote, and more imaginative: —

"There is a city builded by no hand,
And unapproachable by sea or shore,
And unassailable by any band
Of storming soldiery forevermore."

Less fine, perhaps, but still very beautiful is the touching Dirge: —

"What shall we do now, Mary being dead?
Or say or write, that shall express the half?
What can we do but pillow that fair head,
And let the springtime write her epitaph?"

Each of these poems is marked by that simple and straightforward style which was the glory of Parsons at his best. But he could also handle more involved periods and a more complex cæsural music with equal skill; witness the opening lines of *La Pineta Distrutta*: —

"Farewell Ravenna's forest! and farewell
For aye through coming centuries to the
sound,
Over blue Adria, of the lyric pines
And Chiassi's bird-song keeping burden
sweet
To their low moan as once to Dante's lines,
Which when my step first felt Italian ground
I strove to follow, carried by the spell
Of that sad Florentine whose native street
(At morn and midnight) where he used to
dwell
My Father bade me pace with reverent feet."

From poems like these to *The Feud of the Flute-Players* is a far cry, but it argues well for the humanity of our poet that he could be merry when he would. The line,

"In a tap-room by the Tiber, at the sign of
Tarquin's Head,"

is as jolly a bit of Bohemianism as I know, and the entire story is told with much spirit and humor. St. Peray, another bacchanalian lyric, has found its way, like the *Lines on a Bust of Dante*, into the anthologies, and may be passed by here with a mere reference.

Count Ernst von Mansfeldt the Protestant, if three rather weak and quite unnecessary stanzas could be removed from it, would be, perhaps, the strongest poem Parsons ever wrote. It is certainly the most objective, and one of the most manly and vigorous.

"The dicer Death has flung for me;
His greedy eyes are on me;
My chance is not one throw in three;
Ere night he will have won me."

"Summon my kin! — come steed — come
coach —
Let me not stay, commanding;
If the last enemy approach,
They shall see me armed and standing.

"Buckle me well and belt me strong!
For I will fall in iron."

This, with the stirring Martial Ode,
which begins,

"Ancient of days! Thy prophets old
Declared Thee also Lord of war;
And sacred chroniclers have told
Of kings whom Thou didst battle for,"

proves that Parsons knew how to put into
practice that strenuous counsel of his own:

"But something rough and resolute and sour
Should with the sweetness of the soul com-
bine;
For although gentleness be part of power,
'Tis only strength makes gentleness di-
vine."

With the masterly technical power and
equipment that Parsons undoubtedly had,
why did he not do more? Why is his
permanent original contribution to Eng-
lish literature limited to a few lyrics?
For this I can find no better reason than
that which I have already suggested, that,
being out of sympathy with his time,
he found no theme for his song. The
achievements of this age he admired,
when at all, as an outsider, and fre-
quently his attitude was the reverse of
admiration. Homers must have their
Agamemnons as well as Agamemnons
their Homers: and to-day was not heroic
to Parsons. To him the railway suggest-
ed nothing but

"The dead sleepers of the vulgar track,"
and commercial greatness smacked ever
of the Philistine. He would probably
have been as uncomfortable in Athens
as in Boston; and while he could love
Venice dead, Venice living (where, as
so often in history, Trade and Art went
out hand in hand, conquering and to
conquer) would have been as distasteful
as Chicago. It is true that the traders
of Athens and the Adriatic braved great
personal dangers, and brought back from

their voyages strange and gorgeous fab-
rics, "barbaric pearl and gold," and
tales of incredible adventure in the un-
known world. Our modern conquests,
in commerce as in science, with some
notable exceptions, are of a more impal-
pable kind, and make no such sensuous
appeal to the imagination. And so, for
some, the circumnavigation of the globe
has ended all romance, even though the
unknown be still as mysteriously present
in New York as in the "shining vales
of Har."

The risk and the imagination involved
in modern achievement are enormous,
and even the element of personal danger
is by no means eliminated; and if there
were vulgar things in the conquest of
California, I doubt not there were also
vulgar things, more nearly of the same
kind than we are apt to think, in the
conquest of Gaul. But anybody can see
the vulgarity. It is the poet's function
to show that this is a mere accident, and
that the essential reality still throbs as
ever with a lyric rapture; that

"in the mud and scum of things
There's something ever, ever sings."

Few poets, indeed, have been com-
pletely catholic of insight, nor do they
necessarily lose their title of interpreters
because they are not universal interpret-
ers, and limit themselves to the field or
fields for which they have a spontaneous
sympathy. Parsons, even when he ra-
tionally approved, had no spontaneous
sympathy for the present, its attitude or
its tendencies. To sing of it, or to sing
of the past with the voice of the present,
his fine æsthetic instinct felt would be
but a *tour de force*, and seldom and re-
luctantly was he persuaded to attempt it.
Occasionally he poured his fine rhetoric
into denunciation, written from the heart;
but here, too, his artistic feeling stepped
in and restrained him to brief utterance,
for he knew well that scolding is not
great nor dignified.

One thing there was that he saw clear-
ly his way to do, — to reproduce for this

age the voice of the age which he did love, and of the poet for whom, even from boyhood, he cherished a devotion almost personal. In making this choice and following his instinct, I believe he was right, and that we have obtained a greater poem than we should have done had he forced himself into attempting a sustained work of his own. Nor is this a derogation in any way from Parsons's unquestioned poetic power, as any one who knows anything about the almost insuperable difficulties of translation is well aware. In fact, it may be said with perfect truth that a good translation is rarer than a good original poem. The successful transfer of even the briefest lyric from one language to another is an achievement so unusual as to demand the most unreserved commendation, while even the partly successful renderings of the great masters, in all languages, are so few that their names may be spoken in one breath.

Parsons's translation of the *Divine Comedy* is far from being a mere paraphrase of the original, but yet it makes no pretense to absolute literalness. Indeed, a truly literal translation is a linguistic impossibility. Over and above the merely metrical difficulties of such an undertaking, there must always be two classes of phenomena in which the two poems, the original and the version, will differ, and often very materially, from each other. The metrical scheme may be preserved, but the rhythmical filling in of this scheme must necessarily vary; for the syllables of the corresponding words in different languages will almost certainly have different time values. In one they may have many consonants, and be perforce slow in articulation; in the other they may consist entirely of short vowels and tripping liquids. The predominance of short syllables in Italian enabled Dante to use feet of three or more syllables in an iambic measure with much greater frequency than would be possible in English, and this fact alters

wholly the character of a measure of which the metrical scheme is the same in both languages. It is, of course, so evident as hardly to warrant allusion that the sounds themselves cannot be the same; and yet their expression as mere sounds is a very vital factor in their poetic force.

The other class of phenomena in which an original and its translation must always differ is not acoustic, but linguistic. As I have had occasion to say elsewhere, "words differ in what, for lack of a better word, we must call *color*. With the possible exception of Volapük, in which, for this very reason, no one but a statistician would ever think of writing poetry, there is no language in existence in which the words are merely conventional symbols of the ideas for which they stand. Every word we speak has a pedigree that goes back to Adam. It has been developing into what it now is, through uncounted accretions and curtailments and transformations, ever since man was, and, since Professor Garner's experiments with monkeys, we may suspect even a little longer; and in the course of that long, eventful history it has gathered to itself a multitude of little associations which, without presenting themselves directly to the understanding, modify, enrich, and color the effect of the primary meaning, like the overtones of a musical note. Without this colorific value of words, we could express little more by speech than by the symbols of algebra. This is the chief difficulty of the translator, and one that he can never surmount."

Prose translations of what in the original was verse vary, of course, from that original in even more respects, since they deliberately sacrifice an entire group of expressional devices which formed an important part of the poet's intention. An argument may be made for the use of prose in translating the poetry of the ancients, for their versification differed from ours in a radical manner. But there can be no excuse for an English

prose version of a poem written in any modern European language, if it be intended for more than an assistance in the study of the original. Admirable as the workmanship in some of our prose versions of Dante has been, I cannot but think that, except for some such scholarly purpose, the labor and the skill expended upon them have been misapplied.

At the opposite extreme from the prose versions are those that have been made into *terza rima*. It cannot be denied that the use of Dante's own arrangement of rhymes is an advantage, nor that Dante himself laid much stress upon it. But he had mystical reasons for doing so that are not of great consequence to us now, and Parsons's translation, while preserving, in common with the versions in *terza rima* and with those in blank verse, the metre of the original (the iambic pentameter), loses but little of the effect of the rhyme structure. His quatrains, by the liberal use of run-on lines and the occasional introduction of a third rhyme, achieve that effect of continuity which is the most distinguishing characteristic of the original. I venture to think that almost no one, even among poets, would be able to tell whether the complex rhyme system of the *terza rima* were exactly carried out in any poem to the reading aloud of which he should listen for pure enjoyment, and without special effort to observe that particular phenomenon. Still, however slight the advantage be, it is nevertheless an advantage to have preserved the *terza rima*; but this gain is more than overcome by the Dantesque quality of the style in Parsons's version. The manner of the others often suggests the contemporaries of Dante, rather than Dante himself.

There remain for consideration and comparison the two renderings into blank verse. These are the most widely known of the various translations, and one of them, Cary's, is the form in which Dante is most generally read by English-

speaking readers. Longfellow's version, though occasionally it transfers a line more successfully than any of the others, is in the main perfunctory, and its literalness is carried so far that it frequently degenerates into a "crib" pure and simple. There is a story that Longfellow used to translate eighty lines every morning before breakfast. I do not know how true this may be, but the internal evidence seems to support it. The product of his labor is a *caput mortuum*; the categorical statements are all there, but somehow the poetry has evaporated. The result is tedious and uninteresting. Now, the one quality Dante never had is dullness, and that is also the one quality the public will never forgive.

Cary's translation has the merit of being tolerably readable. But in it the great Italian poet suffers a strange transformation. The words are the words of Dante, but the voice is the voice of Milton; or rather of a weaker-lunged man trying to mouth the mighty periods and cæsuras of Milton, and getting somewhat cracked of voice and broken of wind in the effort. Nevertheless, it is, on the whole, a creditable performance; only it is not Dante.

Each of the translators has his felicitous moments, and succeeds in rendering certain passages with more skill than his competitors. But the relative merit of the translations must be estimated, not by passages, but by the general impression of the whole work. Parsons is inferior to some of the other translators in certain obvious verbal and prosodical accuracies. But his poem probably gives a more correct impression of Dante in his entirety than any of the others. His versification has the continuity of Dante's, and something of its music. His diction, like Dante's, has that supreme refinement that knows no disdain for homely words and phrases. His style, with more inversions than Dante's, has much of the master's severity and swiftness, though it falls short of the

masterfulness and supple power of the Italian. Altogether there is more Dante in it than in any translation that has yet been made.

It has been difficult for me to write critically of a man for whom I had a warm affection, and who honored me with his friendship and esteem. If I have erred on the side of severity, it has

been from a fear lest my personal regard for the man should unduly influence my judgment of the poet; and if I have erred in his praise, it will be easily forgiven. But I do not think that I mistake in assigning to him, as a translator a station with the highest, and as an original poet a niche with Collins in the temple of English song.

Richard Hovey.

ENGLISH CATHEDRALS.

IN this handsome volume¹ Mrs. Van Rensselaer has collected and augmented, from the pages of *The Century Magazine*, a series of articles in which she describes twelve English cathedrals; those, namely, of Canterbury, Peterborough, Durham, Salisbury, Lichfield, Lincoln, Ely, Wells, Winchester, Gloucester, York, and London. They are chosen as typical examples illustrating the cathedral architecture of England from the Norman period to that of the Renaissance. The choice is well made; and the reader who follows the author studiously to the end will hardly fail to gain a substantially true and serviceable understanding of the subject so far as concerns those general characteristics that appeal to the average intelligent unprofessional inquirer.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer evinces a genuine interest in her theme, and hence her book is well calculated to inspire a corresponding interest in the minds of others. In her Introduction she modestly states that she has written for amateurs, yet that she has tried to make a book that architects would willingly put into the hand of ignorance. That she has succeeded, for the most part admirably, in accomplishing her aim will, we believe, be generally conceded by archi-

tects as well as others. She has much felicity of expression in descriptive writing, — a felicity that is born of her own enthusiastic appreciation of the intrinsic merits of these ancient monuments, and the charm that is lent them by historic and poetic associations.

A good opening account of the conditions that prevailed in England at the time when the great impulse in church building set in — conditions which largely determined, as she shows, the peculiar character, situation, and general aspect of the English cathedral — is followed by an explanation of the collegiate and monastic chapters which formerly governed the cathedral churches, and how the suppression of the monastic establishments at the time of the Reformation led to the present distinction between cathedrals of the old and new foundations. The reasons why little pre-Norman work remains are stated; and how all the successive phases of style, from Norman to Renaissance, are represented, often in the same building, is shown. Travelers do not generally take sufficient account of this. The fact that hardly any of the great mediæval monuments of Europe exhibit the harmonious carrying out of a single original architectural

¹ *English Cathedrals.* By MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER. Illustrated with one hundred and fifty-four Drawings by JOSEPH PEN-

NELL; also with Plans and Diagrams. New York: The Century Company. 1892.

scheme is too often overlooked. Hence these buildings are not seldom unjustly criticised. The uninstructed tourist, if he would rightly understand one of these great buildings, must learn to distinguish the parts of it which belong to the different periods of construction. It is true, as the author points out, that these successively constructed and often widely unlike portions sometimes group not ineffectively one with the other, and combine to produce a whole that, if not entirely coherent, has usually an historic charm which goes far to atone for the lack of artistic unity. Yet at the same time these different phases of design cannot, by a discerning and disciplined eye, be regarded with equal favor. They are the products, respectively, of different conditions, and they manifest the different degrees of constructive and artistic capacity that existed in England at different times. Mrs. Van Rensselaer is not always sufficiently discriminating. With a laudable desire to see good wherever it may exist, she is apt to fancy that she finds architectural merit where there is comparatively little of it; and what she apparently means for catholicity sometimes betrays, we think, a lack of sound judgment. This is shown in the latter part of the opening chapter, where, after admitting the superiority of the French Gothic in terms which logically imply (what we apprehend to be true, but what she is unwilling to acknowledge) that there is no true Gothic architecture in England, she endeavors, with evident embarrassment, to discover grounds for an equal admiration for English pointed design. She concludes thus: "Most often we may feel that, whether French or English churches are the finer, it is well for us that French churches are tall and English ones are low; that some were reared on narrow ancient streets, and others on broad verdurous lawns; that we have there the circling apse, with its arching chapels and its coronal of flying buttresses, and

here the great flat eastern wall, — at Ely with its lancet groups, at Wells with its vista into lower further spaces, at Gloucester with its vast translucent tapestry of glass. Surely, the more variety the better, for us who have not to teach or to build, but only to enjoy." We do not suppose that Mrs. Van Rensselaer means by this that the amateur should not endeavor to exercise discrimination; yet such remarks savor strongly of the idea that in matters of art it is better to avoid a critical spirit. We do not share this idea. An open mind is of course essential; but without a critical (not a captious) spirit it is impossible that the merits of the best art should ever be apprehended. The amateur should not be counseled to avoid a critical temper, but rather to seek always a solid basis for critical judgments.

Errors arising from an imperfect acquaintance with the history of architectural developments and of structural principles are, unhappily, numerous in Mrs. Van Rensselaer's work. On page 7, for instance, referring to the round arch and column, it is said that the Romans had used them side by side, but had never united them. The great arcade of the court of the palace of Diocletian at Spalato, and the basilica of Maxentius in the Roman Forum, however, bear witness that the Romans did unite these elements, though not at an early time of Roman building. On page 8 is the misstatement that "by the end of the eleventh century all parts of great churches in Normandy were covered with vaults of stone." There is, we believe, no evidence that vaults of stone were ever constructed over the naves of Norman churches during the eleventh century. The two great churches of Caen, the Abbaye-aux-Hommes and the Abbaye-aux-Dames, were vaulted for the first time early in the twelfth century. On page 12, the second transept of English churches is referred to as "a feature never found except in England," yet the

great abbey church of Cluny was furnished with double transepts long before any church was built with them in England. On page 19, the lowness of an English cathedral is given as a reason why "small service" was required from the flying buttress. But the altitude of a building has little to do with its need of flying buttresses. The character of the structure alone determines that. In the Gothic system this member is essential to the stability of an edifice; in the English pointed system it is largely unnecessary, because the construction retains so much of the Romanesque character.

On page 60 we are told that in France the "early Gothic followed immediately upon the perfected Romanesque." But what is perfected Romanesque? "The novel constructional desires" which, Mrs. Van Rensselaer, in this connection, tells us, "preceded, predicted, and inspired the broad new ideal which was to realize itself in Gothic architecture," did not arise as any sudden new departure. It was not as if the Romanesque had been perfected, and a desire for novelty then led the builders to cast about for some new constructional principles. Romanesque architecture, in its manifold varieties, exhibits a series of steps leading from the simple types of ancient design to the highly organized Gothic type. Gothic architecture itself is perfected Romanesque. On page 118, speaking of the moderate slant of the roof of Salisbury, the roof ridge is referred to as lying "near to the vaulted ceiling." This is impossible in a building with a clerestory, since the tie beams of the timber roof have to pass over the vaulting. On page 229, "the shafts which encircle the piers" of Wells are pronounced to be "more organically grouped than those of thoroughly English work." But these shafts are arranged on precisely the same principle as are those of the most characteristically English pointed buildings; that is to say, they are arranged in conformity with the arch

orders of the ground story, and with these only, as at Lincoln (nave) and Salisbury.

The poorest part of the book is that, beginning on page 318, in which the writer attempts to explain the rationale of mediæval vaulting, and to describe its early progress. This section contains many erroneous statements. We are told, page 318, that "the earliest form of stone ceiling used by the Romanesque builders in the north of Europe was the barrel vault." Now, southern Gaul, the only region in which barrel vaults were extensively used over naves by the Romanesque builders, can hardly be called the north of Europe. In northern Gaul, the barrel vault was never, so far as is known, made use of over naves. We are next informed that "while church naves were still covered in this way [that is, with barrel vaults], the narrower, lower aisles were often covered with groined vaults." It is true that the great abbey church of Cluny and some Romanesque churches of the ancient diocese of Macon were constructed in this irrational manner; but the system was not employed in those northern regions where the Romanesque was quick with the germs of organic development. To oppose the concentrated thrusts of groin vaults in aisles to the continuous thrusts of barrel vaults over naves is an illogical proceeding of which the ingenious early architects of the north could hardly have been guilty. The logical form of aisle vaulting in connection with barrel-vaulted naves is the half barrel vault of the southern builders. The illogical association of the barrel vault and groined vault that is sometimes met with in southern Burgundy and its neighborhood seems to have been the result of the opposite influences, from north and south respectively, that were felt by the builders of this region.

On page 319 it is stated that "these groined vaults had also been built by the Romans, although they preferred to cover square areas with domed ceilings."

Where and when did the Romans ever do such a thing? The building of domes over square areas was the great constructive innovation of the Byzantine architects, and was first perfected in Justinian's great temple of Sta. Sophia at Constantinople. Roman domes were supported on circular drums, like that of the Pantheon. The most unmeaning misstatements occur in the second paragraph on page 319, and the first paragraph on page 321. The author says, page 319: "As round arches which rise from the same level to the same height cannot vary in span, he [the Romanesque builder] could use groin vaults well only above square compartments; over an oblong compartment he was obliged either conspicuously to stilt some of his arches, or to use for others a segmental form which meant both ugliness and constructional weakness, or to start different arches from different levels, which was not easily managed with current methods of design." Here the writer does not see that to start different arches from different levels is neither more nor less than to stilt some of the arches. She then explains that the greater convenience of vaulting square spaces led to the necessity of having two smaller vault compartments in the aisles to one larger vault in the nave,—since the aisles are usually about half the width of the nave,—and says, "This necessity is revealed by the alternation of form in the piers of the great arcade which we find in many late Norman and early Gothic churches." The fact is that this alternation of supports occurs in the earliest of all vaulted Romanesque architecture of western Europe, namely the Lombard, and is shown in such buildings as S. Ambrogio of Milan and S. Michele of Pavia. It occurs also in early Norman design, as at Jumièges and the Abbaye-aux-Hommes at Caen.

Again referring to this alternate system, Mrs. Van Rensselaer says: "Thus we have a clear instance of the way in

which the character of the vault was expressed by the design of the church's wall, the concentration of part of the thrust of the vaults breaking that uniform series of piers which we see, for instance, in the nave of Peterborough, and which was appropriate when a flat ceiling was used, or a barrel vault whose thrust was more equally distributed along the walls." The uninformed reader would naturally infer from this (what the author certainly cannot mean to imply) that for a regular system of piers, like those of Peterborough, groined vaulting would be inappropriate. This regular system is, however, not only most appropriate for such vaulting, but it was not seldom used to carry it by the Romanesque builders of the twelfth century, as at Vezelay. The regular system merely requires, when groined in a logical manner, compartments of an oblong plan. As regards a flat ceiling of timber, the regular system is no more appropriate than the alternate system; for a timber roof needs no piers or shafts whatever; it rests upon the walls. The presence of shafts rising from the pavement, in many early timber-roofed buildings, merely shows that they were derived from vaulted types of structure, and that they may at first have been intended to carry vaulting. As a fact, both the alternate and the regular systems were employed in many early structures which were roofed with timber,—the one, for instance, at Jumièges and the Abbaye-aux-Hommes, the other at Peterborough and the Abbaye-aux-Dames.

On page 320 it is said that "before the middle of the eleventh century it was perceived in France that pointed arch forms would exert a much less powerful thrust, and would give the architect much greater freedom in design." What is the evidence of this? The earliest use of the pointed arch in connection with groined vaulting that we know of occurs in the apse of the

abbey church of Morienval. The vaults of this apse are supposed by the most competent French authorities to have been constructed early in the twelfth century, though it is possible that they may date from the end of the eleventh. Such use as was made of the pointed arch in the supports of the dome of the church of St. Front of Périgueux, and in some of the barrel-vaulted edifices of southern France, supposing some of these last to date as early as the middle of the eleventh century, which is doubtful, has nothing whatever to do with the development of groined vaulting. On page 321 we read: "Even with the pointed-arch forms the architect was not perfectly free to design as he chose; he could not build arches of any span and height he might desire, and spring them all from the same level." Why could he not? Is not this precisely what most of the so-called Gothic architects of England did? In the genuine Gothic of France, indeed, the pointed arch could not be so used; not, however, because of any inherent difficulty in thus adjusting one pointed arch to another, but because in this way it is impossible to secure that concentration of vault thrusts upon a narrow pier which, more than any other structural characteristic, distinguishes Gothic architecture from the pointed architecture of England which is not Gothic in principle. The author continues: "But he could stilt vaulting-ribs without producing forms as disagreeable as those which result from the stiling of round arches; and he soon discovered that he could spring them beautifully from different levels by allowing them to interpenetrate. That is, instead of carrying down all the ribs which met above his vaulting-shaft to the capital of this shaft, he could allow one to die into another at some distance above it; the eye would fancy it continuing down behind its neighbors, and thus unity of design could be preserved with much freedom in constructional processes," etc.

This is incorrect. Ribs that interpenetrate do not, in early Gothic, die away above the shaft. Interpenetration merely diminishes the bulk of the group at the impost, so that a smaller capital, or group of capitals, may carry them. It has nothing whatever to do with the springing of arches from different levels. The clerestory arch, which must spring from a higher level than the other arches, or ribs, of the vault, is necessarily in the plane of the wall; and it cannot, therefore, interpenetrate with the other ribs of the vaulting which are necessarily, except at the springing, out of that plane.

But although these errors detract from the merits of the book, they do not outweigh them. The book contains, as we have said, a great deal of good material; and a corrected edition would, we think, be useful as a popular introduction to the study of English cathedrals.

The illustrations vary considerably in merit. The best are those in which open line work prevails, such as the Central Tower of Canterbury, page 46; Durham Cathedral from the Southeast, page 91; Wells from Tor Hill, page 246; and Gloucester from the Southeast, page 312. In his best work of this kind Mr. Pennell has great facility, felicity, and economy of touch in expressing the richness and mystery of architectural subjects. His broken pen stroke is finely suggestive of the weathered lines and surfaces of ancient walls, as well as of foliage and herbage. Yet there are evidences in all these drawings that the artist has not done all that he is capable of doing. A lack of that rigorous precision which forms the basis of the best delineation is more or less apparent. This is conspicuously shown in the careless perspective of the tower of Gloucester, on page 312, where the stringcourses that should be parallel are running towards separate horizons. In many cases a tendency to introduce over-emphatic spots of shade is manifest, as in Peterborough Cathedral from the Market

Place, on page 74, where the solid black under the central archway is in violent contrast with the delicate open delineation of the rest of the drawing, and in false relationship to the shadows under the arcade in the left foreground. The same excessive blackness occurs in the archway of the Exchequer Gate, and in the figures to the right, in the view of the façade of Lincoln, on page 162, and in many of the other drawings. It is most unpleasantly manifest on page 283, where the extreme darkness of the trees is harshly discordant with the colorless background; and on page 290, *The Long Walk in Winter*, where the inky blackness of the tree trunks and figures is as false in tone as it is painful in effect. In open delineation, solid blacks are always out of place; they are proper only where they are connected with the general scheme by intermediate tones. The supreme master thus far in the treatment of such subjects is Samuel Prout. Prout's genius was indeed limited. He could not appreciate the beauty of architecture; but he had a rare feeling for its picturesqueness, and matchless skill in tranquil, suggestive, and harmonious delineation. Few men have understood so well as he how to make his points of vigorous shade telling without rendering them inharmonious. He prepares for them, even in his most open line work, by deftly executed transitional tones, giving richness and color throughout the drawing.

Mr. Pennell's best work is so good that it seems a pity he should not make it a great deal better. He has an admirable native gift which ought to be more finely cultivated. His popularity with a not over-discriminating public has been too easily won. His ideals appear to have been derived largely from the vigorous line work of modern etchers like Lalanne and Seymour Haden, men who, though possessing strong artistic feeling and unusual executive skill, have, like himself, failed to discipline

their powers thoroughly by exact and refined practice. The offhand power and brilliancy of such work are attractive, but not permanently satisfying to a cultivated taste.

Mr. Pennell's poorest work among these illustrations appears to us to be that which he has done in fuller *chiaroscuro*. The drawings of this kind are all defective in tonic relations, and are often singularly eccentric and inharmonious in method, as well as sloppy and often unmeaning in form. In the *Durham Cathedral*, page 76, for instance, the distant hillside and the nearer tree have almost the same value and quality. The details of the far-off cathedral are made out with dry and unnatural distinctness, while all other parts of the subject are vaguely, though not masterfully, suggested. The graceful subject on page 193 is spoiled by the false value given to the distant cathedral, which could not tell as darker than the shaded parts of the trees between which it is seen. The illustration of the *West Front of Lincoln*, page 163, is conspicuously bad. It is both inartistic and untrue in light and shade. It renders none of the beauty of this remarkable monument, and, while reducing its rich details to formless vagueness, the artist has taken the pains to elaborate the ugly costumes of the over-prominent foreground figures.

We make these remarks in no capitious spirit. We recognize in Mr. Pennell an artist of superior natural abilities; but we think that he has here largely failed to do himself justice. For this, however, the present state of public taste is, we apprehend, more to be blamed than the artist himself.

The make-up of the book is appropriate, though the highly calendered paper used is offensive both to the eye and to the touch. It is to be hoped that the necessity for the use of such paper in the printing of process blocks may ere long be obviated.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Poetry. The Death of Ænone, Akbar's Dream, and Other Poems, by Alfred, Lord Tennyson. (Macmillan.) It is noticeable in this final volume of the Laureate's verse how impressive is the personality of the poet. The themes chosen, the melody of the verse, the whole treatment, conspire to deepen the tone in which an old man sings to a people long accustomed to his voice. Here is no idle song, but the clear, bell-like utterance of a poetic nature conversant with high themes, finely attuned, so that a seemingly careless note is expressive of the ease with which the poet sings. — Lachrymæ Musarum, and Other Poems, by William Watson. (Macmillan.) The title poem is a threnody on Tennyson, and two or three other poems intimate the writer's sense of kinship with great poets. These are indeed among the best of his verses, for he is kindled by this glow of human fellowship. There is also a robust moral force underlying several of the poems, and a fine distinction which arrests the reader's attention, and impresses him with the belief that there is mastership in this writer. Mr. Watson has a firm touch and a truly virile imagination. It is a pity he should have thought it worth while to recover his mere journalist Lines to our New Censor. One reads the little book with strong pleasure, and goes back to it for noticeable lines. — Jump to Glory Jane, by George Meredith; edited and arranged by Harry Quilter, with forty-four designs invented, drawn, and written by Lawrence Housman. (Macmillan.) There is something unintentionally droll in the serious manner in which Mr. Quilter clears the road before Mr. Meredith's chariot. The poem itself, with its setting of profound interpretation and effective illustration, is a good example of Mr. Meredith's manner at its level best. The parable was worth telling, and its half-grotesque form thrusts the meaning into the reader's mind. — At the Beautiful Gate, and Other Songs of Faith, by Lucy Larcom. (Houghton.) Miss Larcom has gathered in this volume not only the more distinctively religious verse contained in her volume of poems, but also many other pieces not before brought together. The effect of the collection is of poetry wrought naturally

out of familiar material, and not of perfunctory work, or of work which springs from a single side of the poet's nature. — A Book of Famous Verse, selected by Agnes Repplier. (Houghton.) Those who read Miss Repplier's paper in The Atlantic on poetry for children will know what to expect in this book, — clear judgment, fine taste, stanch fidelity to high standards, and an absolute freedom from mawkishness and pretty sentimentality. It is a robust book, and admirably well balanced.

Fine Arts and Illustrated Books. Man in Art, Studies in Religious and Historical Art, Portrait, and Genre, by Philip Gilbert Hamerton; with forty-six plates in line engraving, mezzotint, photogravure, hyalography, etching, and wood-engraving. (Macmillan.) An expensively illustrated and very delightful work. Under the general headings of Culture, Beauty, Religious Art, History and Revivals, Portrait, Life Observed, Mr. Hamerton writes a large number of short chapters, full of the agreeable, almost colloquial writing on art from the point of view of a man who carries well in his head the due relations of content and technique. There is a saneness, a mellowness, about his criticism which at once attracts the reader, and Mr. Hamerton's personality is of that quiet, good-humored sort which enters into his work without making the reader constantly wish to eliminate the personal equation. The illustrations are from early and late masters. Many of them are noble. All of them are admirably chosen and very interesting. — Preferences in Art, Life, and Literature, by Harry Quilter, M. A. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London; Macmillan, New York.) Mr. Quilter has been an industrious critic of art for a score of years or so; he states that he has seen and written of, within that time, nearly five hundred thousand pictures and sculptures, besides criticising several hundred books, — say twenty-five thousand a year, or sixty-eight a day. No, no, Mr. Quilter, there is something wrong here. He has gone over this great body of criticism, printed or in manuscript, and worked out a solid quarto volume of four hundred pages, in which he treats of pre-Raphaelitism, Frank Holl, Mil-

let, William Hunt, Watts, the Royal Academy, and other subjects, and has gathered sixty-seven full-page illustrations from the works of men on whom he has commented; many of them exceedingly interesting, and not readily to be studied elsewhere. Mr. Quilter has embroidered his criticism with much interesting personal chat, but he is so violently first personal that the reader is perhaps unnecessarily irritated. — *The Makers of Venice, Doges, Conquerors, Painters, and Men of Letters*, by Mrs. Oliphant. Extra Illustrated Edition. (Macmillan.) This volume follows the same general style as the handsome companion volume of *Makers of Florence*. Mrs. Oliphant points out how much more subordinate the men of Venice were to the imperious city itself, how much the individuality of its makers was sunk in the general glory of their creation. Possibly for this reason portraiture is scarcely represented in this volume, which is illustrated chiefly from an architectural point of view, with engravings on wood, almost always admirable, and with heliotypes or some form of photographic reproductions, which are best when most detailed. On the whole, the book is a delightful storehouse of treasures from the stones of Venice. The colors cannot be given, but the picturesqueness, the richness, the proportions, are here. — Mr. J. R. Green's popular *A Short History of the English People* makes an excellent subject for illustration, and the new illustrated edition (Harpers) is designed upon an admirable plan. Every page, in effect, has an engraving or map, and there are a number of striking copies of illuminations. The cuts are to a very large extent copies of contemporaneous drawings, so that the first volume, the only one thus far published, has a rude character which tells much to the eye of what the picturesque text also tells in its way. The abundant architectural drawings give richness and strength to the page, and the reader perceives that the book has been made with great care, the illustrations really illustrating, and not merely decorating. The frequency of historical maps is a great help, and one could not ask for a more delightful introduction to the study of English history. The work is edited by Mrs. Green and Miss Kate Norgate. — *Aratra Pentelici, Seven Lectures on the Elements of Sculpture*, by John Ruskin. (C. E. Merrill & Co., New York.) This volume in the reissue of

Ruskin's writings has the added value, like the others, of Mr. Norton's introductory note, which includes transcripts from Mr. Ruskin's private letters. Mr. Norton gives judicious hints for the discriminating reading of Mr. Ruskin's discourses.

Fiction. *Uncle Remus and his Friends*, by Joel Chandler Harris; illustrated by A. B. Frost. (Houghton.) Mr. Harris seriously proposes to shuffle Uncle Remus off the stage with this book. We refuse to believe in the disappearance of so humorous a dandy; but meanwhile, with the threat hanging over us, we read with avidity not only the stories of the sort he has made classic, but the songs and ballads he sung and the record of his various experiences. The songs and ballads especially reproduce remarkably the musical childishness of the race. The varied entertainment of the book ought to make it exceedingly popular. — *The Ivory Gate*, by Walter Besant. (Harpers.) Mr. Besant's latest venture in the field of psychological fiction has for its motive a phenomenon of brain disease, the existence of two distinct personalities in one individual. Mr. Dering, in his normal state a successful and highly respected London solicitor, with all the qualities essential to the attainment of such a position, becomes at intervals, under another name, a man as opposite in character as can well be, an extreme socialist, believing that the abolition of property would be a panacea for every ill, and doing all that in him lies to hasten the coming of so desirable a revolution in human affairs. That so skillful a storyteller as Mr. Besant makes an admirable use of the serious misunderstandings and complications arising from such a situation need hardly be said. Though there ceases to be any mystery long before the close of the tale, the interest is steadily maintained to the end. Incidentally, the views on social problems of an unemotional, clear-headed, and upright man of the world, and the Utopian dreams of a benevolent theorist, are, with full justice to each, effectively contrasted. — *Children of the Ghetto*, by I. Zangwill. (Jewish Publication Society.) Notwithstanding the carelessness or unskillfulness which at first makes this novel seem rather a collection of sketches and studies than a continuous narrative, the reader soon becomes impressed by the extraordinary vividness and force with which a

new and strange world is depicted, the world of the Whitechapel Jews, with their alien languages, laws, customs, and faith, — a city within a city, — their Eastern superstitions, their strenuous Orthodoxy, and their cheerful acceptance of a ceremonial and ritual law governing every act of life that becomes to their more or less Anglicized children irksome or unendurable. The author does not confine himself to the East End, but goes as far afield as Kensington, introducing us to many wealthy middle-class Hebrews, with their various shades of belief and unbelief. With all its shortcomings, the book not only gives us realistic pictures of the life of a peculiar people, but lets us perceive their mental attitude, their point of view, far better than some of the outside studies of incomparably greater writers. — *Winterborough*, by Eliza Orne White. (Houghton.) A tale of a New Hampshire small town. It is marked by much ready cleverness, which shows itself in bright repartee and saucy conversation. There is also a study of character, in which some excellent points are made; and though the book strikes one sometimes as practice work, it is better worth reading than some stories which fulfill more perfectly the demands of the professional workman. — *Roland Graeme, Knight*, by Agnes Maule Machar. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) Roland was not merely a Knight of Labor; he was knightly in his spirit of sympathy, helpfulness, and protection to all who suffer. He was a Canadian, whose studies for the ministry were interrupted by family losses, and who came, therefore, to the United States to labor as a journalist. The author's real interest, however, is not in the several characters of the story, but in the exposition of the new theology and of Christian socialism. There is little plot, and the writer brings slight skill to this side of her work. — An anonymous novel, *An Exquisite Fool*, and *The Silent Sea*, by Mrs. Alick Macleod, are late additions to Harper's Franklin Square Library.

Books for the Young. Giovanni and the Other Children who have made Stories, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. (Scribners.) The preface to this delightful book is almost, if not altogether, the best thing in it; for Mrs. Burnett states so luminously and brightly the way stories may get written that she lets dull readers into a private

chamber of the story-teller's brain. The stories are simple, scarcely more than the expansion of a few characteristic scenes and personalities, but there is the art of a practiced writer in the telling; sometimes we may think a little too much art. — *The Admiral's Caravan*, by Charles E. Caryl. — (The Century Co.) It is easy to see that but for the famous Alice in Wonderland this clever book would never have been written just as it is, and we find in the fact an additional reason for thankfulness that Alice was written. The illustrations by Birch are spirited and humorous. — *Some Strange Corners of our Country*, by Charles F. Lummis. (The Century Co.) Mr. Lummis writes of the wonderful natural features of the Southwest, and of the Indian and half-Latin races that people the inhabited portions. There is an agreeable restraint in his manner, from the clear sense that the country is already exaggerated enough and needs no agony of words, and the book is admirably illustrated. The narrative is frank and unaffected, and boys are to be congratulated at falling into such good hands. — *Japan in History, Folk Lore, and Art*, by William Elliot Griffis. (Houghton.) A number of the Riverside Library for Young People, and, like the other books in this series, unaffected by the condescension which vitiates so much literature addressed to the young. Indeed, there are some parts of the little book which would be found stiff by mature readers; but it is especially to be commended for the effort which the author has made to put Western readers into some sort of historical sympathy with Japan, and not into a state of mind which regards that country as a mere museum of curiosities. Dr. Griffis writes from a familiar knowledge and with a keen appreciation of the Japanese mind. — *Indian Fairy Tales*, selected and edited by Joseph Jacobs. (Putnams.) A welcome companion to the editor's volumes of English and Celtic Fairy Tales. These Indian stories, though they have become known to the English reader only within the last twenty-five years, are really the oldest of fairy tales, and the editor is almost willing to pronounce them the originals from which a large portion of the folk lore of Europe, and even of America, has been derived, — reputed borrowers being as far apart in time and space as Æsop and Uncle Remus.

But whether they believe or no that the Tar Baby owes its existence to a Buddhist Jataka, all lovers of fairy lore will find this a charming book. A word of praise must be given to Mr. Batten's admirable illustrations, which add greatly to the value of the volume. — *The Thirsty Sword, a Story of the Norse Invasion of Scotland*, by Robert Leighton. (Scribners.) A tale of the Western Isles in the thirteenth century, and of the dwellers therein, who, whether Gaels or Norsemen, are equally possessed by the true Berserker rage. The story is vigorously written, and the spirit of the time and place is reproduced with considerable skill; but we think the author is less successful than when writing of the young islanders of our less barbarous if tamer days. — *Canoemates, a Story of the Florida Reef and Everglades*, by Kirk Munroe. (Harpers.) The boy heroes of this entertaining tale meet with as many startling adventures and have as great a number of hairbreadth escapes as can be conveniently crowded into a moderate-sized volume. But the absorbed young reader will feel happily confident that the often-missing canoes will not be finally lost, and that their constantly imperiled owners will in the last chapter return triumphantly to their anxious kinsfolk. Incidentally, much will be learned of southern Florida and its denizens. — *Cab and Caboose, the Story of a Railroad Boy*, by Kirk Munroe. Rail and Water series. (Putnams.) A frankly sensational tale, in which the manly young hero, driven from home by the wiles of the boy villain, takes a brakeman's place on a railroad, and in the briefest possible time meets with every misadventure, misfortune, and accident that can well befall one in that position. He shows astonishing coolness and bravery in the most trying and difficult emergencies, but is not finally freed from his tribulations till the repentance, confession, and death of his enemy. We should think that even the boy reader would find not altogether unwelcome the atmosphere of ordinary life and the commonplace safety of an office desk which his hero reaches at the close of his meteoric career. — It is a little puzzling to read on the cover of a book, "The Boy's Own Outdoor Book. Edited by Charles Peters," and then find that the title-page says, "Outdoor Games and Recreations. Edited by G. Andrew Hutchin-

son." Whichever may be its proper name, the volume is evidently an American re-issue (Lippincott) of a thoroughly British book. It is "a popular encyclopædia for boys," full of facts, rules, anecdotes, verses, and pictures about cricket, football, golf, lacrosse, yachting, canoeing, cycling, skating, and swimming, not to mention a score of minor sports. — *Harper's Young People* for 1892 makes one of those volumes of which children seldom tire, finding the *mélange* of picture, story, verse, anecdote, biography, natural history, botany, travel, sport, etc., practically inexhaustible. The Columbian year is fitly commemorated in various ways, most noticeably by the full-page portraits of Columbus and Amerigo Vespucci, the serial story *Diego Pinzon*, and the account of the New York celebration.

History and Biography. Autobiographical Notes of the Life of William Bell Scott, and Notices of his Artistic and Poetic Circle of Friends, 1830 to 1882, edited by W. Minto; illustrated by Etchings by Himself, and Reproductions of Sketches by Himself and Friends. In two volumes. (Harpers.) The recent flood of autobiographical volumes has borne no such treasure as this, for the thoroughly delightful portraiture of a most interesting man is not done in formal fashion, but with the half-concealing, half-revealing touch of an artist. Mr. Scott was a man who won the best of friends, yet he was frank in his expression of likes and dislikes. There is a negligent air about many of his anecdotal passages, and when he speaks of himself it is often with a musing, questioning manner. Occasionally he is very keen in his comment, as when speaking of Ruskin, and very sympathetic, as when speaking of Emerson and Rossetti. There are also many suggestive reflections on art, character, religion, many sketches of quaint forms of life, and always a singularly attractive compound of native shrewdness and artistic passion. — *The Memories of Dean Hole*. (Macmillan.) The clever and kindly face which looks out from the frontispiece belongs to an English ecclesiastic who was known otherwise as a remarkable cultivator of roses, and whose good qualities as a companion made him the friend of Englishmen of all sorts and conditions. Leech, Thackeray, Dickens, Dr. John Brown, were among his intimates,

and his love of outdoor sport brought him into connection with hunters, cricketers, and archers. His stories are often droll and always good-natured, and there is an almost amusing bringing up of himself sometimes, as if he put off his hunting-coat suddenly and put on the surplice. We suspect that he must have added a capital power of telling a story, for those which are gathered here have the air now and then of being memoranda for stories. But much of the hearty companionship of the man has passed into his book. — *The Story of Sicily, Phœnician, Greek, and Roman*, by Edward A. Freeman. The *Story of the Nations* series. (Putnams.) It was a favorite saying of Mr. Freeman, the wisdom of which is well exemplified in this book, that "in order to write a small history you must first write a large one." This "small history" is a marvel of what may be called comprehensive condensation, for no point is omitted or unduly slurred which is essential to the continuity of the story or to a clear understanding of it. In short, the volume is an admirable summary of the results of the elaborate studies recorded elsewhere, and has the certainty and precision of touch which only the writer's unrivaled knowledge of his subject could give. The history of the island which for ages was the battlefield of rival nations, languages, and creeds closes here with the coming of the Saracens. The author had hoped not only to add a volume which should carry on the story of Sicily to the death of the Emperor Frederic II., the limit which he had set to his large work, but to continue the history in this form to the absorption of the island into the kingdom of Italy. — *The Duchess of Berry and the Court of Charles X.*, by Imbert de Saint-Amand. (Scribners.) This volume chronicles what were perhaps the happiest, and certainly the most brilliant years of the Duchess of Berry's checkered life. Her father-in-law is of necessity the central figure of the story, and is sketched sympathetically, but without undue partiality. Indeed, Charles X., with his agreeable person, charming manner, gracious kindness, lavish generosity, and excellent intentions, would have made an ideal king in a romance, but he was singularly ill fitted to understand or cope with the sternly realistic difficulties of his position. In this, as in the preceding volume, the author is greatly

indebted to the delightful memoirs of the Duchesse de Gontaut. The book is of course steadily readable, and also bears marks of carelessness, for some of which the translator may be responsible. — *Student and Singer, the Reminiscences of Charles Santley*. (Macmillan.) Those whose own reminiscences include the singing of Mr. Santley in ballad concerts and oratorios, when he was in this country, a score of years ago, with Mr. Cummings, Mrs. Patey, and Miss Wynne, will take up this book with special interest. We cannot promise them as much pleasure as they had from Mr. Santley's voice. Some of his experiences, especially in early life, were worth telling, and are told with candor and straightforwardness; but on the whole Mr. Santley's acquaintance with men and affairs seems not to have gone beyond the surface, and he has not the art of making superficial narrative entertaining. — *Social Life in England from the Restoration to the Revolution, 1660-1690*, by William Connor Sydney. (Macmillan.) Mr. Sydney, who made an acceptable study of England and the English in the eighteenth century, carries his researches back another generation, and discourses of roads, inns, manufactures, mines, the characteristics of the several parts of the kingdom, dress, amusements, education, and whatever serves to illustrate the life of the people in different ranks. It is a somewhat disappointing book, in part because it is so ill provided with guideboards in the way of chapter headings and running titles, though side heads are frequent, and in part because the writer seems not to have digested his material thoroughly; yet it serves as a useful accompaniment to a formal history of the same period.

Literature. The *Dialogues of Plato*, translated into English, with Analyses and Introductions, by B. Jowett. In five volumes. (Macmillan.) This is the third edition, revised and corrected throughout, of a translation which goes far toward putting the unlearned English reader on a level with the classical scholar. Indeed, the work has also a very great value to the latter, since it enables him, after mastering a few dialogues with painful attention, to take in rapidly the whole scope of Plato's philosophy. The ingenious system of headlines and side notes is cleverly adapted still further to aid the reader in grasping the main

lines of thought, and the equipment of introductions with which the work is furnished supplies the place of a history of philosophy and an elaborate commentary. Finally, there is, in the fifth volume, a superb index, nearly two hundred double-column pages in length. The Master of Balliol, whatever be his theology, — and who knows just what it is? — has rendered an imperishable service to the new study of classic literature. — *Historical and Political Essays*, by Henry Cabot Lodge. (Houghton.) Mr. Lodge has collected papers some of which are known to constant readers of *The Atlantic*. His historical papers are largely biographical in form, dealing with Seward, Gouverneur Morris, Madison; and his political papers, treating of matters which are of immediate importance, draw their best arguments from historical precedents. — *Prose Idyls*, by John Albee. (Houghton.) Mr. Albee has chosen to set forth in prose, which has a distinct flavor, fancies, reveries, bits of experience, parables, thoughts, which might be the motives for poems. There is nothing in the prose form which is not genuine prose; there is nothing in the matter, we might almost say, which is not genuine poetry. The sketches all have point, but they are not so epigrammatic as to depend solely upon the point for their value. Indeed, the quiet beauty of the bits is of the resting sort which is often wanting in poetry of the day. Altogether the book is distinct and welcome. One would have to go back to Hawthorne to find kinship in some of the work. — Dr. Henry van Dyke has brought out a third edition of *The Poetry of Tennyson* (Scribners), in which the chronology of the poet's life and works has been so much enlarged that it might rather be called a bibliography, and one more complete and accurate than can be found elsewhere. A new estimate of Maud is also given, the result of light thrown upon the poem by Tennyson's own reading and interpretation of it. The author's fine memorial verses are fitly prefixed to this edition. — The series of *Literary Gems* which Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons published a year ago has been enlarged this season by the addition of Sheridan's *The Rivals*; Irving's *Rip Van Winkle* and Wolfert's *Roost*; Bryant's *Thanatopsis* and *Other Poems*; Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, with *Sonnets* and *Odes*; Gray's *Elégy*, with *Sonnets*

and *Odes*; and Thackeray's *Charity* and *Humor*, with *Nil Nisi Bonum*. These small volumes are neatly printed, bound in imitation morocco, and furnished with etched frontispieces. They reflect the good taste and economic judgment of those who make use of them for gift-books.

Education and Textbooks. A French *Eton*, or Middle-Class Education and the State, to which is added Schools and Universities in France, by Matthew Arnold. (Macmillan.) Both of these treatises are reissues, and the conditions which led to their original production have been modified; the treatment, moreover, is from an English point of view. Nevertheless, such is the charm of Mr. Arnold's manner, and so eagerly does he seek after the heart of his subject, that the book is profitable as well as agreeable reading to students of pedagogy in America to-day. — *History of Higher Education in Massachusetts*, by George Gary Bush. (Government Printing Office, Washington.) One of the issues of the Bureau of Education. It is devoted largely to Harvard, but all the colleges in the State, both those for men and those for women, are treated. Perhaps it was desirable to make such a survey for the sake of enriching the series to which it belongs, but, with the exception of one or two of the younger colleges, the history of each has been amply set forth in separate volumes. — *Shoemaker's Best Selections for Readings and Recitations*, No. 20, compiled by Mrs. Edna Chaffee Noble. (Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia.) The book takes a wide range, beginning somewhat low down in the scale of literature, though high in the scale of good spirits. — *Manual of the Natural Movement Method in Writing, an Original Self-Instructing System of Penmanship*, by Charles R. Wells. (Bardeen.) — *The History of Modern Education, an Account of the Course of Educational Opinion and Practice from the Revival of Learning to the Present Decade*, by Samuel G. Williams. (Bardeen.) A convenient survey, in chronological order, of the successive impulses given to education by individual men and by organized associations. The closing chapter is in a manner a succinct appraisal of the current modes of popular education. The basis of the work is lectures delivered by the author from his chair at Cornell. — A

Pathfinder in American History, by W. F. Gordy and W. I. Twitchell. (Lee & Shepard.) Part I. of a capital handbook for the use of teachers. The compilers go straight at the mark, assuming that American history is intrinsically interesting and of the highest importance in the development of an intelligent patriotism. They lay down courses, make practical suggestions, and throughout are specific, not general, in the aid they give teachers in this most significant part of school work. — *Practical Ethics*, by William De Witt Hyde. (Holt.) For textbook uses, the method employed by Dr. Hyde has the advantage of uniformity. Starting with Food and Drink, and continuing through twenty-two chapters up to God, he divides each subject into The Duty, The Virtue, The Reward, The Temptation, The Vice of Defect, The Vice of Excess, The Penalty. A method serviceable enough in the more definite bases of conduct becomes somewhat mechanical and strained when applied to the higher movements of the spirit. The book is, however, manly, clear, and progressive in its development of the laws of life. — *Handbook of University Extension*, edited by George F. James. (The American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, Philadelphia.) Fifty or more papers and reports of meetings. The enthusiast will find abun-

dant evidence of the interest felt in this movement, and of the variety of experiments going on. The critic may question how far the central organization is succeeding in systematizing the efforts, and how much it is really reinforcing the local activities. — *Materials for French Composition*, by C. H. Grandgent. Part V. Based on Super's French Reader. (Heath.) Designed for pupils in their first year's study of French. — *A German Science Reader*, by J. Howard Gore. (Heath.) The technicalities of science have found a freer opportunity of expression in German because of the flexibility, and one may say the immaturity, of the language, and Mr. Gore has had the good thought to practice the young student, who wishes to know German in order to be able to read German scientific books, in the use of passages either from German writers or translations into German. — *The Story of the Iliad*, by the Rev. Alfred J. Church. (Macmillan.) The first volume of a new series called Macmillan's School Library. Mr. Church's skill in rendering classic literature into a form familiar to the young is well known, and it is favorably shown here in the manner in which he does not make a bare summary of the Iliad, but begins his story with an explanatory chapter, and then aims throughout at a narrative, not a prose epic.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Winter
Friend.

THE way to the woods is blurred with a mist of driven snow that veils the portal of the forest with its upblown curtain, and blots out all paths, and gives to the familiar landmarks a ghostly unreality. The quietude of the woods is disturbed by turbulent voices, the angry roar and shriek of the wind, the groaning and clashing of writhing, tormented trees. Over all the sunned but unwarmed sky bends its blue arch, as cold as the snowy fields and woods beneath it.

In such wild weather you are not tempted far abroad in quest of old acquaintances, yet from the inhospitable woods some of them come to you. Among them all, none is more welcome than that feathered atom

of life, the chickadee. With the same blithe note that welcomed you to his woodland haunts in spring, in summer, and in autumn, when he attended you with such charming familiarity, amusing you with pretty acrobatic feats, as he flitted, now before, now beside, now above you, he hails you now, and asks that hospitality be extended to him.

Set forth a feast of suet on the window-sill, and he will need no bidding to come and partake of it. How daintily he helps himself to the tiniest morsels, never cramming his bill with gross mouthfuls as do his comrades at the board, the nuthatch and the downy woodpecker! They, like unbidden guests, doubtful of welcome or of sufferance, even, make the most of time that may

prove all too brief, and gorge themselves as greedily as hungry tramps ; while he, unscared by your face at the window, tarries at his repast, pecking his crumbs with leisurely satisfaction. You half expect to see him swept from your sight like a thistle-down by the gusty blast, but he holds bravely to his perch, unruffled in spirit if not in feathers, and defies his fierce assailant with his oft-repeated challenge.

As often as you spread the simple feast for him he will come and sit at your board, a confiding guest, well assured of welcome, and will repay you with an example of cheerful life in the midst of dreariness and desolation. In the still, bright days, his cheery voice rings through the frosty air, and when the thick veil of the snow falls in a wavering slant from the low sky its muffled cadence still heartens you.

What an intense spark of vitality must it be that warms such a mite in such an immensity of cold ; that floats his little life in this deluge of frigid air, and keeps him in song while we are dumb with shivering ! If our huge hulks were endowed with proportionate vitality, how easily we might solve the mysteries of the frozen north !

On some February day, when the first promise of spring is drifted to you in the soft south wind, the tenderness of spring is voiced in his love-note, brief but full of melody, and sweet as the evening song of the wood pewee. When the spring songsters come, he takes leave of you. He has seen you safely through the winter, and departs to the woods on affairs of his own. He is no longer a vagrant, but at home in his own greenwood, yet as unfretted by the cares of housekeeping as he was by the heavy weariness of winter.

An Appeal for the Clergy. — Some weeks ago, according to the morning newspapers, a metropolitan divine, who had been out of the city for a day's sport, was arrested on his way home, and taken before a justice, on the charge of an illegal shooting of song-birds. His bag was found to contain thirty odd pieces of such game, and the court, having no discretion under the statute, I suppose, fined him five dollars apiece for them. The situation might easily have been an awkward one ; for the good man, in obedience to the Scripture injunction, had gone out carrying no purse. Fortunately, however, he had taken his check-

book along (there is nothing in the Bible against *that*), and with a few strokes of the pen his persecutions were ended.

Only two days after reading this story, I happened to be passing through a piece of roadside woods, on my afternoon ramble, when I encountered the village clergyman, dressed in a shooting-jacket and carrying a double-barreled gun. I did not inquire after his luck, nor whether he was loaded for bears or for snowbirds ; this, I thought, was one of the times when silence is the better part of curiosity. But I was impressed with the fact that the country minister has the same needs as his urban brother, and as I posted away I fell to pondering a matter which I am sure must have occurred to many others as well as to myself, but which I do not remember to have seen mentioned anywhere in print. I refer to the desirability of granting to gun-loving clergymen (their number cannot be so very great, relatively considered, I am inclined to think) some special sporting privilege, — to be known, perhaps, as a clerical license or a pastoral permit.

There can be no question that those who have the care of souls stand in peculiar need of recreation. Seeing so much of the sorrow and sin of the world, weighed down as they continually are by the evil doings of the laity, they may fairly claim the right to almost anything in the way of solace and innocent diversion. If it relieves the tension of their overwrought sympathies to go out and shoot a few bluebirds and hermit thrushes, — as the metropolitan pastor before mentioned is said to have done, — why should the law step in to forbid them ? I confess that it might be a shock to my feelings to see them so engaged. I fear, indeed, that for a Sunday or two I should hardly enjoy the ministrations of a man whom I had seen shooting, say, a chickadee or a goldfinch. But probably I am a little odd in my notions, and at best a layman's taste is no very trustworthy criterion. Statesmen find it for their health to shoot ducks, and it would seem quite in keeping that clergymen, being persons of more refinement, should be refreshed by shooting birds correspondingly more delicate. In so good a cause, at any rate, I would cheerfully lay aside all personal prejudice. So I say, let us give the reverend gentlemen their clerical licenses. If, after a time, the crops should begin to

suffer under a visitation of noxious insects, who can doubt that a kind Providence would somehow interpose for our relief? Without question, too, the clergy would relinquish their exceptional privileges, temporarily at least, rather than see the public welfare imperiled. Perhaps they would go back to angling, which used to be accounted, as we may say, a kind of semi-religious amusement. Fishes are less highly organized than birds, and probably suffer less when killed, and so of course it is somewhat less interesting to kill them, but at a pinch they might suffice. Anyhow, it will be time enough to cross the bridge when we come to it. For the present, surely (I speak as a public-spirited citizen and a pewholder), we can afford to do with fewer bluebirds and hermit thrushes, if thereby we can secure better preaching and praying.

The American Gentleman. — I think that we are all rather fond of speculating about "gentlemen:" partly, no doubt, because the subject is elusive and indefinite, so that it affords much room for speculation. Then, again, it is almost a tabooed subject; if handled at all in public, as in a speech, or a newspaper, or even a book, it must be handled very gingerly. Thus, should any one attempt a classification or definition of "gentlemen," he must be careful not to draw his lines so closely as by any chance to exclude a member of the public that he addresses. Dr. Holmes, it will be remembered, in one of his novels, got around this obstacle very cleverly by speaking of the "Brahmin class." Now, nobody would mind being put in a non-Brahmin category, and nobody would feel jealous at hearing the "Brahmins" praised or exalted in any manner. It was Dr. Holmes, also, I believe, who once ventured to draw a distinction between "gentlemen" and "gents;" but this was treading upon dangerous ground.

However, I am not now concerned with any delicate question of that kind, but with the very safe inquiry, first, whether there is, and secondly, whether there ought to be, such a thing as an American gentleman, a type distinct from that which obtains in countries other than our own. We often hear it said that a gentleman is the same the world over; and this is substantially true. What makes a gentleman is, I suppose, the two qualities of an inherent self-

respect and an inherent courtesy; and a class possessing these qualities exists in every nation and in every tribe. Emerson justly remarked that "good breeding and personal superiority of whatever country readily fraternize with those of every other. The chiefs of savage tribes have distinguished themselves in London and Paris by the purity of their tournure."

And yet the Fiji Island prince would have his little peculiarities, — his manner would not be quite the same as that of an English gentleman; and so of all other races. The Frenchman is more cordial, the Spaniard more ceremonious, than the Englishman, and they have forms of courtesy different from the English forms. We, of course, are more like English people than the French or Spanish are, — more like them, perhaps, than are the Germans or Scandinavians; but nevertheless the American upbringing and surroundings are so different from the English that there ought to be a similar and resulting difference between the *kalokagathoi* of the two countries.

Carlyle made a suggestive remark upon this subject in reference to Daniel Webster, whom he met at a breakfast party in London. He spoke of him as "a man of breeding, but not of English breeding;" and this, I should say, is a remark that ought to apply to every American gentleman. But, looking about me, I see few persons to whom it would apply. We have, instead, Anglomaniacs in plenty; occasionally I meet dapper young men with pointed beards whom I take to be imitation Frenchmen; and recently I have noticed some specimens of a tufted, soft-hatted, romantic-looking kind, formed apparently upon a German model.

In Webster's time, and in times further back, the American gentleman was more abundant. Seventy years ago, for example, there were three classmates at a small "down East" college where the tone and manners must have been purely American. These three men would doubtless have been described as gentlemen by the most severe of European critics; but such a critic would have said, also, as Carlyle said of Webster, that their breeding was not English breeding. I need hardly say that I mean Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Franklin Pierce.

Now, by way of a slight though exact

illustration of such differences as ought to exist between the well-bred Englishman and the well-bred American, I will take the use of the word "sir." In England, as I understand, this term is employed by gentlemen only in case the person spoken to is a royal person; and it is thought vulgar for one gentleman to apply it to another, even though there may be a great disparity of years between them. On the historic occasion when Sir William Gordon Cumming called the attention of the Prince of Wales to the banknote which he had surreptitiously placed on the table before him, he said, "There is a tenner here, sir." If he had addressed the same remark to Mr. Gladstone or to Cardinal Manning, who was then alive, he would have left out the "sir."

Now, the modern American gentleman copies this usage, very ignobly as I think. It is natural for an American to use the word "sir" plentifully, just as it is natural for Frenchmen to be profuse with "*mon-sieur*;" and this is precisely one of those little peculiarities that ought to distinguish the American from the Englishman. Such was formerly the case. I well remember the ceremony with which my grandfather, a country doctor, used to greet his acquaintances from the buggy where I rode with him. "Sir, your most obedient," doffing his tall hat meanwhile, and not infrequently letting fall a shower of letters which he had put in that receptacle for safe-keeping.

But there is one respect in which a difference, and an important one, does exist between English and American gentlemen, though in some quarters even that is disappearing. I mean in their behavior toward servants and inferiors generally. The English servant or underling likes to be treated brusquely and arrogantly; it is a part of his traditions to be so treated, and the English gentleman seldom fails to gratify him. But in the United States, and for very good reasons, we order this matter differently. The fact is, of course, that the American gentleman exists only by sufferance and anonymously, as it were; whereas the English gentleman is a well-recognized part of the British Constitution. And so it behooves the American to be simple and unassuming in his manners, to be courteous to his inferiors (as he regards them), to say "sir" to his equals without

shame, and in general to bear himself, not as an Anglomaniac, but as one who has inherited customs and a standard of his own.

The Pot au Feu. — In the fireplace of every French peasant there will be found a large iron pot hanging by an iron crane, as useful if not as picturesque as that which adorns the New England fireside or draws water from the New England well. This utensil is called the *pot au feu*. In this receptacle are collected the fragments of all things edible, such as can be obtained under the restricted conditions which beset the maintenance of peasant life, — pieces of meat, odds and ends of vegetables, stray handfuls of fragrant herbs, of parsley and of dandelion, with such indigenous condiments as impart savor to the mess of *potage*, and all the product of the peasant's modest garden. On Friday a goldfish or two, from the tiny pool or shy stream which so often creeps unnoticed through the grounds, are substituted for meat in the frugal feast, for on that day fasting is in order. A moderate fire, when the requisite fuel is obtainable, is kept up under this large iron pot the greater part of the day. This procedure serves to keep dry in summer and warm in winter the unpretending room which is used as kitchen, dining-room, and drawing-room. When the appointed hour for the family meal has arrived, the fluid contents of the *pot au feu* are dished up as soup, or, as they call it, *potage*, in earthenware platters. Later on, the vegetables and meat are fished out, to be served as another course; the whole meal fortified with bread, and adorned and sweetened by such flowers and fruits as may be indigenous to the soil.

In this way the French peasant obtains a much better meal, for less money or its equivalent in labor, than can be obtained elsewhere or by other means.

The *pot au feu* has grown to assume in French national life a significance which is frequently recorded in the literature of that people. Many, indeed, have wondered why the French emigrant is so irreconcilable an alien; why, of all who cross the sea, he seems to be the greatest sufferer from homesickness; why *mal de pays* should prove a severer and more incurable disease than *Heimweh*. Generations upon generations of people born in Louisiana or Canada are ill

at ease, discontented, vacantly listless, realizing no home but that country, thousands of miles away, which they have never seen, which their fathers have never seen, which their grandparents have never seen. Heaven itself is scarcely more remote as a fact, or more near as a passionate tradition. These exiled Frenchmen, although American citizens by birth, and endowed with all the privileges that belong to such, have never voted, scarcely know who is President, care not who may chance to be their governor, speak no language but that of Voltaire, and continue for generations to sigh for, not, as cynical English or American critics aver, the theatres and cafés of Paris, — for those neither they nor their ancestors have ever known, — but for the social life of France which centres on the pot au feu of their ancestors' childhood.

To think that the scent of *finer herbes*, chiming in odorous harmony with the homely savor of domestic meat and vegetables, should generate a steam of frugal perfume which would be glad in the nostrils of generations yet to come! I speak advisedly, for I do know and remember an old Louisiana Creole who had, by heroic parsimony and ruthless thrift, managed to amass enough money for his first trip to "la belle France," the first made by himself or any of his kindred since the days of Montcalm. This old Creole said, with glistening eyes and dilating nostrils: "I am going to Normandy. I shall see my cousins. They dwell there as my forefathers dwelt, on the same ancestral acres. Ha! already it seems to me that I perceive the odor of the pot au feu. I am going home!" The poor man was an actor from the French theatre at New Orleans, and had made some little money in Mexico during the brief ill-starred reign of Maximilian. Possibly his calling may have added emphasis to his words and gestures, but so evident was his sincerity, and so deep and lasting the proof it gave of national constancy, that I saw a new significance in the fifth commandment with its promise of many days.

— It has often seemed to me that, among the virtues, obedience does not come in for so large a share of commendation as the others. However, it is naturally a virtue in high requisition by one class of persons, who yet from their very position are spared

giving it the premium it merits at their hands. I speak of those whom we characterize as "in authority." The autocrat demands obedience, but does not necessarily on that account praise it. When he does so condescend, he praises only one species, namely, *implicit* obedience, that which gives him no trouble.

Now, I am no autocrat, and it has always struck me that the sort of obedience which we may call "inborn," and which is immediate and unreasoning, is less admirable in its quality, less to be commended, and even less to be relied on, than is another order of obedience. I, at least, more value the finally resolved upon obedience of a nature originally tentative for itself and unled. Having experimentally made the circuit of all the dangers that befall where allegiance is neither owed nor paid, such a nature is in its acquiescence more perfect, more scrupulous, more passionately for compliance, than the child and the inexperienced person can ever be. This is not only obedience to the word of command as uttered by some fellow-being or the body of the laws, but it has the additional quality of acquiescence with some *perceived* principle. And even when the obedience is intelligent of the necessity for compliance, but is yet humanly unresigned, there is displayed, to my thinking, a more engaging quality than is to be found in the obedience of simple adolescence and inexperience. Job's strenuous but pathetic declaration stands for the expression of all such cases: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him; but I will maintain mine own ways before him."

But to waive the more serious consideration of the subject, I should much like to inquire how it is that docile intelligence (in animals as well as in men) is often seen to insist upon varying the letter of the law, even while keeping its spirit. My young dog does not like to lie down in just the place designated, but compromises satisfactorily to his dog mind by dropping down in a spot a little removed from that indicated by the master. A like constructiveness as to orders given I well remember of myself as a child. (What about the "inborn" obedience of the child?) Obeying in effect, I still found it rather pleasanter to diverge a little from the literal injunction. A further illustration: if I ask a certain friend, of great obligingness of dis-

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the Letter.

position, and of as great modesty as of clear intellect, to read a passage that has interested me (handing him the book), he will not at once comply with the request, but first reads *all around* the passage indicated (and perhaps looks at Alpha and Omega) before returning to the special paragraph or stanza. Another individual I know, who will never — not if she can help it! — deliver a message in the exact words in which it was originally couched. Now, is this slight willfulness, this little dislocation in obedience, which I have noted, proof of the free will of creatures; or is it a sign that they have so little free will they must needs ever assert it, even as some petty official arrogates brief authority, or as one whose inward dignity is small must always be insisting upon its existence by outward show of gravity and ceremonial? In case of a capricious or “contrary” subject, most admirable is the method of the Quaker disciplinarian with his persuasive note of inquiry, “Had n’t thee better do so?” for it appears that such a subject finds it comparatively easy to take suggestion and obey, whereas direct injunction would but waken opposition. Whatever the underlying reason, implicit obedience appears somehow to be opposed to explicit command. But, surely, a mere disobeying of the letter is a venial fault. At any rate, I for one will not chastise severely those who, contrary to the method of Macbeth’s “juggling fiends,” break the promise to the outer ear, but keep it to the heart.

— We went to Ecclefechan not long ago, to see where Thomas Carlyle was born in 1795, and where, more than fourscore years after, he was buried, one bleak, snowy day in February, 1881. From the railway station we walked towards the village. As we came in sight of the houses, the street seemed to fall away to the left from the highroad on which we were, and, uncertain of our way, we asked a woman who was passing where the churchyard was. She directed us straight on, pointed to a church built of red stone (“That’s the U. P. kirk. The minister’s wan they ca’ Smith”), and told us the churchyard lay close behind it. We proceeded till we came to the red church, when it was necessary to ask again; this time we inquired of a rugged-faced old man in a white jacket, with a pickaxe over his shoul-

der. He might have been a Carlyle himself to look at, we said to each other.

“I’ll tak ye tae ’t,” was his reply to our inquiries, evidently understanding in a moment what we wanted.

This was our man, for he proved to have been for a number of years the gravedigger, and had seen Carlyle whenever he came to Ecclefechan during that time. Not that we found all this out at once. Our new friend was quite as Carlylean in his silence as in his appearance. He led us along by the side of the U. P. kirk, and unlocked the iron gates of the inclosure behind it.

And this was the Ecclefechan burying-ground. A more gaunt, unkindly looking place of sepulture I have never seen. It was nearly square, with a high blank wall shutting it in from sight. There was nothing to relieve the bare, prison-like aspect, nothing even to overlook it but a staircase window in the back of the church.

We followed our guide to a spot where three stones were inclosed by a common iron railing.

“This is it, whar Tummas is burit.”

The centre stone of the group was indeed erected to the memory of Carlyle and of his brother John. Surmounting the names was a crest and the motto “Humilitate.” Who would have looked for a crest on that tomb? The stones on both sides were plain white-painted ones. That to the left bore the name of Janet Carlyle, the first wife of Carlyle’s father, who died in her twenty-fifth year, and of the sister Margaret whose early death is mentioned in the *Reminiscences*. Below, the father’s name and the mother’s, with an inscription from a hand we know, which testifies of their surviving children as “gratefully reverent of such a father and such a mother.” The third stone was, if I remember rightly, in memory of a brother’s family.

“Mr. Carlyle’s wife is not buried here?”

“Na. They wudna let her in,” was the grim reply.

We noticed the name on several of the other monuments in the graveyard, which showed it had been a common one in the countryside. In one case we found the same crest and motto, with the addition of the closed visor. The oldest stone of all was a flat slab imbedded in the grass. Our guide pointed it out to us, saying: —

"Ye'll no read that yin. I hae seen nine ministers at it in yae day, an' nane o' them could read it. An' Tummas, the last time he was here, he was at it, an' he got it markit down fur him, an' he was tae read it tae me the next time he cam back, but — he never cam back till he cam wi' his feet afore."

Of course we studied the inscription, but, like our nine predecessors, like "Tummas" himself, we could make nothing of it except the date, which was 1621. The rest was all capital letters; possibly initials, we thought. There is a similar inscription on a stone at Brechin which is so understood. That was all the attempt we could make towards the solution of the mystery. A newly made grave, the old man's morning work, was waiting for its occupant, a young woman, he told us, who had died of consumption.

"Have you any more famous men buried here?"

"Ou aye."

"As famous as Mr. Carlyle?" we asked, with a modest surprise at our own ignorance.

"As Tummas?" The words were nothing to the tone, indicating the speaker's ideas of the sage to a nicety. "Plenty," he added. "Napoleon's doctor's burit here."

We could only maintain a respectful silence. I think we each hoped the other might be able to reply, but we had been too full of the Reminiscences to have any thoughts for other celebrities. We found it was Dr. Arnot, Napoleon's doctor at St. Helena. Kirkconnel Hall, in the neighborhood of Ecclefechan, had belonged to the family.

"Are there any Carlyles in the village now?" we asked, as we came out to the road again.

"Not wan," was the old man's answer; "a' that is, is here," and he locked the iron gates behind us, and left the grim place to itself.

The Carlyle house was our next quest. Following the old grave-digger's directions

we found ourselves in the main street of the village, and, looking about, soon recognized the two-storied double dwelling house with an archway leading through it, that we already knew from illustrations. It is on the right hand as you come from the station down the long, winding street. In front runs a narrow stream, with a low wall on the further side. On the bank there had stood a line of poplar-trees, but the stormy winter of 1883 had blown them all down but one. The house was built by James Carlyle and his brothers, and must surely at the time have been superior to the generality of Ecclefechan dwellings. Compared with the cottage built by William Burns at Alloway, some forty years earlier in the century, it is a mansion, and well lighted. The windows are sufficient even for to-day; very different from the four tiny panes that let the light "in on Robin."

Our knock at the door — it is the end next the station that was James Carlyle's part of the house — was answered by the pleasant-faced woman who has the care of it. Downstairs was the kitchen, and above were two rooms that had the unused, swept-and-garnished look that is common to show places. The larger of the two rooms had been furnished from Cheyne Row. There were a couch and chairs from Carlyle's study, his reading-lamp, and on a shelf in the wall his wife's tea-pot and tea-caddy. The popular edition of his works filled another shelf, and on the wall hung the kitchen clock. A visitors' book was on the table, and completed the bare, official look of the place.

We had seen what we came for. Our questions had been civilly answered. The children who gathered round the sketcher whispered to one another, "It's Carlyle's hoose she's drawin'." But no one had talked of him. There was no pride in his fame, no recalling his visits to his native place. Unwillingly we had to confess to ourselves that of respect or affection we had found no trace, — nothing more reverent than the grim irony of the old grave-digger's familiar "Tummas."